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HEAT USER NAME: reniu

TOURNAMENT RECORD: 12-2

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HEAT USER NAME: thunderhammer

TOURNAMENT RECORD: 9-3

FAVORITE SPECIAL MOVE: forked lightning kick

TRASH TALK EXCERPT: "Stop hitting like a sissy girl!"

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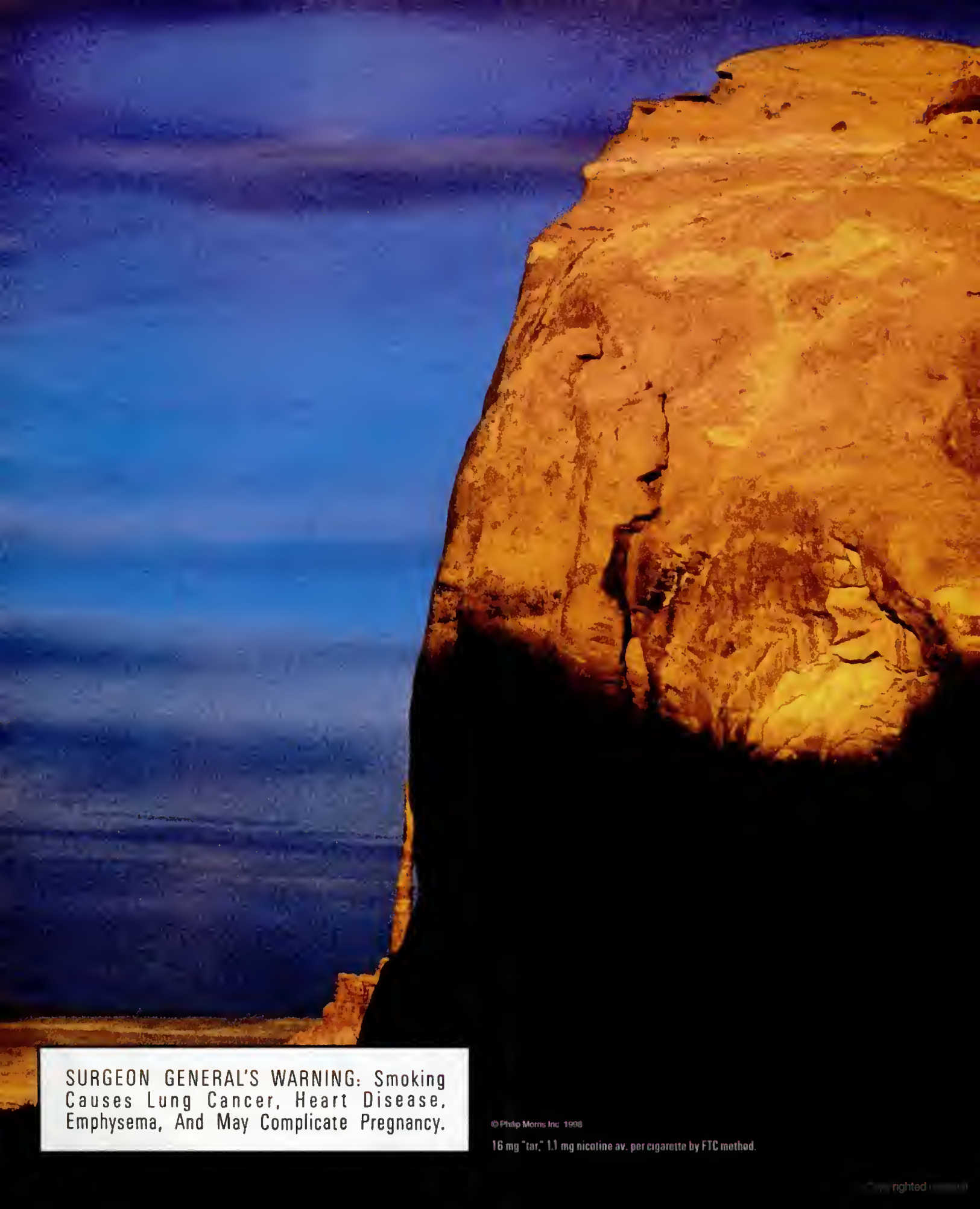
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contents

VOLUME 14, NUMBER 2 FEBRUARY1998

FEATURES

60 RUNNING WITH THE DEVIL
Marilyn Manson—every God-loving American's worst nightmare—comes clean about Satanism (not what you'd think) and his encounters with Traci Lords and Jenna Jameson (basically what you'd think). **Plus:** first word on his next album, his problems with Trent, and his new autobiography. **By Julia Chaplin**

70 WILD STYLE
With a second release, a U.S. tour, supermodel friends, and perhaps the most ambitious single track of all time, Goldie has achieved orbit fabulosity. But is he too cool for school? **By Chris Norris**

74 WHO KILLED ROCK RADIO?
Once innovative and exciting, Modern Rock radio is now a repository of bland alterna-crud and endless Third Eye Blind replays. Everyone knows *what* happened. *Why* is another story. **By Keith Moerer**

80 THE SPINDIE 50
Just in time for Sundance: the Indie-est people in all of film.

84 THE ICE MEN COMETH
Figure skating, with TV ratings second only to football, is huge. Credit some savvy marketers who understood the magic of athletes triple lutzing to that crazy rock'n'roll beat. **By Zev Borow**

88 MARS OR BUST!
Before NASA puts the first man on Mars, it will have to cram up to six adults into a pod the size of a one-bedroom apartment and blast them into the void for three years. **By David S. Bennahum.** **Plus:** some of the finer points of sex in space. **By David Friedman**

96 FASHION:
STREET-FIGHTING BRANDS
In the future, Nike, Fubu, and Gucci will kill one another for sport. **Photographs by Snorri Bros**

***Marilyn Manson**: making the case for Satanism as a kind of self-esteem thing. This photograph and cover by David LaChapelle.*

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Goldie wrestling the visionary-huckster devils. Photograph by Grant Fine.

COLUMNS

25 LETTERS
Plus: The angry taen bites into a rotten Apple.

31 EXPOSURE
Deftones, Black Grape, why Redish hed no bite, fluorascent raver contact lansas, trendy Olympic sports, Sizzia, tha psychology of CD arrangamant, and mora.

48 PRODUCT
Do you want to hava sex with your toothpaste?, I.D. brecelets bid for Hush Puppies status, and more.
INCONSPICUOUS CONSUMPTION Explaining Twinkias. **By Paul Lukas**

52 MOVIES
Why crummy musicians maka cradibla movia stars. **By Steve Erickson**
Plus: **ROUGH CUTS**, quasi-peevish musings on india film. **By Bob Davis**

56 BOOKS
Why does tha future hava to be lika today, only worse? **By Stephanie Zacharek**

58 SOUNDBITES
Prodigy's X-rated video, in studio with A Tribe Called Quest and Sonic Youth, post-mortams on Micheal Hutchance and Robart Palmar. Plus: tha dabut of **HUSH HUSH**, our trashy music-biz gossip column. **By Joe Fleischer**

103 REVIEWS
Mary Lou Lord, Juliana Hatfield, and Lisa Loab, **by Kim France**; Black Grapa, Victoria Williams, AC/DC, Jay-Z, tha Need, Mocket, Robbie Fulks, Modest Mousa, Air, Os Mutantas, and mora.
WORDS AND GUITARS Hip-hop spins off its own undarground. **By Charles Aaron**
LIVE Jane's Addiction, **by Eric Weisbard**; Metallica, **by Chuck Eddy**

116 GENIUS LESSONS
Teke this job and shove it. **By Sean Landers**

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Spin (ISSN 0886-3032), **Volume 14, Number 2**
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Subscription inquiries or problems: Call (800) 274-7597 or write to *Spin*, P.O. Box 51635, Boulder, CO 80322-1635.

Change of address: Send both old and new addresses to *Spin*, P.O. Box 51635, Boulder, CO 80322-1635. Allow six to eight weeks for change of address.

Subscription costs: U.S. and its possessions: one year basic rate, $11.95; two years, $24.00. Canada: one year, $24.00 (U.S.). Foreign: one year, $50.00 (U.S.). Periodical postage paid at New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices.

Postmaster: Send address changes to *Spin*, P.O. Box 51635, Boulder, CO 80328-1635.

Editorial offices: 6 West 18th St., New York, NY 10011-4608; (212) 633-8200

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"I tried with these pictures not to do just another Gothic, bats-in-the-belfry Marilyn Manson," says photographer **David LaChapelle**, who had reservations about shooting this month's cover story. "I've never been into death rock or dark imagery," he says. "So I decided to present Manson along a theatrical lineage that includes Kiss, Alice Cooper, and Ziggy Stardust." LaChapelle's work has appeared in *Vanity Fair*, *Interview*, and French *Vogue*. A collection of his photographs, *LaChappelle Land*, was published last year by Simon & Schuster.



In this month's column, *Spin*'s new film critic, **Steve Erickson**, looks at the inverse relationship between bad musicians and good acting; one, he notes, that's been with us for a while. "Early rock movies like the Beatles' *A Hard Day's Night* and Dylan's *Don't Look Back* didn't have roles that were a stretch, but they captured the energy of what a movie could be in a way that a lot of the movie studios couldn't." Erickson, a novelist known for his pop-apocalyptic style, is the author of *Arc D'X*, *Amnesiascope*, and, most recently, the political journal *American Nomad (Henry Holt & Co.)*.



New *Spin* Contributing Editor **David S. Bennahum** always wanted to be an astronaut: "I saw *2001: A Space Odyssey* 20 times by the time I was nine years old," he says. While Bennahum didn't have the right stuff, he was able to tap into his obsession for this month's feature on NASA's program to put human beings on Mars ["Mars or Bust!"]. "The next best thing to being an astronaut," he says, "is getting to write about them." Bennahum is a regular contributor to *Wired*. His book, *Coming of Age in Cyber Space*, is due out this fall.



"Joni Mitchell's *Miles of Aisles* was the first album that I played repeatedly and obsessively," says *Spin* Editor-at-Large **Kim France**, whose lead record review this month examines the ill-timed new releases by Lisa Loeb, Mary Lou Lord, and Juliana Hatfield. "Ever since then," she explains, "I've had a soft spot for the archetypical girl with the guitar." Formerly an editor at *New York* and a staff writer at *Sassy*, France is currently working on a book about girl culture.



Last year, the Disney Corporation bought **Keith Moerer**'s beloved hometown radio station, REV 105 in Minneapolis–St. Paul, and turned it into yet another wan Modern Rock outlet. "REV 105 used to be smart about connecting music from the past," Moerer reminisces. "They would play Beck and then follow it up with James Brown." Moerer, who channeled his anger into this month's "Who Killed Rock Radio?" feature, says that, after spending far too many hours listening to Days of the New and the Verve Pipe, he plans to take a long respite from Modern Rock radio. Moerer also writes for *The Village Voice*, the *New Times*, and *Request*.

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For all of you who moan about her attitude, get off your self-righteous asses and remember what it's like to be 20. *Heather Meadows*



Strange Fruit

Fiona Apple is one of few rock stars willing to admit that she doesn't hava her shit together ["Girl Trouble," cover, November]. For all of you who moan about her attitude, get off your self-righteous asses and remember what it's like to be 20.

Heather Meadows
Alexander, Arizona

Why must all journalists insist on depicting Fiona Apple as e broken angel, depressed teenager, or damsel in distress? In reality, she's a realist who tells it like it is, and her lyrics are honest and strong.

Ruth Eichmiller
Cardiff, Weles, U.K.

Fiona Apple's words and actions don't link. She talks tough about surviving rape, then squirms around half-naked as if her videos were commercials for kiddie porn and cheap lingerie. Hasn't she finally sold enough records to cut off the media overexposure she's so "unwillingly" subjected to? Instead of whining constantly, why doesn't she simply seek out a new manager? She's a fraud and I'm not buying into her shit any more.

Colleen Reilly
Long Beach Island, New Jersey

Though you complain about the media's attraction to erotic images of teenage virgins, victims, and sluts in "Flesh for Fantasy" [November], your Fiona Apple story features photos of her stuffed into a sofa like a mutilated doll in e sexy slip. She's quite a little victim, and you're doing your part to perpetuate that image. At leest John Weir kept his bullshit detector on.

Joy Marie Lofton
New York, New York

Why did Fiona Apple have to represent the face of female music for your "Girl Issue"? Why couldn't you find someone who presents her true self, not some kid who can't even decide "which part of her is the imege, end which part is real"?

Emily Pilachowski
Richmond, Virginia

Being a victim of rape is a trauma I would not wish on my worst enemy, but Fiona Apple's over-the-top melodrama and self-absorption made it difficult to feel any sort of sympathy for her. I am so tired of dreme queens parading their woes under the public spotlight, as if victimhood was a trendy fashion statement. Fiona is an embarrassment to other survivors of sexual abuse.

Aerry Shim
Flushing, New York

If Tori Amos is "a poster girl for rape," then that must make Fiona Apple a poster girl for '70s home porn and "Criminal" self-exploitation. Amos should be applauded for forming the Rape, Abuse, and Incest National Network (RAINN), not scorned by a spoiled brat who represents the kind of hopelessness end victimizetion thet heunts so many girls of her generetion.

Polly Welter
Los Angeles, California

"I'm going to cut another album...and then I'm going to die." Promises, promises.

Victor Mastroianni and Chris Pace
New York, New York

Girl's "R" Us

Your "Girl Issue" [November] was by far the best issue of *Spin* I've ever read.

Kelly Gauthier
Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada

The girls of the '80s may have simply just wented to heve fun, but in your version of '90s "Girl Culture," they just want a good fuck. How ebout throwing in some civil rights?

Cerle DeSentis
Publisherl Editor-in-Chief
ROCKRGRL
Seattle, Washington

Every issue of *Spin* should be a Girl Issue.

Katherina and Kristine Trever
Detroit, Michigan

The Most Cake

Thank you so much for empowering my gender with your "Everything and the Girl" story [November]. To think I now have the choice between voting, wearing pents, or becoming a rock star. And who better to look up to then Gwen Stefani? Yeah, Anne Sexton and Emma Goldman had nothing over her.

Jennifer Pfafflin
Madison, Wisconsin

Ann Powers's article was very good, but she left out one key item: Where does this leave guys (like me) who support Giri

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Kick out the gloom: the Cure.

Manson Family Values: Cover boy Marilyn Manson is a mainstay of the Internet's rock-star rumor mill, but he couldn't possibly have done *everything* that Web geeks report, could he? After you read this month's SPINonline Manson story, enter our True or False contest. Sample question: Did Manson play bespectacled Paul on the family-friendly *The Wonder Years*? The prize: copies of the new *Manson Home Video*.

Lipstick Traces: If Goth-pop king Robert Smith hates fashion culture so much, why is he still wearing hair spray and lipstick? Find out on February 6, when the Cure frontman fills SPINonline in on his foray into "crass dance" music and why he considers Hanson "far more subversive" than his own band.

The SPINdex Poll: Have you had enough of music-industry pinheads deciding the artists of the year for you? The SPINdex's Online Music Awards lets you choose the music that made *your* world go 'round in 1997. Go to keyword SPIN any time between January 1–31 and vote on your favorite albums, videos, and songs. We'll publish a list of winners—and just think, you won't have to listen to any lama acceptance speeches.

The Sound Off: Though one unbeliever wrote that "any frat boy with a computer can make techno," 60 percent of the SPINonliners polled on the "European vs. American electronica" debate waved their glowsticks in favor of the Old World. "It's like comparing the Beatles to Oasis," a user raved. So much for team spirit.

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Culture but obviously can't perteke in it?

Jake Holgate
Eugene, Oregon

Although Ann Powers's essay was well thought-out and intelligently written, she is misteken in contresting "conventionel feminism" (which she deems "focused on women's socielly imposed weaknesses") with Girl Culture. While it is true that *some* feminists stress victimizetion instead of women's tremendous power, every movement has its conflicting messeges. Feminism and Girl Culture are one and the same.

Sarah Terez
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Fox on the Run

Temere Palmer's erticle detailing the struggle of women in the reve mainstreem ["Dancing Queens," November] wes spot on. One thing though: The name of our "Fox Force Five" event was tongue-in-cheek. The event was an effort to expose Omahe, Nebraske, to formidable female talent, and it is in this same spirit that we routinely book top femele DJs who are all too often pessed over for male headliners.

Rick Crandon
UFO Productions
West End, New Jersey

Think Pink

Great. Just when I think I've carved out a unique identity for myself, it turns out I'm the epitome of Girl Culture ["Girls, Girls, Girls," November]. My politics, my music, my clothes, even my religion (I'm Wiccan) are part of the movement. I don't know whether to scream 'cause in my attempt to be a nonconformist I conformed, or to cheer thet so meny grrrls and womyn ere finally standing up and taking power.

April Wiza
Beaverton, Oregon

I appleud "*Bust*'s Sex Tips for Boys" [November]. With women's sexuality traditionally labeled shameful and the medie still programming females to attend to men's pleasure rether than their own, it was wonderful to see *Spin* teach women to take charge of their own desire—safely end shemelessly.

Gauri S. Tilak
President, Speaking of Sex
Northwestern University
Evanston, Illinois

How could you omit the classic *Ladies and Gentlemen, the Fabulous Steins* from your "Girls on Film" [November] section? Diane Lene starts her own band, steals her boyfriend's song, rocks the malls of America, learns the Important Lesson of Individuality, then cleens herself up end sells out enyway. Surely Courtney Love must have seen it et least once.

Bill Frost
Salt Lake City, Utah

Will December's *Spin* be "The Boy Issue"? I hope so: I want to know what it feels like to see my "Boy Culture" boiled down to e numbered list.

Adam Roesch
Minneapolis, Minnesota

I found your inclusion of "cutting" along with girldom fads like headwraps and nail polish to be unbelievably offensive. It's not a silly little trend to belittle but a horrifying, peinful, desperete act done in times of sheer anguish.

Meghan Stange
New Carrollton, Maryland

Dance Hall Basher

Though she probably caught a lot of flak for "Party at Ground Zero" [November], I'd like to thank Jane Dark for acknowledging the tyranny of the happy ske trumpets. If such rote end vecuous pap is the solution to five years of guitar demage, pleese teke me beck to Sub Pop Rock City.

Ian Whitmore
Washington, D.C.

Jane Dark hit the nail on the head about the ska-pop revolution. Sadly, suddenly, the guy who pleys generic rock bess et my locel ber hes ell sorts of Rude Boy stickers plastered on his case. As lame end elitist es it sounds, I'm gled thet the post-*Dookie* feeding frenzy is over and I cen heve punk beck. And surely the ske craze will go the seme wey. Of course, I'll probably have stopped caring by then. But what are they going to do with the inevitable metal revival—put Rob Helford on a Vespe?

Dave Johnson
Walnut Creek, California

Jane Dark spent so much time finding the words to criticize every radio-friendly band that she could think of that she didn't realize Smash Mouth, Sugar Ray, end 311 are by no means ske end do not cleim to be!

Julie Wright
Milpitas, California

I can't understand why Jene Dark is getting so bent out of shepe over the popularity of ske. Because the lyrics aren't written like sentences? Because they don't meke totel sense? The choruses ere obvious end idiotic? The music all sounds the same? C'mon—

this is pop music. "Revolutionary" is for all the bands that never get played on tha radio. Don't worry, most of these ska groups will be back playing the bars they came from in a year or two. And then you'll have a new batch of pop music to bitch about.

Matt Worley
Albuquarqua, Naw Mexico

I'd much rathar be bombarded by tunas like "Fly" than crippled by teen angst, the Spice Girls, or gangsta rap. Ska may not be dripping with dapth, but at laast it's positiva.

Casey Brown
Miami, Florida

Femme Fatale

In her articla about young woman who kill their newborns ["Good Girls, Daad Babies," Novambar], Elissa Schappell comparas tha way these girls must feel to tha way she falt after getting an abortion. I don't doubt it. The Right to Lifa movamant has won tha cultural battle by making many Americans believe that abortion equals neonaticide. Right-wing politicians and religious leaders have turned teen pregnancy into a potantially tragic impasse by effectively scratching abortion off tha list of acceptable options.

Eric Laursen
Naw York, Naw York

The Band Plays On

You fail us all by discontinuing your hugely important "AIDS: Words from tha Front" column. For years, *Spin* chal-langad pseudoscience and medical authoritarianism much in the sama way the underground press once challenged the military astablishment during the Viatnam War. Wa've lost a crucial pipeline for public dissent on the dis-ease, as well as a counterpoint to a mainatream media unreasonably soft on medical "authority."

Paul Lineback
Coos Bay, Oregon

Penis Lessons

I have a question for Mr. Sean Landers [Ganius Lassons, Novambar]: Why would I, or any othar woman, send you naked pictures with no promisa of gat-ting any in return?

Jannifer Monica Diaz
Pen Argyl, Pennsylvania

Write Going Postal, 6 West 18th Street, New York, NY 10011, or e-mail spinonline@aol.com. Always include your full name and phone number for verification. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

Migraine Boy: Still angry after all these months...

The Apple doesn't fall far from the tree, but it falls hard—and in Fiona's case, on its fucking head. Thank you ever so much for John Weir's cover story ["Girl Trouble," November]. Now I know that my immediate, gut-level, and seemingly irra-tional disgust for that whining, self-obsessed, Keane-eyed trauma queen was completely justified. Not only does she tell the same exact stories (the Dog, the Rape, the Tantrums, the Horror) ad nausea to every gullible reporter, she exagger-ates more than Courtney Love on a good day. For example, Ms. Crabapple's rendition of the Carrie-like "Amanda Wheaton" birthday plot: Don't you find it a little far-fetched that, circa 1987, prepubescent boys were flash-ing ten-dollar wagers like chump change? I was ten then, too, and that much money would have kept me in Pez for a hog-wild month.

Fiona must have aced Remo-ral Media Posing 101. How pit-iful is a statement like "I decided if I was going to be exploited, then I would do the exploiting myself"? If she wants to push some units by cavorting around in size-four halter tops and blue-lace teddies, that's her prerogative—but Fiona, please don't try to pretend it's some sly, postfeminist meta-media game. They're *using* you, baby doll, and you're simply rationalizing it. If you really want to make a statement, how about sporting a burlap bag in your next video, preferably draped over yr head? Fiona is hated every girl you knew in junior high, Mr. Weir. Only problem is, girlfriend is supposed to be a woman by now. I'm 20 as well, and through with trying to act all "freaky and possessed" to get attention. And if I had a proverbial nickel for every bello jar I've met with "hair home" and a navel ring, I'd be as wealthy as Fiona's Zoloft supplyman.

Love,
Tony Dicenso
Richmond, Virginia

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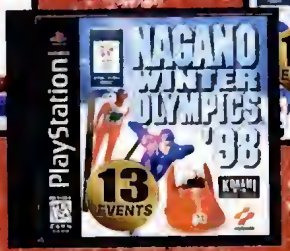








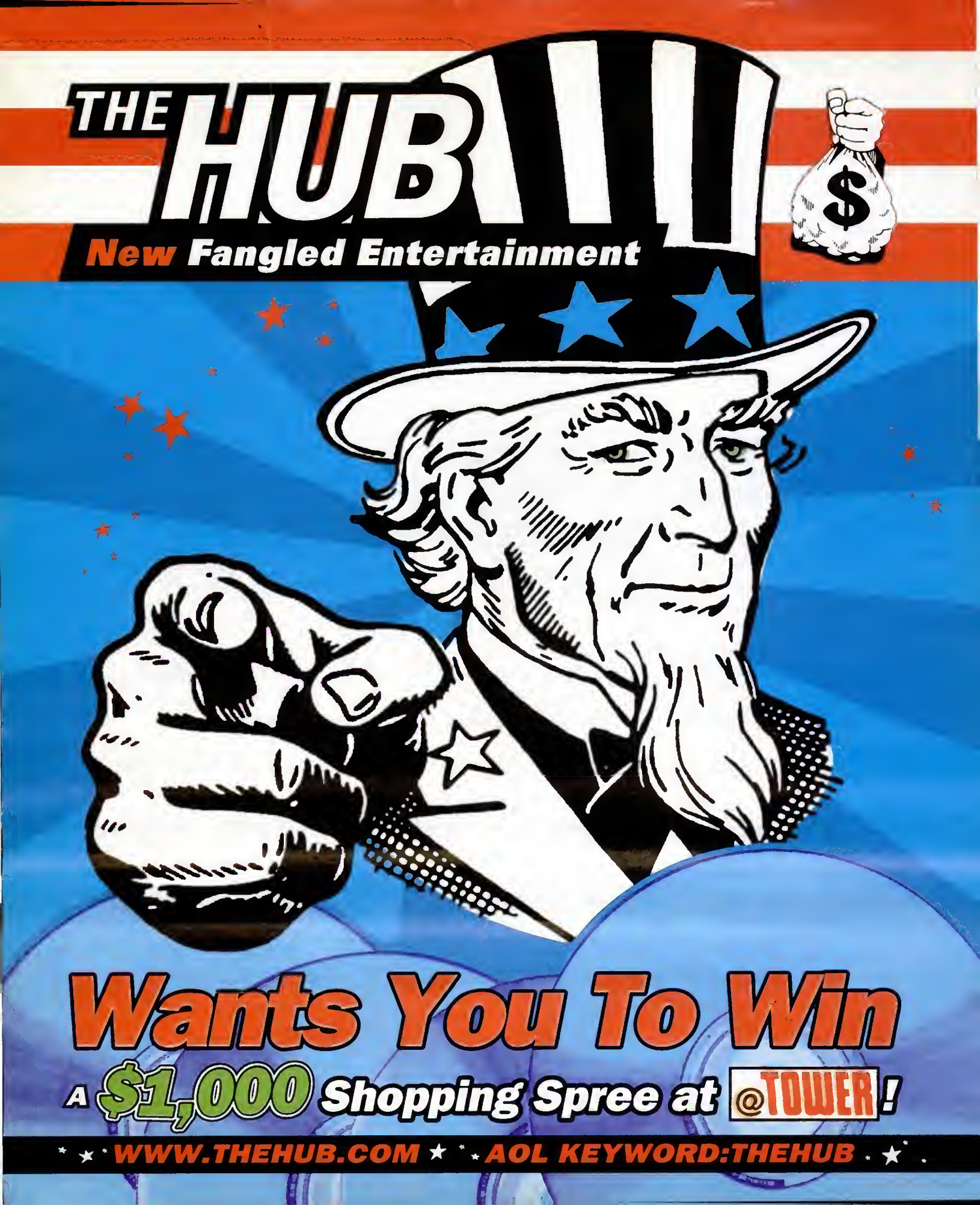




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Bigger and Deffer

Meet the Deftones, the sensitive guy's metalheads

Deftones vocalist Chino Moreno may want you to feel his pain, but he'd prefer it if some of his head-banging fans would stop dealing it out to others. "There are people who seriously come up to me and say, 'Man, I love going to your shows, 'cause your music's great to kickass to,'" reports Moreno. "I'm always like, 'What?!'" Such are the dilemmas of a sensitive guy who also happens to produce a bludgeoning din. Formed literally by accident in 1989 (guitarist Stephen Carpenter used the settlement money from a hit-and-run to buy the band's equipment), this Sacramento, California–based five-some—Moreno, Carpenter, bassist Chi Cheng, drummer Abe Cunningham, and DJ Frank Delgado—turn out blustering high dramas that work the now prevalent rap-metal groove. With their determinedly loud second album, *Around the Fur*, the Deftones look to endear themselves even further to the DCs-and-Black Flys set, some of whom were so moved when the plug got pulled on the group's Phoenix show last October that they started a riot.

Like most metalheads, Moreno has a new waver inside trying to get out. "Without the Cure, there would probably have been no Deftones," he says. "They were one of the main reasons I started singing." It's appropriate, then, that the singer describes a recent beer-and-bull session with the Cure's Robert Smith as "the coolest thing that ever happened to me." Some of Moreno's encounters with his own fans, however—like the young woman who persuaded him to autograph her belly, and then had the signature tattooed into her skin—have left him slightly befuddled. "I was like, 'I hope we don't put out a shitty album in a couple of years,'" he says, "'because you'll be sorry.'"

TIM KENNEALLY

Full metal racket: *clockwise from left: Abe Cunningham, Stephen Carpenter, Chi Cheng, Frank Delgado, and Chino Moreno.*

PHOTOGRAPH: RODERICK ANGLE; SET DESIGN: LOURY REINAKER; STYLIST: ERIC DAMAN





Soul survivors: Shaun Ryder, left, and Kermit.

Grape Expectations

Black Grape are famous for trouble funk and making trouble. But now Shaun Ryder and Co. have finally found their gangsta's pardise

PHOTOGRAPH BY OEAN CHALKEY

A brief illustration of the Black Grape sanse of humor: Onstage last year at New York's irving Plaza, the group's singer, Shaun Ryder, tries to tell a joke. "Right, then," he asks. "What's this?" Ryder propels himself forward in an imaginary whaelchair, then stretches his arms out in a sort of horizontal sky dive. "*Superman 5*!" A groan from the Brits in the audience, who get Ryder's banter; from the Americans, aghast silence.

This touching moment from the band's 1996 American tour is Black Grape all over. They are a big bar-funk outfit that specializes in sick humor and suspect behavior. With rap sheets as long as your arm and two frontmen (Ryder and rapper Paul "Kermit" Leveridge) who've shared the full monty of drug habits, they bring new meaning to the term "License to Ill." So it's a surprise that the winter of 1997 finds them in such rude health. Here in tha bar of a swank London hotel, the two are immaculately dressed, sipping Guinnesses and yakking on about their favorite Spice Girl.

"Got to be Sporty Spice," Kermit says.

"She's good," adds Ryder. "She's like a proper woman, isn't she?"

Ryder formed his brazenly improper first band, Happy Mondays, in Manchester in the early '80s, choosing from a social circle of hooligans, stoners, and petty criminals. They played mesmeric idiot funk, but their music could only be adjunct to the Mondays' antics, which tended toward felonies. They were the sort of band who would pick up a prostitute, then drug and rob *her*. (Ryder's bassist brother Paul did that in Brazil; Shaun later reimbursed the irate woman.) The inevitable messy end came in 1992 after Ryder added crack sprees to his 13-year-old intermittent heroin habit. When he announced a year later that he was forming Black Grape with the equally notorious Kermit and the Mondays' non-playing and all-dancing Bez, the U.K. press simply readied their Ryder obituaries.

The laugh was on them, though. The band's riotous debut, *It's Great When You're Straight...Yeah*, struck a note with dance hedonists and rock fans alike, and sold nearly a million copies worldwide. As resurrections go, Ryder's was Lazarus plus the ending of the first two *Alien* movies. Part of the reason for their success is that Ryder finally has a producer who is one of the gang, Cypress Hill and Madonna mixer Danny Saber, now a full-time member.

"Danny's exactly the same type of person we are," says Ryder. "Only double-straight all the time." He may also be the only person qualified to capture something from the chaos of drinking and shouting that constitutes Black Grape's recording sessions. "He wears a wrestling mask in the studio," Kermit says, "to get us in the mood to do vocals."

Grape's newly released follow-up, *Stupid Stupid Stupid*, confirms that they're the world's foremost (okay, only) punk-funk-ragga-jungle–hip-hop–Stax revue. There are goofy samples, lyrics cribbed off soda cans, and Ryder's strangely appealing bronchial voice. A British radio DJ once played a sample of Grandpa from *The Simpsons* over the song "Reverend Black Grape"; it was impossible to distinguish which was the old man and which the quasi-criminal pop star. Ryder says it made him proud.

Stupid's raucous good time belies a troublesome gestation. Bez left the group last year, citing fatigue, and Kermit was out for most of 1995 and 1996 with a critical illness that attacked his heart. "My kidneys went, a valve in my heart burst, you name it," explains Kermit now. "My body just collapsed. Doctors ware telling my family I had a one in three chance of living. It made me think about things a lot more."

Ryder likewise seems to be shedding his title as chief chemical correspondent—"It's boring whan everyone thinks you're Mr. Drugs Man," he says—and is settling into the role of respected "character." His mad vision is swimming into focus, too. The best track on *Stupid* is called "Dadi Waz a Badi," a cheeky hymn to the joys of crime and bad role models. But at its heart, it's not about his dad at all, it's really about Ryder's wondering if he's a good father. "You know," Ryder considers, swilling his Guinness around, "We never get that deep. It should have been 'Dadi Is a Workaholic,' but that doesn't rhyme, does it?" ANDREW HARRISON

Bob Kennedy. November 24, 1997. 2:15 p.m.



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Contact high: The drugs don't need to work.

Night-Glo

The Eyeball Gets Accessorized

What's a fashion-forward club kid to do? Tattoos and body piercings have become beer ad staples, and pretty soon they'll be selling Manic Panic at BabyGap. Enter fluorescent contacts. Popular with Prodigy and the rave kids who love them, the lenses look pale yellow in daylight, but under black lights glow a deep, eerie green. Dr. Mitchell Cassel, whose New York City lab designs custom contacts for movies and music videos, has been doing a steady business in the dyed eyepieces for the last year. Cassel has found that yellow works best in clubs; ravers, he says, are also picking up fluorescent smiley faces, stars, and flowers.

Cartoonish eye-morphing, though, doesn't come cheap: A standard yellow pair costs $250, while the hand-painted designs can go for more than $500. And, as with everything else, you should be prepared to upgrade: Zombie-style mirrored lenses, Cassel reports, are coming soon.

DAVID A. GREENE

IDIOT/SAVANT

Spin Doctor

DJ Spooky's groove theory

New York City's Paul D. Miller—a.k.a. DJ Spooky That Subliminal Kid—is a Renaissance B-boy, a turntablist intellectuel with mad academic skills who was just picked up by Geffen. Check it: He's got a handful of LPs that make DJ Shadow sound like Hanson; he taps out weighty online manifestos; and he's the only mixmaster with a Whitney Biennial installation on his vita. But the aim of this head-spinning erudition is really quite simple: to promote DJing as *the* end-of-millennium art form. You don't think recycling cultural detritus at crazy volumes constitutes capital-A Art? Read on.

WILL HERMES

The Mix as Modern Utopia

Calling it music that's sculpted from endless fragments, Spooky believes DJ mixology reflects our pedal-to-the-metal lives on the binery highwey. "In the mix," he writes, "creator and remixer ere woven together...[mirroring] the modern macrocosm of cyberspace where different voices end visions constantly collide and cross-fertilize one another." The upshot? Nothing short of a polysexual utopia. "It is through [this] reconfiguration of ethnic, national, and sexual identity," says our man Spooky, "that humanity will, hopefully, move into another ere of social evolution." Still, whether schooling Metallica on the "de-territorializing" of breakbeats (see Spooky's entry on the *Spawn* soundtrack) really constitutes social evolution is, of course, debatable.

Enigmatic for the People

Spooky neme-checks Iannis Xenakis (the Trent Reznor of contemporary classical) end the teg team of Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, philosophical pranksters who wrote books that even theory-*übermensch* Michel Foucault found tough going. Here's Spooky under their influence: "...motor sensory loop-running feedback across interlocked skin sectors. Self-organizing pragmatics of flux. Get the picture?" Actually, no.

Opus Maximus

Still missing Spooky's genius? You'll have to wait for his long-promised opus, *Flow My Blood the DJ Said*, a volume of original riffs and samples (Plato, Susan Sontag, Deleuze) that remeins in mix-down. Hey, you can't rush Art.



Spooky behind the wheels.

LEFT: RODERICK ANGLE; RIGHT: RODOLPHE BARAS

Coverage

Fear and loathing in North America

→"I can't believe **these people** are educating our kids," said the perents of a Colorado first grader who was **suspended** for half a day from school after a teacher caught him **distributing lemon drops** to his classmates. The watchful teacher believed the candies, bought at a health food store, **were drugs** and the pupils' parents were urged to take their children to the hospital for tests. The **accused perpetrator's parents** were indignant, calling the response "**complete hysteria.**"

→ A new program has been established in New York City that **automatically notifies** victims of violent crimes when their assailants are **released or escape from custody.** "The most important information we can offer," said the city's corrections commissioner, "**is whether we have the inmate or not.**"

→ Following numerous complaints, the Canadian Broadcast Standards Council released an 86-page decision concerning the presence of ample-tressed shock jock Howard Stern on **Canadian** airwaves. The council ruled that Stern "**surpassed the permissible**" in calling French Quebeckers "**complete pussies**" and "**peckerheads.**" More than 1,000 complaints have been made against Stern in Canada, and the council has stated that the two stations that carry his show have **violated** the Canadian Association of Broadcasters code of ethics by broadcasting **his "abusively discriminatory" remarks.**

→ Hunter Tylo, an erstwhile *Melrose Place* **cast member** who never got on the air, is suing the show for **wrongful termination** and

ASSEMBLY LINE

Disappearing Act

Reintroducing Radish, the little band that couldn't



Babes in Boyland: Ben Kweller, center, of Radish.

Kids can be so mean. When the video for Radish's "Simple Sincerity" was aired for MTV's *12 Angry Viewers* in November, the show's armchair critics glowered at the screen. "Grunge is *dead*," sneered one juror. "Hanson gone bad," quipped another, rating the clip by the Texas power trio led by 16-year-old Ben Kweller a "one" out of a possible five. So much for one of the next-big-things of 1997: Radish's debut album, *Restraining Bolt*, has sold just 12,000 copies since its April release.

Radish are a textbook example of the publicity machine gone awry. In early 1996, when second-generation grunge such as Silverchair was still the rage, everybody wanted a piece of then-14-year-old Kweller. Maverick Records owner Madonna invited him to her house, as did Interscope Records head Jimmy Iovine; Courtney Love even called Kweller up on behalf of Mercury Records chairman Danny Goldberg. In all, 14 majors bid for Radish's favor, but Mercury "won" the high-profile signing war, offering the band a three-album deal worth an estimated two million dollars.

Then, two weeks before *Restraining Bolt*'s release, the *New Yorker* ran a 7,000-word profile of the band. Both breathless and the slightest bit condescending, it wondered, "Is a 15-year-old guitar idol what the music industry needs?" The *New York Post* followed with its own rock savior story, "And a Child Shall Lead Them." Right idea, wrong kid, wrong sound: In a year when teen sensations—Hanson, LeAnn Rimes, Jonny Lang—seemed like a sure thing, Radish were the odd loser out.

While Kweller was being anointed in the press, Hanson, another Mercury find, was quietly adopted by a patron even more powerful than Danny Goldberg—Top 40 radio. Nearly 60 stations added Hanson's "MMMBop" a month before their debut hit the stores. "[Hanson are] determined to help steer music away from grunge and back toward an unabashedly tuneful sound," noted *Billboard*.

Around the same time, Radish's first single, "Little Pink Stars," failed to crease *Billboard*'s charts; its companion clip, full of Seattle sonic tics and visual clichés, was ignored by MTV. Though the band played the second stage of Lollapalooza last summer, a second single, "My Guitar," immediately disappeared. As of mid-November, only 14 rock radio stations nationwide were playing Radish's third single, "Simple Sincerity," and MTV had yet to add the clip to regular rotation.

"I think all the attention paid to the signing got in the way of people really appreciating the music," says Goldberg. "It drives me crazy thinking about it because I believe in it so much."

Indeed, the Radish backlash set in before the public heard its first note. "I read the hype and then heard the record, and I couldn't match the two up," says Dave Richards, program director at Chicago's Active Rock station WRCX. "Radish don't matter. They're too little, too late to cash in on grunge." Actually, Radish's music owes more to Kweller's songwriting hero Rivers Cuomo of Weezer than any Seattle geezer; "Simple Sincerity" hearkens all the way back to '70s power pop.

But Mercury, which marketed Hanson's fun-loving innocence to massive success, seems determined to push Radish as a flat-footed grunge band. Released in early November, long after cheerful pop had been established as 1997's prevailing musical mood, the "Simple Sincerity" video seems woefully dated—a cross between "Smells Like Teen Spirit" and an Aerosmith clip gone terribly wrong. In it, Kweller plays head games with an angry girlfriend portrayed by a model who looks ten years older than our sweet-faced young stud.

It could be that Goldberg, who once managed Nirvana, has a sentimental attachment to flying the flannel. Or maybe Kweller, whose contract guarantees him creative control, isn't amenable to an image makeover. In any case, Mercury is trying to build the band's audience overseas. An October tour of the States was canceled in favor of the U.K., where Radish sold out 400-seat clubs as a headliner. Noting that Sonic Youth first broke in Europe, Goldberg is convinced that Radish will eventually find a large U.S. following.

"Bob Marley, U2, Bruce Springsteen, R.E.M.—none of these people broke on their first record," says Goldberg, swinging into Radish hype, Mach 2, and ignoring the possibility that comparing the unproven Kweller to some of music's most enduring icons may just compound the damage.

The *12 Angry Viewers* certainly don't buy a wait-and-see approach. Said one citizen judge of "Simple Sincerity": "I hope a tornado comes down and razes this right off the earth."

KEITH MOERER

breach of contract. She claims that shortly after being hired, she told the show's producers that changes would have to be made to her character—according to the show, a "sexy vixen who **used sex to get what she wants**"—in order to accommodate her pregnancy. Tylo claims she was told by the show to "just go out and get an **abortion**" if she wanted to keep her job. She chose to **keep her baby.** The show's makers contended that the firing was justified because the character would **not be "credible" if played by a pregnant woman.**

→ In October, Ansell Personal Products **recalled** an estimated 57 million condoms after discovering that **some may break.** "That doesn't mean that there are 57 million **bad condoms,**" counseled an FDA spokesman. The agency cautioned consumers to **check their rubbers before use.**

→ A Jamaican government official's proposal last summer to **distribute condoms to prison inmates** and guards led to a riot at a Kingston jail, **killing four** inmates.

→ The newly independent Tricon Global Restaurants Inc. (parent of Pizza Hut) **aims to dominate** the highly competitive pizza market. "**Some pizzas** about to come out," promised Chairman and CEO Andrall E. Pearson in the *Wall Street Journal*, "**will bring terror to the hearts**" of rivals.

→ Meg Ryan and Tom Hanks will start shooting the "**e-mail romance**" *You Have Mail* this month.

→ Last fall, **fiery Republican** representative Curt Weldon used his weekly radio address to question **whether the Cold War is really over.** Perhaps, he suggested, President Clinton is only giving Americans a "**feel-good**" false sense of security. We don't know for sure that there are no missiles "**pointed at the children**" of America. "Some," said Weldon, "would

Stacked!

Analyzing the methods in the madness of organizing CDs

Our disc collections are a shaky outline of our personas, revealing who we align ourselves with—hip-hop heads, indie sensitivities, sound geeks—but not much else. A better indicator of who we are is the way we catalog (or in some cases, don't) those flimsy plastic boxes. Below, a look at the stacking systems of four budding domestics and what the psychoanalytic bible—*The Diagnostic and Statistical Manual, Fourth Edition*—suggests it says about them. MICHAEL J. AGOVINO



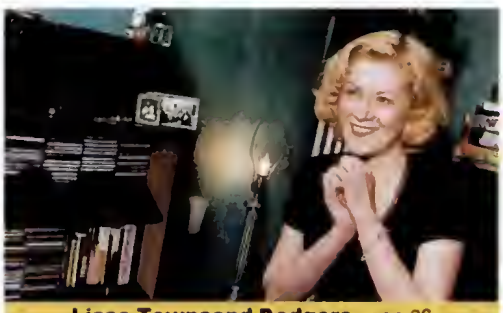
Evan Rothman
AGE: 28 NO. OF CDs: 250

Occupation: magazine editor **Organizing principle:** painstakingly exact: alphabetical by band (angry English guys are well represented), then cross-referenced chronologically by year of release. The double-CD slot at the bottom of each tower "irks" him, because it breaks up an artist's stack. **Reason:** "Shoe boxes weren't cutting it anymore." **Time devoted to organizing CDs (weekly):** 15 minutes **What it says about him:** "I should've been a librarian." **What the *DSM-IV* says:** Obsessive-Compulsive Disorder



David Strauss AGE: 30 NO. OF CDs: 4,000

Occupation: DJ **Organizing principle:** none whatsoevar. Piles up a genre riot of CDs "wherever there's room in the apartment. But I'm running out of flat surfaces—soon I'll be out on the street." **Reason:** too busy organizing tha rest of his life **Tima devotad to organizing CDs (waakly):** zero, but can take hours to find one (as a result, has preference for box sets). **What it says about him:** "I probably had a minor mishap during early childhood." **What the *DSM-IV* says:** Disorganizad Typa



Lissa Townsend Rodgers AGE: 26
NO. OF CDs: doesn't know; bad at counting GUESS: 250

Occupation: freelance writer **Organizing principia:** stacked alphabetically by genres and moods—i.e., soul, loud guitar, film noir soundtracks, and great singers—plus Ann-Margret(!). Doesn't use a CD tower, so her cats constantly knock them over. **Reason:** "If I'm in the mood for something, I just yank it off that pile." **Tima devotad to organizing CDs (waakly):** 20 minutes **What it says about her:** "That I don't know what I want in life, but I probably have a vague idea." **What the *DSM-IV* says:** Bipolar Personality; subject to mood swings



Susan Kingsbury
AGE: 29 NO. OF CDs: around 450

Occupation: computer consultant **Organizing principia:** by both geographical location and interpersonal relationships. Bands from the British Isles are all in the same general vicinity, while New York and L.A. acts are far apart. Keeps Chrissie Hynde away from Jim Kerr, "because they had a nasty breakup," but close to Ray Davies, since their breakup was an amicable one. **Reason:** "Geography has a lot to do with the music. As for the relationship part, I have no clue." **Tima devotad to organizing CDs (weekly):** 30 minutes **What it says about her:** "I'm a goofball." **What the *DSM-IV* says:** Partner Relational Problem ("[a clinical pattern] of interaction between spouses or partners")

EVAN KAFKA.

pretend these situations **just don't exist.**"

→ **Glaciologists** have discovered that tha western section of tha massive Antarctic ice sheet is **currently unstable.** Within the next 1,000 years, it will most likely melt. When that happens, the **sea level will rise** by about 30 feet, causing **extensive damage** to coastal areas across the globe.

According to the head of the Laboratory for Coastal Research at the University of Maryland, "There would be just no **way to deal.**"

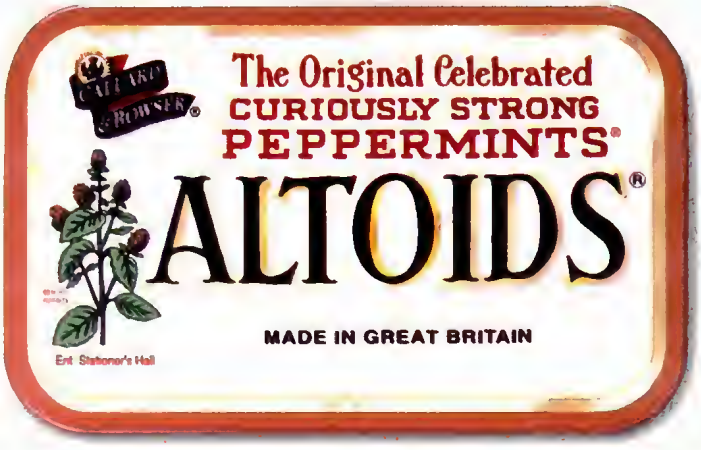
→ In an attempt to control the growth of **local animal populations,** L.A.'s Animal Regulation Commission has proposed billboards **aimed at pet owners.** Tha ads would feature the headline BIRTH CONTROL SAVES LIVES along with black-and-white photos of ten garbage cans **overflowing with dead dogs and cats.** "We have to raise the level of understanding of **pet overpopulation,**" said commissioner Kim Hunter. "I wanted to show exactly what happens."

→ After being convicted of **cruelty to animals,** a 58-year-old Connecticut resident has been **barred from owning any pets** as a condition of her probation. The woman was charged with **stabbing her cat to death with a steak knife.** The charge against her will be dropped in a year if she successfully completes her probation.

→ Last year, the Supreme Court ruled that states can imprison certain violent **"sexual predators"** indefinitely, even after they have already served out their sentence. Such confinement is **justified** (and not double punishment or a violation of the right to due process), the court said, when the person is **"mentally abnormal"** and likely to commit new crimes.

→ A move to create a **retirement community for former zoo gorillas** has faced surprising resistance in the Georgia town where **philanthropists** planned to build

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"The ruined wood, we used to know, won't cry for retribution. The men who have destroyed it will accomplish its revenge." – William Faulkner



Dorobo Tribesman — Gathering Honey from Giant Baobab, Tanzania, 1993 © Herb Ritts, Courtesy Fahey/Klein Gallery, Los Angeles

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Air head: *Todd Richards on the pipe*

Cold Weather Crazies

The new breed of Winter Olympic sports

Be thankful that the Greeks never played in the snow. If they had, centuries of storied tradition would have kept us from ever seeing such bizarre Winter Olympic events as bobsled and luge. Now, for this month's games in Nagano, Japan, snowboarding and woman's ice hockay hava been edded to tha roster. But can they make the Olympic cut? Hera, a look at some of tha more racent laft-of-tha-dial Olympic entries and how thay've fared.

JIM HUMES

Snowboarding

Lowdown: Since hitting tha slopes 30 years ago, snowboarding haa gone from being a thorn in skiers' sides to a markating hit. The Nagano games will include half pipe and giant slalom events and should feature the world's best drug-free ridars.
Fete: With CBS dedicating huga chunks of coverage to the sport, top riders like Todd Richards and Shannon Dunn become household names, and McDonald's, smelling tie-in, fashiona Happy Meel action heroes in their likenesses. An Olympic regular.

Women's Ice Hockey

Lowdown: Chicks with sticks. Played just like the men's game, only the brawls are far mora interesting.
Fete: Lika the WNBA, a sport whose time has come. Should become a major force at the 2002 games, when blood rivalries atart haating up.

Freestyle Skiing

Lowdown: Also called hot-dog (or wiener) skiing. Skiers compete in moguls, for speed and styla, and aerials, which is comparable to jumping off a 20-meter high dive and having to land on your feet.
Fete: A demonstration sport in 1988, and a medal sport since '92. Truly amazing (and painful) to watch, freestyle will continue to legitimize glorified ski bums.

Luge

Lowdown: Sledding gone ballistic. Burly people don bodysuits, lie down on a sled, and scream feetfirst down a banked run.
Fate: Deemed too dangerous, tha sport was kept out of the Olympics until 1964. High risk factor, plus the pleasing sound of the word "luge," have secured its place in the Games.

Skeleton Cresta

Lowdown: A sled, or skalaton, ridden headfirst. A stapping atone to a career as a rodeo clown or big-wave surfer.
Fate: The skeleton has only been held in St. Moritz in '28 and '48, where there's a special track. Just slightly more ridiculous than the luge, it's once again being considered for the 2002 games, when it will undoubtedly take off with a U.S. public nostalgic for American Flyers.

Short-Track Speed Skating

Lowdown: Roller derby on ice. Skaters race en masse around a short track in a single lane. Elbows fly, knees chum, end there'e definitely a header or two.
Fete: A demonstration sport in the '88 Games, and a medal sport since '92. The U.S. haa a brilliantly named contandar in taanage wunderkind Apolo Ohno, but unless skaters wear apiked gloves, what's tha point?

Speed Skiing

Lowdown: Like downhill skiing, except none of those confusing turns. Racers get in a tuck and hit speeds of up to 150 MPH.
Fate: Despite its twisted eppeal, this one-shot '92 demonstration sport will probably never be seen again. Skiing for mutants.

Curling

Lowdown: The shuffleboard of the winter games. One person spins (or curls) a granite stone down the ice, while teammates armed with push brooms and shaved ice make it stop on a dime. Wow!
Fete: A demonstration sport in '88 and '92, abandoned in '94, and now, defying all rational judgmant, a medal sport in Nagano. Tha International Olympic Committee *must* be on the take.

Key to Success

- Violence integral to sport
- Extreme wipe-outs
- Eastarn European groupies
- Disney movie potential
- Nike-worthy athletes
- Sport exists outside Olympics
- No lung capacity required
- Normal kids don't do this growing up
- Aerodynamic body suits

the project. Petitions signed by "Concerned Citizens Against Gorillas in Fannin County" warned that the **simians** could put residents at **risk**, perhaps even infect them with the **AIDS** virus. The project's coordinator scoffed at such allegations. "Maybe," he told the *Wall Street Journal*, "they've watched *Outbreak* too many times."

→ Two **Canadian scientists** researching geophagy, or **the practice of dirt eating**, recently published findings on the nutritional value of soil in North Carolina, China, and Zimbabwe. Though the tradition of dining on dirt—especially among the poor—dates back almost **two centuries**, the researchers warn against eating just any old ground. "The sticky point is today you don't want **contaminated soil**," one researcher said. "What with industry, you don't know what's in it." Good dirt, on the other hand, isn't just uncontaminated; **it's good for you**. Soil in North Carolina is rich in **iron** and **iodine**; though eating it "sounds a little bizarre," she says, "There's **mental retardation** in the world caused by **a lack of those elements**."

→ A survey conducted by the U.S. Conference of Mayors reports that **four out of five** U.S. cities have a nighttime **youth curfew**. According to a Tulsa, Oklahoma, official, "There is generally **no useful purpose** for a juvenile to be out late at night."

→ In November, senators heard testimony from a father who **blames Marilyn Manson** for his son's suicide. "I failed to recognize that my son was **holding a hand grenade**, and it was live, and it was going to **go off in his mind**," he recounted. At issue was the possibility of more stringent **parental warnings** on music. Connecticut Democrat Joseph Lieberman consoled the father. "Almost every parent in America would do what you did," he said. It didn't look like a hand grenade. **It looked like a CD.**

WILLIAM SALLAZ DUOMO

¡Quiero Mi MTV!

Far and wide, the MTV juggernaut marches on

Flip channels almost anywhere on the planet and sooner or later you'll land on MTV. Though the world's largest network reaches an astonishing 305 million households, MTV claims it doesn't impose American culture on foreign lands. Instead, it airs some form of indigenous entertainment mixed with varying doses of imports. Yet, wherever you find it, you'll never mistake it for anything but Music Television. Perhaps, as evidenced by MTV's nine foreign outposts below, the truest universal language is lust for the 12-to-34 demographic. **DANIEL RADOSH**



MTV Asia

DISTRIBUTION: 31.3 million households, served by eight separate channels **HEAVY ROTATION:** half local (with no interregional crossover), half imports (Spice Girls, Mariah Carey, Celine Dion) **WHAT YOU WON'T SEE:** in Singapore, Janet Jackson's new album (banned by the government); in Malaysia, *Singled Out* ("We wouldn't want to be seen encouraging young people to date," says an MTV Asia executive); anywhere on the continent, *Beavis and Butt-head* **LOCAL HITS:** *TVMTV*, two guys run a pirate music channel out of a tree house **BIG IMPORTS:** *House of Style* **APPROXIMATE STAGE OF VIDEO DEVELOPMENT:** "I Want a New Drug" **BEWARE OF:** *MTV Interactive*, a witless, American-style hyping of the Internet



Joey Boy

MTV Australia

DISTRIBUTION: 200,000 households **HEAVY ROTATION:** American R&B, German dance music (less than one quarter of programming is local) **LOCAL HIT:** *Didge Indie*, an analog to our *Indie Outing* **BIG IMPORT:** *The Real World* (especially the season with the Australian cast member) **APPROXIMATE STAGE OF VIDEO DEVELOPMENT:** "Smells Like Teen Spirit" **BEWARE OF:** Silverchair; an alarming number of bands that sound like Silverchair



Savage Garden

MTV Brazil

DISTRIBUTION: 16.3 million households **HEAVY ROTATION:** 60 percent local (pop, hard rock, reggae), 40 percent imports (Hanson, Spice Girls, miscellaneous classic rock) **WHAT YOU WON'T SEE:** R&B **LOCAL HITS:** *Barraco*, a social-issues talk show; *Throat and Neck*, a "punk videogame" that viewers play over the phone **BIG IMPORTS:** *Beavis and Butt-head* (with subtitles) **FAILED IMPORTS:** *The Real World*, *Loveline* ("We don't have sexual problems," explains an MTV Brazil executive) **APPROXIMATE STAGE OF VIDEO DEVELOPMENT:** "Rock You Like a Hurricane" **BEWARE OF:** a remarkable fascination with Bon Jovi



Os Paralamas do Sucesso

MTV Latin America

DISTRIBUTION: 8.3 million households served by separate North and South channels **HEAVY ROTATION:** in the North, local pop flavored by U.S. hip-hop; in the South, classic rock, European techno **WHAT YOU WILL SEE:** Bush and No Doubt on *Nacion Alternativa* **LOCAL HIT:** *Rock and Goal*, a soccer show **BIG IMPORT:** *The Real World* **RELATIVE STAGE OF VIDEO DEVELOPMENT:** "Jump Around" **BEWARE OF:** nearly as much *Unplugged* refuse as in the U.S.



Control Machete

MTV Europe



Skunk Anansie

DISTRIBUTION: 57.7 million households served by four channels **HEAVY ROTATION:** in the U.K., bands that sound like Suede; elsewhere, bands that sound like Blackstreet **LOCAL HITS:** Italy's *Stylissimo* fashion show **BIG IMPORT:** *Beavis and Butt-head* (in English) **BEWARE OF:** David Hasselhoff

MTV India

DISTRIBUTION: 7.7 million households **HEAVY ROTATION:** 70 percent local (mostly Hindi film music, some middle-aged crooners set to dance beats), 30 percent imports (Bryan Adams–style American rock) **WHAT YOU WON'T SEE:** heavy metal, any video in which a cow is slaughtered (at least one has been nixed) **LOCAL HITS:** *Party Zone* and *Mega Mix* (dance shows) **BIG IMPORTS:** their own version of *Club MTV*, taped in Bombay **FAILED IMPORTS:** *The Real World*, *Road Rules* **APPROXIMATE STAGE OF VIDEO DEVELOPMENT:** "The Safety Dance" **BEWARE OF:** local pop stars' intermittent attempts to sing in English **BUT AT LEAST:** No Spice Girls



Daler Mehndi

MTV Japan

DISTRIBUTION: 1.9 million households **HEAVY ROTATION:** 20 percent local, 80 percent imports.



Scha Dara Parr

Either way, "The key to making a hit," says an MTV Japan executive, "is a song that can be sung by karaoke." **WHAT YOU WON'T SEE:** alt-rock ("In English is alternative enough," says the exec) **LOCAL HITS:** *MTV Files*, a celebrity profile series **BIG IMPORTS:** *MTV Sports* **APPROXIMATE STAGE OF VIDEO DEVELOPMENT:** "Has Anybody Seen My Baby?" **BEWARE OF:** a floatilla of Japanese teenybopper rap groups

MTV Mandarin

MTV Mandarin & MTV Asia

DISTRIBUTION: 24.7 million households, mostly in Taiwan **HEAVY ROTATION:** 70 percent local (primarily weepy ballads), 30 percent imports (groups featuring young boys, Michael Jackson) **WHAT YOU WON'T SEE:** hip-hop **LOCAL HITS:** *MTV Campus*, which tours colleges; *Spotlight*, a karaoke show **BIG IMPORT:** *Singled Out* **APPROXIMATE STAGE OF VIDEO DEVELOPMENT:** any country music video **BEWARE OF:** sporadic Kenny Rogers appearances



Valen Hsu

MTV New Zealand

DISTRIBUTION: one million households **HEAVY ROTATION:** Coolio, Puff Daddy, Portishead **LOCAL HIT:** *Wrekogniza*, a hip-hop show **BIG IMPORTS:** *Loveline*, *The Grind* **BEWARE OF:** rugby jokes


Turns out roughing up punks ain't really necessary. On account of most guys and gals hurt *themselves* by not getting enough calcium. So reach out for 3 glasses of milk a day. Your body will thank you. Especially if we don't have to tell you again.
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Move over, bacon, it's Sizzla.

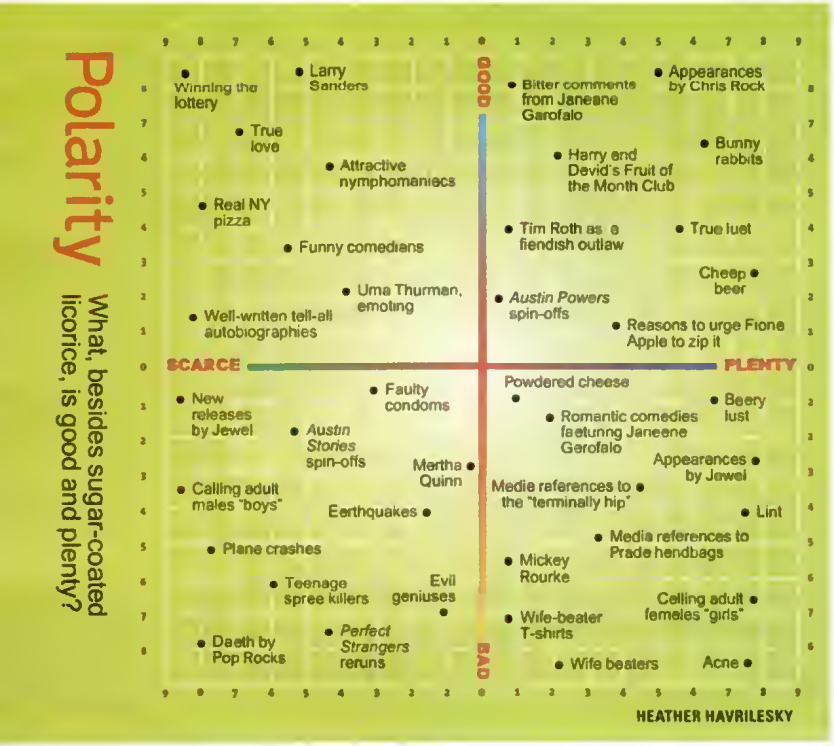
Dancehall Crasher

Sizzla catches a fire

Sizzla is endowed with what you might call the vision'n'rhyme t'ing. "I'm just a *nyabingi* (Rasta warrior) for the King," says Jamaica's latest roots reggae savior. "As Bob Marley sey, he nuh come to fight flesh and blood, but spiritual wickedness in high and low places." Indeed, his two recent releeses, *Praise Ye Jah* end *Black Woman and Child*, confirm that Sizzla is on e mission from Jah. His wild lyrical spiels—rough-timbred dissections of Caribbean ghetto life, loving big-ups to the world's sufferers—read like long-lost Rastaferian scripture, while his intricate rhymes reinvent reggae DJ flow.

The former Miguel Orlando Collins first hit upon his mad mike science a few years ago working the sound system circuit in his native Kingston. Back then, the slight, doe-eyed Sizzla was humble enough to be mistaken for his menager's yerd boy. Now, fueled with the kind of zeel rarely seen outside the Old Testament, the 21-year-old is dancehall's reigning B-boy prophet. When Sizzla brought his fervent message to the U.S. masses recently, his sets were greeted with a sea of waving Jamaican and Ethiopien flags. An indication that, et a time when neither Rasta warriors nor dancehall rude bwoys are a pop-chart presence, Sizzla could lead them both to heavy rotation. Not thet he bothers with such worldly concerns. "I make a little money from the business," Sizzla admits. "But I can't ellow the money to take from the music. It's naturally in me. So I stay on that rhythm, that vibration. And it's going to be much greater."

ELENA OUMANO



ERYKAH BADU, "TYRONE" (Kedar/Universal) Giving Lil' Kim a run for the Queen Bee-yatch crown, Lady Miss Badu gives a genteel kiss-off to every liquor-store-hanging, no-money-having boyfriend who ever made her split the check.

***NERVE* (www.nervemag.com)** Highbrow takes on such lowbrow matters as orgasm addicts and randy apes puts this at the head of the otherwise dubious sex-site pack. Recent best: former bad-girl Surgeon General Joycelyn Elders giving her all on the "M" word.

***PROPELLERHEADS* (DreamWorks)** Spinning breakbeats without the chill and doing blaxploitation without the guilt, this U.K. duo is the electronica jam outfit we've been waiting for. Watch out, Phish.

CHOW YUN-FAT Asia's hands-down suavest action star goes Hollywood in *The Replacement Killers*. Now can he dispatch Quentin's girlfriend, please?

***GO ON: 365 HAIKU* (Soft Skull Press)** Can't vouch for this entire collection of beat-inspired poetry slams, but Michael Stipe, for one, lives it up on the droll: "She made me this soup / That made me brrrp for hours / Fart puppy breath."

JOHN CURRIN Pulp's cover art pick for their upcoming album, painter Currin recasts the male lust object as an upscale farce, which, come to think of it, pretty much sums up Jarvis Cocker, as well.



Chico or the Man?

A yin-and-yang compendium of stuff we thought you ought to know about



STAGE-DIVING NEW ENGLAND PATRIOTS Drew Bledsoe & Co. get penalized for piling on at an Everclear show. Further proof that steroids and grunge don't mix.

***SHAKEN AND STIRRED: THE DAVID ARNOLD JAMES BOND PROJECT* (Stre)** Drier than a gin martini and just as tired.

PRODIGY "SMACK MY BITCH UP" VIDEO Kept off MTV because of full-frontal stupidity, this misogyny motherlode is supposed to redeem itself et the end when we learn—gasp!—it's actually a *woman* woman-hater. As if.

KOTTONMOUTH KINGS Two words: Bloodhound Gang

NBA NO-BAGGY-SHORTS RULE The league's fashion police crack down on tent-size trunks. But now what about the Raptors' butt-ugly unis?

LONGHAIRED ADULT CONTEMPORARY STARS STARTING THEIR OWN FOOD LINES First it was Linda McCartney's vegan vittles. Now Lothario crooner Michael Bolton is coming out with his own pasta sauces. You can't sing; why should we think you can cook?

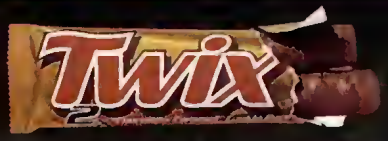
SIZZLA JEROME ALBERTINI. CHICO AND THE MAN EVERETT COLLECTION

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THINK ABOUT IT-

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INCONSPICUOUS CONSUMPTION

The Twinkie Defense



What a hypothetical transcultural exchange might look like.

My Australian friend David came to visit e few yeers ago, and one of the first things he wanted to do was go shopping. "Take me to the supermerket," he seid. This is the sort of request I'm only too heppy to accommodate, so off we went to inspect the state of American consumer culture. We were having e fine time, nodding eppreciatively at the wonders of the cereel eisle and going over the finer points of processed meats, when we epproached e big display of Hostess confections. David picked up e pack of Twinkies and examined it quizzically. "What ere these?" he asked.

This isn't so simple a query es it might initielly appear. How do you quickly explain the full scope of Twinkies—their iconicity, their ubiquity, their plesticity, their simultaneous brilliance end uselessness, their perfect representetion of both the culture thet creeted them and tha cultura they created—to someone who's never seen them before? Devid mey es well have welked up to e globe, pointed et the United States, end said, "Whet's this?"

This basic lesson—that even the simplest consumer items can often reveel huge fault lines between cultures—was reinforced recently when I received en unsolicited package. Inside were four different brands of an exotic-looking Asien canned beverage I'd never seen before: basil seed drink with honey. Two of the cans were from Theilend, the other two from Teiwen. Placed in e row on my kitchen counter, they seemed to gather strength in numbers—ona can of basil seed drink would heve been an interesting noveity, but four distinct brands suggested the presence of a major consumer catégory I'd completely missed: Asien Twinkies, so to speek.

My usuel ethnic food experts were stumped by basil seed drink, so I took the cans down to my local Thai resteurant, where I leerned thet the beverage is quite common in Southeest Asie end that meny edditionel brands ere eveileble. Envisioning en entire supermerket aisle stocked floor to ceiling with nothing but basil seed drink, I asked why Thai restaurants in America don't offer the product. "Oh," came the rasponse, "Americans wouldn't like it."

I'm not so sura about thet. Having opened e few of the cans myself, I can report that basil seed drink is probebly no threat to Coka or Pepsi, but its flavor—sweet and mildly fruity, with none of the herbiness its neme might leed you to expect—is peletable enough. The big problem is the squishy little seeds, which look like furry ephids as they float in the bottle end feel like congeeled lint going down. It's pretty gross, but the sensation provided by a mouthful of the stuff is almost identical to the one you get when drinking Orbitz, that ennoying soda with the lava lemp–shaped bottles end the little globules of geletin floating around inside. Orbitz reportedly has sold quite well, so perheps more imaginetive peckeging is ell that's standing between besil seed drink and e spot on American grocery shelves.

The same probably cannot be said, however, of pondeaggi, e Koreen foodstuff that looks e lot like bug larvae—because thet's whet it is. A friend of mine, who recently spent e year living in Koree end sent beck two different brends of canned pondaeggi, says the product is "common, cheap, and very popular" at Korean groceries end outdoor merkets—it hes atteined e Twinkie-like ubiquity, in other words. Interestingly, he elso found that while Koreans often urged him to sample the local cuisine, they mada en exception for pondaeggi: "Not a single person suggested thet I try pondaeggi. They essumed I wouldn't like it."

It's not herd to see why. Upon opening one of the cans he sent, I discovered that the off-putting photogreph of the bugs on the lebel wes en elermingly eccurete representetion of the can's contents. Even worse wes the rancid smell, which quickly filled the room end sent me running out of the house in seerch of fresh eir. Initiel plans for a taste test were hastily revised.

Meenwhile, back at the supermarket, my feeble attempts to explein Twinkies to David were enough to entice him into buying e pack, which he sampled as soon as we left the store. "These are terrible!" he exclaimed efter e few bites, confusion end disgust competing for control of his faciel expression. "And you sey they're incredibly popular?" It wes hopeless, of course, but wherees the Asiens made no ettempt to impose basil seed drink or pondaeggi on American palates, I found myself seized by e strenge burst of netionalism end insisted that Devid finish his Twinkies. All of which highlights the reel distinction between our consumer culture end everyone else's: Other countries view consumerism es e simple system of transactions governed by necessity end personel teste; here in the States, consumerism is Manifest Destiny.

PAUL LUKAS

Readers, manufacturers, end publicists ere encouraged to send products, gadgets, promotionel literature, end suggestions to Peul Lukes, *Spin*, 6 W. 18th St., New York, NY 10011. E-meil: consumer@interport.net.

DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTICS

Digging for Clams

Item: Oliver Peoples eyeglasses **Person:** femele, 30, cerdiologist **Quote:** "Did you see thet? George Clooney just geve her 30 mg's of epinephrinel He! She'd be so techycerdic she couldn't see streight!" **Wants:** to get more sleep end still hava tima to trein for that merethon in April **Needs:** a prescription drug hebit **Favorite Subject:** perticulerly ill-feted surgical procedures, releyed with e deeply disturbing casuel-to-emused tone **Biggest Secret:** weers thosa little white doctor shoes at home





Item: Pixie Yetes clam diggers **Person:** femele, 27, production meneger for TV commercials **Quote:** "And his girifriend is reelly cool. She just published her first novel. We're having coffee tomorrow." **Wants:** to live like Dorothy Parker **Needs:** to meet some euthors and discover for herself why Dorothy Parker was an alcoholic **Favorite Subject:** how her "boho phase" is over and she's reedy to heve nica furniture and vecetion in Itely **Biggest Secret:** Onca bought sheets et JCPenney end they were like helf-polyester or something!

Item: Enyce terry cloth het **Person:** mele, 18, student **Quote:** "You can think whet you want. I don't care what people think, yo." **Wants:** for you to think he's not wack **Needs:** a smeck in the reck **Favorite Subject:** how he's "wey ahead of the curve" and elweys has been **Biggest Secret:** His dad runs e minieture horse ferm in Vermont.





Item: Jockey Clessic men's briefs **Person:** femele, 19, clerk et Wet Seel **Quote:** "But I don't went yoge to be my only form of conditioning, y'know whet I meen?" **Wants:** to stick to her "fruitarien" diet until the toxins ere flushed from her body **Needs:** to quit smoking **Favorite Subject:** how the glass in miniven windshields actually emplifies the sun, which is why so meny mothers have chicken skin on their necks **Biggest Secret:** thinks the doughnut shop et the minimell puts crack in their jelly doughnuts ("I wes flying for, lika, two hours, okay? Someone should totally look into that place.") HEATHER HAVRILESKY

CLOTHES: DOLLHOUSE. INCONSPICUOUS CONSUMPTION: RODERICK ANGLE.



Fresh-Picked Ad Space

Now available in your grocer's produce section

Did Marshall McLuhan know? Would he have cared? Food, perhaps the most universally appreciated of all substances, has now joined ranks with bathroom urinals, school buses, and movie trailers as innovative-but-slightly-too-intrusive advertising mediums. For $650 per thousand, The Fruit Label Company, a Santa Monica, California, marketing company, will slap a company's logo on hundreds of millions of apples, oranges, stone fruits, pears, avocados, lemons, melons, grapefruits, or tomatoes. (Bananas, which must be hand-labeled, are a special order.) "It's such a pure form of guerrilla marketing—millions of tiny billboards!" gloats Fruit Label Company President Brian Fox. "Plus it's interactive. You have to peel it off to eat it." Company literature boasts that the money spent for, say, six million *Liar Liar* stickers is easily justified by the multiple "impressions" a consumer makes while inspecting fruit—and then passes on to the family for further perusal. The company also assures potential clients that "kids will collect them, wear them as tattoos, and," as with all great advertising tchotchkes, "stick them on their notebooks."

JOSH DEAN



© DICK LURIA/FPG

Reducing Downtime

Calendar sales increase as our lives accelarate; tha idaa of purchasing blocks of time unancumbered by anything excapt "Far Side" cartoons is our tiny folly in the faca of an immutabla truth: Each day is composed of exactly 1,440 minutes, and all the money in the world can't buy an additional one. But if you can't buy time, you can at least eliminate *downtime*, those vexing moments of stasis when traffic coagulates, when the body responds slower than the mind, and you, with so many tasks to accomplish and so many places to be, can do nothing except tap your toe and wait.

G. BEATO





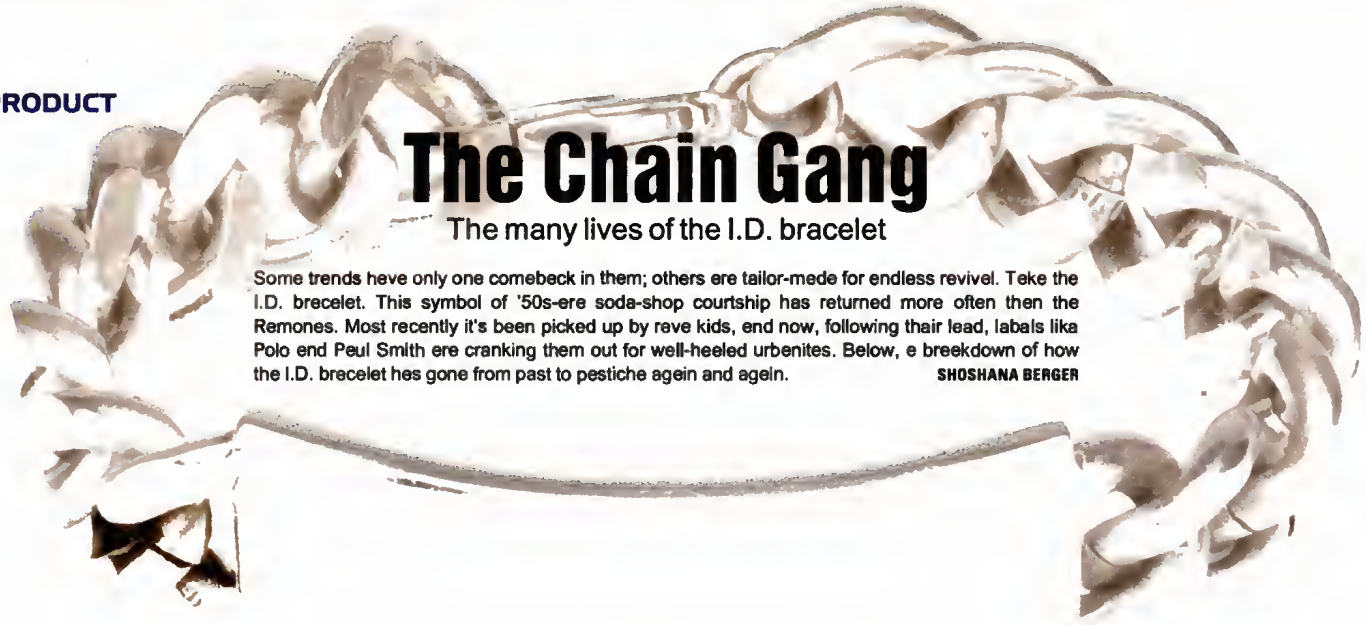
Product:	LandJet	Viagra (sildenafil citrate)
Description:	GMC Savana van customized to function as a mobile office	A soon-to-be-released oral medicine that treats male erectile dysfunction
Price:	$80,000	not yet available
Manufacturer contact info:	LandJet, Inc. (312) 467-0280	Pfizer, Inc. (212) 573-2323
Ostensible purpose:	"With the world's most advanced mobile business electronics at your fingertips, once wasted downtime now becomes an opportunity to catch up or win clients, sell product, or convinca customers."	"Improved erections in 70 percent to 90 percent of patients who received the drug."
Unique selling proposition:	Fax, phone, surf the Web, or microwave a pizza at 65 MPH	For most, swallowing a pill is more appealing than the currently available engorgement methods (insertion of a pellet up the urathra or injection of medicine directly into the penis with a large needle).
Options:	Electric shoe polisher, microwave oven, handheld vacuum cleaner, coffeemaker, electric clothes steamer, built-in lockable strongbox, Sony Mobile Navigation System, CB radio, Whistler 2290 radar detector, satellite TV, and no lass than four different grades of bulletproofing	None
Drawbacks:	Fellow LandJat owner Tom Arnold may call you up to swap cruising stories.	User may also experience headaches or flushing.
Satisfied-customer testimony:	"A commute to me is now something to look forward to."	"My wife said it was like I was Tarzan."
User-friendliness:	Moderate. On-road utilization of vehicle's sundry machinas and appliances could lead to unintended traffic situations.	High. Swallow pill; wait 20 minutes; administer stimulation in usual fashion.
Advantage:	LandJet. In the multitasking '90s, work, not sax, is the ultimate goal. (But if the LandJet's rocking, don't bother faxing.)	

The Chain Gang

The many lives of the I.D. bracelet

Some trends heve only one comebeck in them; others ere tailor-mede for endless revivel. Teke the I.D. brecelet. This symbol of '50s-ere soda-shop courtship has returned more often then the Remones. Most recently it's been picked up by reve kids, end now, following thair lead, labels lika Polo end Peul Smith ere cranking them out for well-heeled urbenites. Below, e breekdown of how the I.D. brecelet hes gone from past to pestiche egein and egein.

SHOSHANA BERGER



I.D. BRACELET BY PAUL SMITH.

8000 B.C.
The first I.D. brecelet, celled a motto clesp, comes onto the scene. Nubian sleves dig up gold end heul it to Egypt, where smithies feshion beeded brecelets with gold clesps thet ere inlaid with the weerer's initiels. Becomes popular with mummies, then diseppeers.
Who wore them:
slave owners, the Queen of Sheba

1950s
Like the post-Vietnem punkers who would later don dog-tag necklaces, the I.D. brecelet cribs its design from the medic brecelets worn by WWII vets. The gold and silver plates ara engreved with e neme or inscription and given to boys es gifts. Guys, not yet down with jewelry, pawn them off on their girlfriends.
Who wore them:
the Cleevers' kids

Mid-'70s
After being dismissed es a conservetiva relic in the '60s, the I.D. bracelet returns, this time es e disco don eccessory. Tricked-out with open-neck shirts and prodigious emounts of chest heir, guys emulete Liberece, pecking hefty brecelets thet might double as weepons. Goes out with end of disco ere.
Who wore them:
divorcées, Vinnie Berberino

Mid-'80s
Eest Coest hip-hop girls sport I.D. brecelets in homage to tha thick gold necklaces worn by Run-D.M.C. end crew. D.M.C.'s gold cheins reech totemic steture, but the bracelet goes nowhere.
Who wore them:
fly girls from Brooklyn

1998
Keeping in line with the raver maxim of newfound innocence, club kids resurrect the tredition, now sefely two generetions removed, of exchenging I.D. bracelets. Girls weer them chunky-style end, in e signeture '90s role reversel, give them to boys they want to get with.
Who wears them:
born-egein minors

Brand New Love

How we bond with products

Did you feel the cruel sting of betrayal when Coke switched its formule? As a McDonald's feithful, heve you ever dalliad with e Whopper? When you sey, "I love DKNY," does it reelly come from the heert?

Brend loyelty hes existed for es long es we've had brands, but according to e recent study by Harvard Business School professor Susen Fournier, consumer devotion is only ona of tha weys wa bond with products. In en upcoming ecedemic erticle, Fournier outlines the new "typology of consumar-brend relationship forms," which range from low-maintenance "casuel friends" to brutish "rebound reletionships." Fournier, whose work hes ettracted the interest of sneck food companies and fashion firms, is elso exploring brend "trensgressions," es when a compeny's new ed campaign elienetes its core merket ("the-not-the-guy-I-merried scenerio," Fournier expleins).

This mey ell sound like so much contemporery Feith Popcorn psychobebble—Calvin Klein codependency groups? Starbucks Survivors support networks?—but Fournier says that she's simply reeding the nuences of the merketplace. "To reduce [consumer habits] to a metter of loyelty," Fournier expleins, "is like seying thet you either merry everybody you meet, or they'll never be e meeningful pert of your life."

TOM VANDERBILT



The New Rules of Attraction

Dependencies An "obsessive ettraction cemented by feeling thet the other is irrepleceable." Fournier points to Keren, a 39-yeer-old divorced office meneger, end her effinity towerd Mery Key cosmetics. Seys Keren, "Oh, I just love Mery Key! It is the perfect brend of mekeup for me. When I think of not heving it enymore, well, it just mekes me nervous."

Secret Affairs Here we heve Wendy, e "single women in her eerly 40s" who views Dunkin' Donuts coffee es the "ultimate" brand. From time to time, though, Wendy ects on flirtetions with Bruegger's coffee. But she'll feel bed in the morning. "Wendy edmittedly feels guilty every time she 'cheats' on Dunkin' Donuts," Fournier seys.

Committed Partnerships Fournier describes Jeen, e 59-yeer-old Boston women whose "momants of infidality" only strengthan her "axpressed faalings of attachment to her loyal brands."

Flings Otherwise known es "short-term, time-bounded engegements of high emotional reword." Meet Vicki, e 23-yeer-old greduate student whose shower is cluttered with trial-size bottles of shampoo. Foumier concludes thet Vicki is loyel not to one product but "to the process of loyelty itself."

Enslavemants Or e "non-voluntery reletionship union governed entirely by desires of the reletionship pertner." Think Microsoft.


Reebok
21
Reebok Reversible Jersey
Reverses from team color to black
Champion
Champion Heavyweight Jacket
Weather-repelling nylon with
moisture-resistant Polar Fleece lining
PRO PLAYER
DOLPHINS
ProPlayer Pique Fleece
Classic fleece doesn't get any finer
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Jon Bon Jovi, Renaissance Man

Or, why bad musicians make good movie actors, and vice versa. By STEVE ERICKSON





Jon Bon Jovi gets reborn in The Leading Man.



Mark Wahlberg did it in Boogie Nights.

A few years ago, at a film screening in L.A., Jack Nicholson "bumped" into Neil Young—an obviously orchestrated encounter in which the two men shook hands cordially but a little distantly, not as pals but admirers. You could almost see the little thought balloons rising above their heads, Jack thinking, "Boy, it would be really cool to be Neil Young," and Neil thinking, "Hmm, it might be interesting to be Jack Nicholson." It's probably just my bias that I decided they both knew that being Neil Young was, in the final analysis, better than being Jack Nicholson.

If Jon Bon Jovi, the rock star, bumped into Robin Grenge, the movie actor played by Bon Jovi in *The Leading Men*, it's hard to imagine that Grenge would come away thinking he'd rather be Bon Jovi. Near the end of *The Leading Man*, Robin Grange makes a confession; until then he's been such a shallow, manipulative little asshole that we fully expect the confession to be just more manipulation. So when he suddenly admits to having actually fallen in love—with someone other than himself—we're not sure if he's acting or not. We're not sure even *he* knows. The whole film is about the malleability of identity when you're in the business of being a star, and in the role of movie star Robin Grange, Bon Jovi is both so self-aware and so lacking in self-consciousness that it's too easy to conclude that he's simply playing himself.

One thing's for sure: In *The Leading Men*, he's a better Robin Grenge than he ever was a Jon Bon Jovi.

Seventy-five million record sales notwithstanding, Bon Jovi wasn't even the poor man's John Mellencamp, let alone the poor man's Bruce Springsteen. In the same way, Mark Wahlberg wasn't just a poor man's rapper, or even just a poor white man's rapper—he was a poor white teenybopper's rapper. The only way to live that down was to strap on a prop penis, reinvent himself in *Boogie Nights*, and thereby follow in the great tradition of Cher and Other Bad Pop Stars Who Turn Out to Be Good Movie Stars, the looking-glass corollary of Elvis and Other Good Pop Stars Who Never Make It in the Movies For One Reason or Another. The latter doesn't necessarily have anything to do with talent. Madonna was pretty good in *Evita* actually, and you don't have to go all the way back to 1976's *The Man Who Fell to Earth* to recognize that David Bowie has always had screen presence, whether as Pontius Pilate in *The Last Temptation of Christ* or as Warhol in *Basquiat*.

But Bowie and Madonna are never going to quite make it in the movies, just like Elvis never really made it, though his films made plenty of money. Their sense of themselves has always been too strong—they've already invested too much in creating Elvis and Bowie and Madonna to persuade audiences to see them as anything else. In Madonna's case in particular, you get the feeling as you watch that she's just incapable of completely surrendering to a role; somewhere deep in her psyche, she's afraid to lose control over how we see her. Being braver than Madonna, Courtney Love would like to defy both the Cher Tradition and the Elvis Tradition, and she may yet. But she's also still a work in progress, in terms of both her musical reputation and her reputation as an actress, the first almost wholly based on one 1994 album and the second almost wholly based on one 1996 movie.

It wasn't always like this. Frank Sinatra was a great singer and a successful actor too, because as an actor he was drawing on the same thing that made him a great singer, his talent as an interpreter, whether a character from a James Jones novel or a Harold Arlen lyric. But then pop music changed. Starting with Elvis and Chuck Berry, and more conspicuously with Dylan and the Beatles, musicians became auteurs, a suspicious French word first used for movie directors; back in the mid-'60s when American movies were



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so clueless, pop music instinctively understood certain things about cinema that Hollywood was still trying to figure out. The only people who didn't know there was a lot more Godard in *Revolver* than in *The Sound of Music* were those running the studios. In the great cultural Cuisinart of '60s rock, where East met West and sound met image and illusion met reality, the music of the time fulfilled all the promises of cinema that the movies were unable or unwilling to touch; and at least for a few years, the new mythology of rock so overshadowed the mythological power of the movies that, in all his various failed attempts to become a movie ster, you could never forget that Mick Jagger was Mick Jegger, except of course in 1970's *Performence*, when he played Mick Jagger.

As good actors, Bon Jovi end Wahlberg have taken the Sinatre Principle and stood it on its head. They're drawing on the same thing that made them *bed* pop stars, which is that they're blank slates and don't hava any identity to speak of that gets in the way of connecting with a role. In both *The Leading Man* and *Boogie Nights* their very transparency works for them and is part of the stories they're telling, which the directors presumably knew when they cast them. Bon Jovi's Robin Grange starts out all matinee-idol smugness, which isn't so far removed from rock-idol smugness; he thinks he's completely in charge of the situetion he's created, so that when the situation begins to unravel, it becomes dangarous for averyona around him, especially himself.

Just as Wahlberg didn't really have the depth to be the soul of *Boogie Nights* (that was Julianne Moore), Bon Jovi isn't really the soul of *The Leeding Men*. That's Anna Galiena (*The Hairdresser's Husband*), as the wife of a playwright who Bon Jovi is seducing as a favor to her husband, or so he thinks. But Bon Jovi gives the movie's cruciel performance, which is to say thet if he fails, the film fails too; in this cese, when *The Leading Man* doesn't quite work, it's the script's fault, not Bon Jovi's. As directed by John Duigan, *The Leeding Man* doesn't completely know what to do with itself in the end. It would like to be a cousin to a terrific early '80s film called *The Stunt Man* in which, in the labyrinth of artifice and fame and narcissism, reality loses its way; instead, Duigan's film loses its way. But Bon Jovi the movie actor—as opposed to Bon Jovi the pop star—never does. ●



Jason Priestley, a boy toy in Love and Death on Long Island.

Short Subjects

Love and Guts and Hurt

At one point in tha fly new film *Love and Deeth on Long Island*, John Hurt cries out "This is ridiculous!" to describe his obsession with Jason Priestley, playing a young movia heartthrob whose oeuvre includes films with titles such as *Tex Mex* and *Hotpents College II*. Steeped in classic culture, Hurt is an English writer who isn't just out of sync with the times, he's out of his century altogether: Aftar buying a VCR so he can pora over the nuances of *Hotpents College II* again and again, he's nonplussed to learn it doesn't work without a TV. Director Richard Kwietniowski shrewdly finesses the fine balance between obsesaion's poignancy and absurdity; even as you wince when Hurt revaals his lova, you faal both his anguish and his ludicrous courage.

Have a Happy VD

Valentina's Day is on a Saturday this yaar, so you can make a weekend of *Spin*'s first annual Mabel Longhetti Love-Makes-You-Crazy DIY Film Festival. Mabel Longhetti was the title character in John Cassavetes's *A Women Under the Influence*, the influence in this case being lova itself. First check out tha noirish *Gilde*, in which Rita Hayworth and Glann Ford are ex-lovers still so besotted they'll do almost anything to destroy each other. Then catch Humphrey Bogart becoming unhinged over Gloria Grahame in *In a Lonaly Placa*, followed by *Vertigo*, in which James Stewart becomes unhinged over Kim Novak. In Luis Buñuel's *That Obscure Object of Desire*, Farnando Rey is mada a fool of by a capricious little vixen played by two diffarent actresses; since she's young enough to be his granddaughter, you can't help feeling he's got it coming. Our festival builds to a fevared pitch with the utterly demented *Leeve Her to Heeven*, in which Cornel Wilde becomes smitten with the almost demonically beautiful Gena Tierney as sha rides the New Mexico mesaa on horseback, dumping her father's aahes from an urn; and then closes with the recent, wicked *The Last Seduction*, in which the dumbest heterosexual male of all time becomes so hot over Linda Fiorentino that he takes a complete leava of his senses.

ROUGH CUTS

Pop Culture Run Through the Trash Compactor

A black-vinyl-cled compulsive-cleaningwoman-slash-professional-hit-contractor. A love-lorn, muta narrator. Capitalism gone awry. Blond wigs on scraaching Asian babas. Voice-mail ralationships. Videotape relationships. Canto-tango-pop. The laundry room. Ronald McDonald. Italian soccer. Big, big guns. An ert film?

Hong Kong hipster **Wong Kar-Wai**'s 1995 film, *Fallen Angels*, which is now being releesed in the U.S. for the first time, is way better-looking than his 1994 *Chungking Express* and more dynamic than last yeer's *Heppy Together*. It may turn out to ba tha touchstone of a new end increasingly popular postmodern cinema. Wong revels in tha hodge-podge of marginally connected stories, knowingly arch and clichéd (post-Eco) stories of lova and disconnectedness. He indiscriminately mixes genras—Chaplinesqua comedy, Hong Kong action-thriller, broody Antonioni alienation, cigaratta commarcial. His editing consists of quick cuts, jump cuts, repeated actions, reduction of the shot to its most energetic and most meaningful unit. Chris Doyle's imeges are high-grain, mixed formats (35mm, 16mm, video), superseturated colors, brilliant overexposures. The music eclectic, melodrematic. Visuel energy, pure rhythm, and distilled emotions, unencumbered by classic Hollywood conventions of spaca, time, and cheracter davelopment.

Mainland China's two top directors ditched the more conservative styles of their previous films for Wongian groovinass in their most recant ones. Zhang Yimou, director of historical mini-epics (*Red Sorghum* end *To Live*) end a super-controlled feminist drame (*Raise the Red Lentern*), tried to let loose with his 1997 *Keep Cool*. Zhang's Wongian story: tha frustrated love of e stuttering, morono-philosophical quasi-crook. Zhang's Wongian style: wide-angle lansas, jump cuts...mixed results.

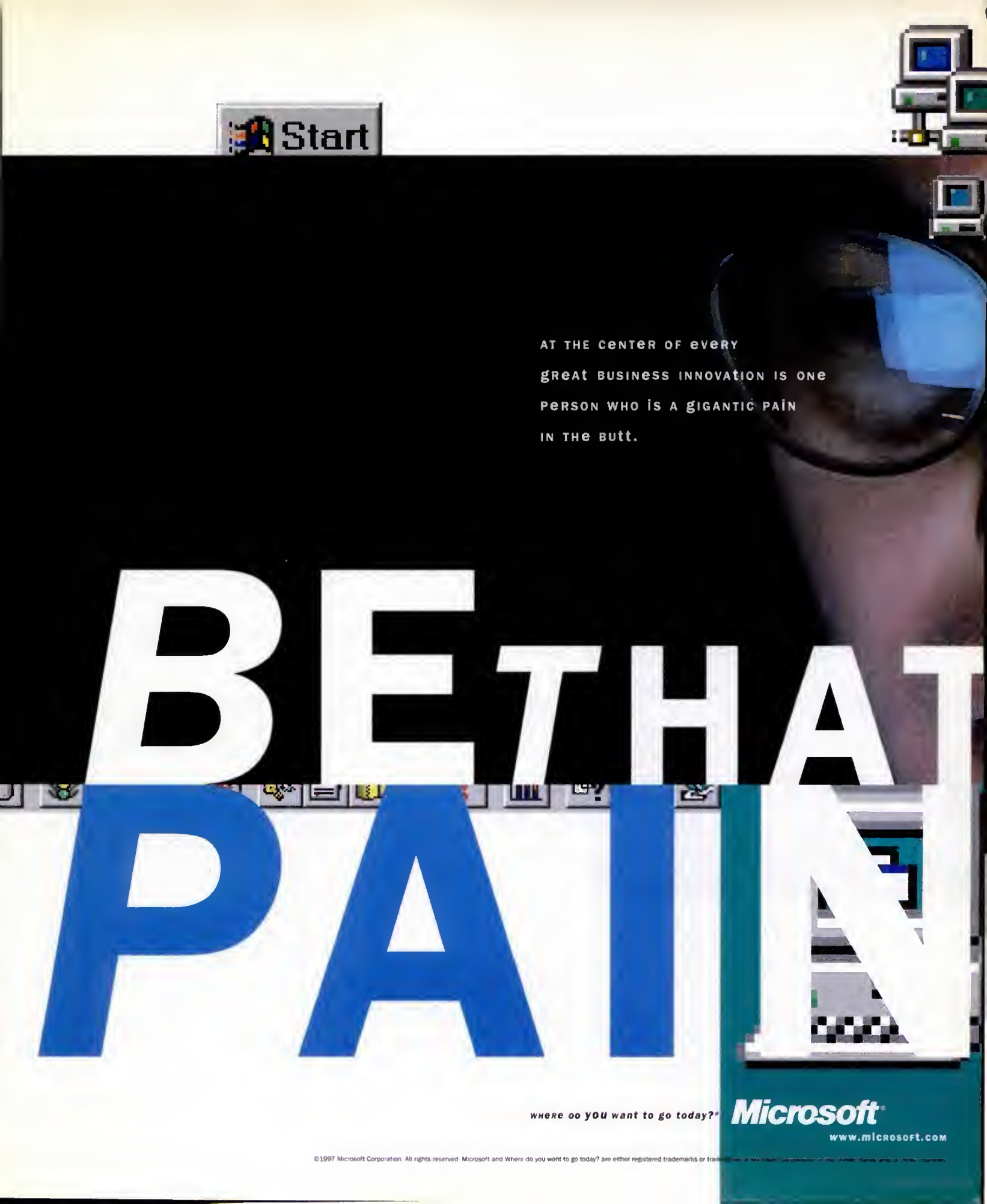
Chen Kaige's *Temptrass Moon* (which evan usad Wong's cinematographer) was, stylistically, worlds apart from, and hence worlds batter than, padestrian efforts like Chen's for-someraason-acclaimed *Farewell My Concubine*. In Europe, the Wongien trend is represented by Lars von Trier's *Breaking the Waves* end *The Kingdom*. Here, recent Stone, recent Scorsese, end most obviously, Baz Luhrmann's *Romeo + Juliet*, the slick bastard son of the styla.

Wong is both more freewheeling, more intense, more delightful, and, in the end, more moving than any other filmmaker today. He knows that those who striva for "meaning," and especially "meaning for tha youth culture," lika Sundance darling Edward Burns, whosa first half hour (all I could beer to watch) of *The Brothers McMullen* oozed maudlin "significance," will ultimately (or, usually, immediately) fail. Wong knows that "meaning," "the modern world," "cinema" ere constructs, and that ell there reelly is in life is everything.

All this in 95 minutes!

BOB DAVIS

Wong Kar-Wai's "masmerizing"..."stunningly beautiful"..."super-cool" *Fallen Angels*..."one of tha best films of the decade" (can I have my name on tha poster now?)...opens January 21 in New York and San Francisco, in Merch in Los Angeles. The rest of you should hold your breath.

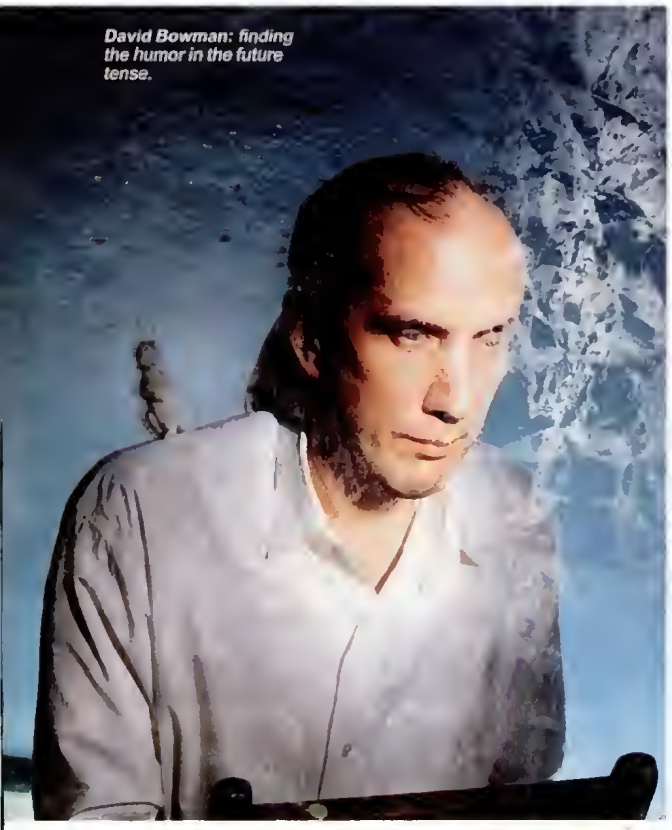


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2020 Vision

The next century giving you the creeps? David Bowman's *Bunny Modern* has the cure

With only two years left in the century to wring our hands over what miserable wretches we've become, it's as good e time as any for writers to start rolling out depressing futuristic novals en masse. You think things are bad now? Just take a look at what we're haaded for: thera we ara, all walking around in whita jumpsuits, up to our eyeballs in invesive technology, waaring long bangs to cover up UPC codes tattooed on our foreheads. Then again, maybe we should be so lucky. Most of the contemporary crop of writers looking to the future aren't angling for the swinging, far-out vision of, say, Jules Varna or William Gibson. Rathar, they picture a tima when things are different from today, but not unrecognizably so, sketching out tha misarable axistence that's in store for us if we continua to watch too many action movias and beliava averything we see in Calvin Klain ads.



David Bowman: finding the humor in the future tense.

Young writars such as Chuck Palahniuk, who gave us last year's tiresomaly edgy *Flight Club*, now out in paperback, confront the futura with their guard up, like poseable action figures. Palahniuk's future is a hotbed of discontent and disease, whara hopelessly isolated individuals grope along in the dark, seeking respite from various types of cancer and brain paresitas. And avan vanarabla writers lika John Updika are doing dystopia. Updike's recent *Toward the End of Time* offars a blaak vision of lifa in 2020, a tima when Fedaral Express is trying to taka over tha govemmant and school children study the work of John Grisham.

This isn't futurism as much as yet another way to act all superior about global stupidity and govemment mismenegement, es well as potboiler lit.

Indeed, unlass you're Georga Orwell or Hanna-Barbera, conjuring visions of the future just seems to invite lots of salf-sarious ridiculousness. But it takes more guts to paint the future as a place whara thara are planty of laughs to be had if you only knaw whara to look, and David Bowman's livaly, whacked-out, often surprisingly moving second novel, *Bunny Modern* (Littla, Brown), tackles tha job fearlessly. Bowman's future isn't exactly a barrel of fun: The book takas place around 2020 (obviously a vary scary yaar), in a world where electricity has mysteriously vanished and fertility has taken a powdar. Yat *Bunny Modern* is cheerful in a sick sort of way. For one thing, Bowman has an ear for dialogue that's part Martin Scorsesa, part Tracy/Hepburn romantic comady. And aithough his sense of humor is sufficiently twisted, he isn't out to impress us with lots of smarmy, hipstar playfulness. As in his debut noval, 1992's *Lat the Dog Drive*, there are always real feelings lying beneath his sometimas goofy venaer, and he's not afraid to let them show through.

In the world of *Bunny Modern*, babies are so rare—and so frequently kidnapped—that they're guarded by guntotin' nannies who are specially trained *not* to bond with tha little buggers, and who snort a drug known as Vengeance to keep tham mean. The book's narrator, a 40ish privata investigator and former child actor named Dylan (stop and think for a minute of how many baby Dylans *you* know right now), has fallen hard for one of these nannies, the young, lovely Clare. He has tha powar to raad har thoughts (a procass called "sheldraking," named after real-life British scientist Rupert Sheldrake), but it doesn't make him any less nervous about asking for a date. Nevertheless, the two manage to hook up, and when Clara falls under the spell of one of har little brat charges—a mysterious, eminently adoreble baby named Soda, who just mey hold the answer to the secrat of how electricity disappaared—sha and Dylan stumble toward cracking the code of thair strange little universe, and ultimataly fall daaply in love thamsalves.

By setting his book in a world without electricity, Bowman kicks ona of tha most common crutches in futuristic writing right out from undar himself. Far from being ruled by technology, his characters can't aven watch TV (instead, they go to New York City's Times Squara to crank old movies on a nickalodeon). Thay heve e patchwork sense of tha past that's informed by both high and low cultura and avarything in batween: referencas to Emily Dickinson, Theda Bara, Mabou Mines, Fred Astaire, and, of course, Bob Dylan, ell shara tha same airspace. And in Bowman's future, litaratura actually mattars *more* then it does now, thanks to a wildly popular lina of clothing known as Lit Waar, consisting of various garmants inspired by litarary characters. Instaad of riding tha idaa lika just another annoyingly clever conceit, Bowman makes it funniar avary time ha brings it up: "I watch her throw on a ratty old cotton Far From the Madding Crowd and haad out tha door." Ditto: "Sha's dressed a little funny—wearing a pair of slim Jana Eyres under a Bret Harta duster. That sounds lika a mismatch, I know. But it works."

There's nothing cheap about *Bunny Modern*. Bowman doasn't faka a fashionabie brend of datachmant, because ha seems to realiza that ultimately, detachment is boring. Instead his charactars rush, often tripping, toward soma kind of connection. And thay're not so sophisticated that they've forgottan how to swoon. Here's Dylan, flooded with visions of silent-film beauty Louise Brooks, as he watches his swaathaart mainlina a hit of Vangaance: "I look at her eyes. What if we imagine Clara and a mora conventional belle presented before us, both with their eyes closad. Say, Clare with Louise Brooks. Now considar Louise's lovely face.... But watch both women open their ayes. See the matamorphosis in Clara's face! Her simultaneously daffy-tragic gaze positively infuses the nanny with an anxious beauty. Louisa Brooks just looks awake."

In this brave new world, there's room for poetry and siapstick, for lasar sarcasm and flat-out lovesicknass. On the one hand, you could say that Bowman is daluding himself about the realities of the naxt century. In a universe whera Whitney Houston gets passed off as a soui singar, is there anywhere to go but down? But at least in Bowman's vision, we'll all have our own style of way-out clothes. If the world really is going to hell in a handbasket, maka mine Tass of the D'Urbervilles.

STEPHANIE ZACHAREK

For more information on Bunny Modern, *log on to our online site at keyword:* Spin on AOL *to read an interview with David Bowman.*

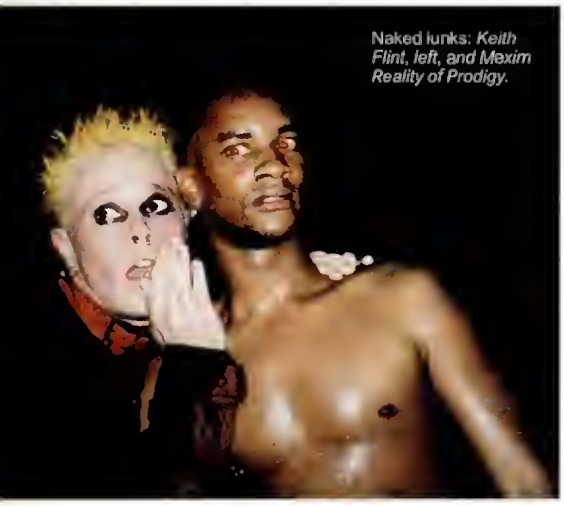
JOSEPH PLUCHINO



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

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Porno for Prodigy



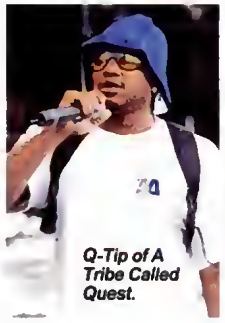
Naked lunks: *Keith Flint, left, and Mexim Reality of Prodigy.*

In a ham-fisted attempt to stir up some Menson-style controversy, electro-punks **Prodigy** recently released a soft-core video for the single "Smack My Bitch Up." Directed by Swedish cult auteur Jonas Akerlund, the graphic clip—which features full-frontal female nudity—tracks a violent clubber through a nightlife whirl of snorting drugs, barfing in toilets, and *shtupping* strippers. The twist—how post-P.C.!—is that it's actually a *woman* doing the using end abusing, as revealed in the final scene. The unexpurgated video has received late-night air-play on MTV Europe, whila here MTV is run-ning an edited late-night-only version that will include a rating and a disclaimer. Says an MTV spokesman, "We decided to air the video because it's groundbreaking and wa wanted to giva our mature viewers the opportunity to see it." MTV's deci-sion has angered both feminist end conservative groups. Empower America's C. DeLores Tucker deems the song's lyrics disrespectful and vio-lent towards women. "This is war!" Tucker aays. "The video wasn't done to be sensationalistic," counters Paul Redding, a spokesman for Prodigy's U.K. label XL. "It's just like any night out at a club."... On the revenge-of-the-manufactured-divas front, the **Spice Girls** fired their Svengali/maneger Simon Fuller and his company, 19 Management, which also employs the Spices' musical cowriters. No official statement regarding the split was issued, but the British tabloids hed it that Fuller's alleged affair with Emma "Baby Spice" Bunton was causing intra-band turmoil. Can the Spice Girls pull their own strings? Does anyone care? "No one's buying their records because it's great music," says Sex Pistols' puppeteer **Malcolm McLaren**. "They're buying the idea of talentlass people becoming enormously suc-cassful."... **Jane's Addiction**'s New York City "Relapse" concert may have seemed like a vision of peace-love-and-hippieness when part of it aired on MTV's *Live From the 10 Spot* on Halloween night, but things got a little hairy onca the cameras stopped rolling. As the band played "Ted, Just Admit It," a critique of media violence, unruly fans pulled down the MTV cam-era boom, threw cups at the film crew, and chanted "Fuck MTV!" The band found the melea quite emusing. "It wes wild to be onstage and have the audi-ence put on a show for *us*," says gul-tarist **Dave Navarro**. "It really upped the energy level."



"Though he doesn't go out and party himself, I think the Dalai Lama would have approved," deadpans Beastie Boy Adam Yauch *(et fer right, with bandmetes Mike D. and Adam Horovitz) of the bash the Beesties threw in New York City in November to commemorate the new film end live recording documenting the Free Tibet benefit concerts. Celebrity guests included Michael Stipe, Rancid, the Verve, Claire Danes, end "Merky" Merk Wahlberg. As for the Beasties' "top secret" next album, Yauch says to expect e summer releese.*

IN THE STUDIO



Q-Tip of A Tribe Called Quest.

Last heerd repping on Janet Jackson's "Got 'Til It's Gone" single, **Q-Tip** has just finished recording the new **A Tribe Called Quest** album, *The Love Movement*, at the Hit Factory in New York City. Inspired, he says, by the pop chops of the Beatles and Prince, the release features plenty of live instrumentation, including keyboards, guitar, and calumbria. But did Miss Jackson return the special-guest favor? "She said she was going to sing on our record," says Q-Tip, "but I don't know what happened to her."... After releas-ing three experimental instrumental records on Thurston Moore's SYR imprint, **Sonic Youth** is tying up loose ends on *Ham Radio*, their first DGC release in three years. "It sounds like freeillprovisation," seys guitariat **Thurston Moore**, who adds that the cover art will feature a 1969 photo of socielite/actress Sally Kirklend riding nude on a large hog.... You know the low-fi movement is on its last limbs when even **Guidad by Voices** front-man Robert Pollard is trying to "upgrade" his sound with "better pro-duction." The ever-prolific songwriter has already written 30 tunes for his 12th album, which he started recording this wintar. Says tha 40-yaar-old Dayton, Ohio, native, "I've finally reached a point in my life whera I want to hear my songs on the radio."

JULIA CHAPLIN

PRODIGY: L. SHINE/RETNA; Q-TIP: KRISTIN CALLAHAN/LONDON FEATURES; BEASTIES: KEVIN MAZUR; THOMAS: TIM MOSENFELDER/CORBIS; MADONNA: M GERBER/CORBIS.

HUSH HUSH *The monthly dish on the music biz*

It's 1998: Does the industry know where the Next Big Thing is?

Apparently not. Last year's NBT, elec-tronica, didn't exactly burst into the main-stream and save the music industry's collective market-share ass, despite the major labels paying overinflated bidding-war prices for the licensing rights to English bands like **Prodigy** and the **Propellarheads**. Sure, there were breakthroughs by the **Chamical Brothers** (Gold in '97), the **Crystal Method** (quality time spent in the Top 200), and the twice-Platinum Prodigy. But most scene watchers agree that Prodigy'a success was less a "revolution" end more a band broken through the standard major-label mechanisms of radio, MTV, and mainstream press. In other words, just another huge alt-rock breakthrough. Somehow I doubt that the point of underground club culture was to make breakbeat palatable to Wal-Mart shoppers. So, the questions remain: Will electronica produce any touchstone artists? Will it change the way the biz func-tions? Industry fingers are crossed. Those lonely nights spent by A&R reps listening to *This Is Techno* in the company BMW couldn't all be for naught, could they?

Meanwhile, those same major-label A&R reps (henceforth called "weasels" in this column) better not bet the farm on DJs and drum machines just yet, at least not until the news that guitars = avil reaches the public. The **Wallflowers** and **Matchbox 20** have ridden multiple singles to multi-Pletinum, while **Days of the New** and **Creed** are currently break-ing big, indicating a powerful listener loy-alty to this signature sound of the '90s. Whether emanating from career artists or passing ships, guitar-driven rock still holds sway over record buyers, end don't think this old-school surge is lost on the labels. Trust me, there's plenty more where that came from....

One unquestionably self-inflicted wound plaguing the industry over the past few years has been the massive turbulence in the executive ranks. The Time Warner labels—Warner Bros., Reprise, Elektra, and Atlentic—once ruled market share like the Chicago Bulls ruled the NBA, until soma byzan-tine boardroom machinations brought





Matchbox 20's Rob Thomas: *a two-hit wonder?;* Madonna *makes up with Courtney and gets down with electronica.*



Elegantly wasted: INXS frontman Michael Hutchence.

Michael Hutchence
1960–1997

Dubbed a "sensitive party guy" by one acquaintance, INXS frontman Michael Hutchence was something of an enigma. The charismatic 37-year-old Aussie, who favored black leather pants and supermodels, was also considered a "sweet, innocent boy" by his fiancee, British television personality Paula Yates. His death by hanging in late November was equally ambiguous: At press time, police had yet to rule whether his death was a suicide, or, as insiders continue to speculate, the result of autoerotic asphyxiation gone tragically awry.

On November 22, Hutchence's naked body was found hanging from a leather belt in a hotel suite in a Sydney suburb. There was no suicide note. He spent the previous evening drinking heavily with friends, and according to a coroner's report, had used drugs. He also allegedly had sex with an ex-girlfriend, Australian soap star Kym Wilson, and engaged in a heated phone argument with rocker Bob Geldof, Yates's ex-husband. (Yates and Geldof are fighting over the custody of their three children; Yates is also the mother of Hutchence's 16-month-old daughter.) Lending credence to the accidental-death rumors, Hutchence said that he was looking for the "ultimate sex kick" in an interview given shortly before his death.

Hutchence also had reason to be depressed. His band's fortunes had steadily dissipated since a string of dance-pop smash hits in the 1980s (*Listen Like Thieves*, *Kick*, *X*), and he was disappointed when INXS's comeback bid, *Elegantly Wasted*, floundered in '97. Still, Hutchence was in Sydney rehearsing for INXS's 20th anniversary tour, and was planning to marry Yates in January. "He definitely didn't seem like the kind of guy who would commit suicide," says his former publicist Steve Martin.

As befitting Australia's biggest international rock star, more than 2,000 people—including Diana Ross, Tom Jones, Nick Cave, and Hutchence's former love interests Kylie Minogue and Helena Christensen—packed an ornate funeral at St. Andrew's Cathedral in downtown Sydney. Says Duran Duran's Simon Le Bon, a close friend, "Michael was a loving, caring, funny, happy, beautiful man, and that is how I will remember him." **JULIA CHAPLIN**

HUTCHENCE: SIN/MARTIN GOODACRE/CORBIS; PALMER: DEBORAH SCHWARTZ.

Robert Palmer
1945–1997

The world of rock journalism is increasingly divided between sales-driven promotion and stubborn obscurantism, and rarely do the twain meet. But they did in the eclectic oeuvre of writer/historian/musician/filmmaker Robert Palmer, who once escorted the Eurythmics' Dave Stewart into the remotest corners of Mississippi to meet senior bluesmen little known beyond their local juke-joint circuit. Palmer orchestrated that field trip for the documentary *Deep Blues*, which took the same name as his path breaking 1981 book on the 12-bar roots of rock'n'roll. When the 52-year-old died in November of complications brought on by liver disease, the music community lost an unflagging champion of musical tradition—and idiosyncracy.



Deep blues: Historian, filmmaker, and musican Robert Palmer.

Of the septuagenarian guitarist R.L. Burnside, Palmer wrote, "He's Blues Walking Like a Man, the living personification of Guitar Moan and Backdoor Slam, and all, absolutely, for real." Those enthusiastic words appeared in the liner notes to Burnside's 1994 album *Too Bad Jim*, which was produced by Palmer and helped usher along a "rediscovery" of the artist that includes Burnside collaborations with Jon Spencer Blues Explosion.

The first full-time pop music writer for the *New York Times* (1981–88), Palmer wrote a number of acclaimed books, including *Rock and Roll: An Unruly History* (1995), a companion to a PBS series for which Palmer was chief adviser. In addition to teaching at various universities, Palmer was an accomplished musician who played with Ornette Coleman and the Master Musicians of Joujouka, among others. During Palmer's battle with liver disease, friends such as Patti Smith lent their support with benefit concerts and contributions to the uninsured writer's medical fund. Says his friend and fellow writer Greil Marcus, "I never thought of Bob as a critic. Both a musician and a writer about sound, he never kept his distance." **JAMES SULLIVAN**

Epic Soundtracks
1960–1997

Epic Soundtracks (a.k.a. Paul Godley), the British singer/songwriter/drummer whose fans included Kurt Cobain and Sonic Youth, was found dead in his London apartment in November. British authorities speculate that the 37-year-old cult musician died of a drug overdose. Soundtracks started the influential postpunk outfit Swell Maps at age 12, and later played in Red Krayola, Crime and the City Solution, and These Immortal Souls. After kicking off a solo career in the early '90s, he released several albums on Bar/None, including 1996's *Change My Life*. **J.C.**

down their legendary front office and leveled the playing field for the entire industry. Now, an unlikely savior has come riding onto the Warner lot to rescue Warner Bros. and Reprise from their virtual two-years-end-counting chart silence. Former Virgin Records president and longtime record promotion man **Phil Quartararo** (known in the biz as Phil Q.) emerges from a huge run at Virgin (**Janet**, **Spice Girls**, **Rolling Stones**), a company he helped build over the past 11 years. After years of tightrope-walking between the Virgin husband-and-wife brain trust of **Ken and Nancy Berry**, Phil takes over as president of WB during one of the worst cold snaps in the company's history, a backward slide that began shortly after founding fathers **Mo Ostin** and **Lenny Waronker** bolted to **Steven Spielberg/Jeffrey Katzenberg/David Geffen**'s DreamWorks/SKG music division, and when some of the label's veteran artists "gray-shifted" into an older demo. Was **R.E.M.**'s *New Adventures in Hi-Fi* victimized by inferior material or a lack of resonance with the kids? Are the **Red Hot Chili Peppers** still relevant to their once-massive audience? Word from inside **Madonna**'s camp has the queen of reinvention at it again, collaborating with cool-cred producers on her new album (**William Orbit**, **Marius DeVries**) and inking with foe-turned-bud **Courtney Love**'s management team, Q Prime. Can she get a thumbs-up from the *12 Angry Viewers*? And what about the new blood at WB? With **Green Day** the last new act to reach superstar status, industry watchers insist that A&R staffers must deliver the goods on recent signings (bidding-war babies **Citizen King**; 13-year-old singer/songwriter **Shelby Sterner**), while the radio promotion department will be expected to compete with the likes of red-hot Interscope (formerly a Time Warner company) and Atlantic for precious playlist space. When you remember that the Gen-X version of *Frampton Comes Alive*, **Alanis Morissette**'s *Jagged Little Pill* (on Madonna's Maverick imprint) saved WEA's bottom line in '96, and a **Fleetwood Mac** best-of live package helped bail out '97, it's clear that the work ahead for Phil Q. is Herculean....

Many insiders are questioning why the Mo/Lenny–run DreamWorks/SKG label is off to such a sputtering start. Releases from **George Michael**, **Henry Rollins**, and **Morphine** whiffed, while the label's only radio success, the **eels**, barely dented public consciousness. In a market dominated by hip-hop, R&B, and disposable pop, is the concept of good, old-fashioned, long-term rock artist development (à la vintage Warners) outmoded? Can former Epic A&R slugger **Michael "Goldie" Goldstone** (**Pearl Jam**, **Rage Against the Machine**) deliver the goods when his initial signings (the very-rock **Sparrow**, the very–Jeff Buckley **Ours**) hit the streets this year? Prevailing wisdom: Any start-up label is always just an Alanis away from industry immortality. **JOE FLEISCHER**



He may be an agent of Satan, but, *oh!*, the places he's been, the people he's known.... In this exclusive excerpt from MARILYN MANSON's upcoming memoir, *The Long Hard Road Out of Hell*, the author makes friends with Anton LaVey, makes fun of Corey Feldman, and makes time with Jenna Jameson. Photographs by DAVID LACHAPELLE

Runnin' with the


STOP
SCHOOL XING
Devil

I. I had written, I had called, I had pleaded. Finally, I was granted an appointment. During a day off on the fall, 1994 Nine Inch Nails tour in San Francisco, the hotel phone rang.

"The Doctor wants to meet you," came a woman's voice, stern and husky.

I askad har if the Doctor would care to see our show tha following night. I knaw avarything thare was to know about the Doctor but ha knew very little about ma.

"The Doctor never laaves his house," sha replied icily.

"Okay, whan do you want ma to coma over? I'm in town for a few days."

"The Doctor really wants to meet you," she replied. "Can you come between one and two tonight?"

No matter what time the Doctor called for me and where he summoned ma to, I planned to be there. I admired and raspectad him. We had a lot of things in common: Wa hed axparience as extravagant showman, successfully placed curses on peopla, studied criminology and serial kiilers, found a kindred spirit in the writings of Nietzsche, and constructed a phiiosophy against repression and in support of nonconformity. In short, wa had both dadicatad the better part of our livas to toppling Christianity with tha waight of its own hypocrisy, and as a result bean used as scapegoats to justify Christianity's existence.

"Oh," the caller edded before she hung up. "Make sure you come alone."

The Doctor was tha prefarred nama of Anton Szandor LaVay, foundar and high priest of tha Church of Satan. What nearly evarybody in my life—from my black magic–dabbling high school friands to my Christian schooltaachars—hed misunderstood about Satanism was that it is not about ritual sacrifices, digging up gravas, and worshiping the devil. The devil doesn't exist. Satanism is about worshiping yourself, because you are responsible for your own good and avil. Christianity's war against the devil has always been a fight against man's most natural instincts—for sex, for violanca, for salf-gratification—and a danial of man's membership in the animai kingdom. The idaa of haavan is just Christianity's way of creating a hall on aarth.

I'm not and hava naver been a spokesperson for Satanism. It's simply part of what I believa in, along with Dr. Seuss, Dr. Hook, Niatzscha, and tha Bibla, which I aiso believa in. I just have my own interpretation.

That night in San Francisco, I didn't tall anybody where I was going. I took a cab to LaVey's house on one of the city's main thoroughfares. Ha lived in an inconspicuous black building collared by a high, brutal-looking barbed wire fance. Aftar paying the cab drivar, I walked to the gata and noticed that there was no beli. As I contemplated turning back, tha gate creaked open. I was as nervous as I was excited, because, unlike most experiences where you meet someona you idoliza, I could already tell this one would not be a letdown.

I timidly antared the housa and saw no ona until I was halfway up tha stairs. A fat man in a suit with a sweep of greasy black hair covaring his bald spot stood at tha top. Without saying a word, ha motioned for ma to follow him. In tha timas I visited LaVay since, tha fat man nevar introduced himself or spoka.

Ha brought ma into a hallway and swung shut a heavy door, blotting out the light entirely. I couldn't even see tha fat man to follow him anymora. Just as I felt myself panicking, ha grabbed my arm and pulled me the rest of the way. As wa followed tha curva of the corridor, my hipbona collided with a doorknob, causing it to turn slightly. Angered, the fat man pulled ma away. Whatavar was behind there was off-limits to guests.

The fat man finally pulled open a door, and left ma alone in a dimly lit study. Beside the door there was a lavishly datailed portrait of LaVay standing next to the lion he used to keep as a house pet. Tha opposita wall was covered with books—a mix of biographies of Hitlar and Stalin, horror by Bram Stoker and Mary Shelley, philosophy by Nietzsche and Hegel, and manuals on hypnosis and mind control. The majority of tha spaca was takan up by an ornata couch, ovar which hung savaral macabre paintings that looked lika they were takan from Rod Serling's *Night Gallary*. The oddest things about tha room ware the ovarsized playpen in tha corner and the television set, which saamed out of place, a token of disposable consumerism in a world of contemplation and contampt.

To soma peopla, this would all seem corny. To othars, it would ba terrifying. To ma, it was axciting. All tha power LaVey wialded ha gained through fear—the public's fear of a word: Satan. By talling peopla he was a Satanist, LaVay becama Satan in thair ayas—which was not unlika my attituda toward bacoming a rock star. "Ona hatas what ona faars," LaVay hed written. "I hava acquirad powar without conscious effort, by simply being." Those lines could have just as easily been something I had written. As important, humor, which has no piace in Christian dogma, was assential to Satanism as a valid raaction to a grotasque, mis-shapen world dominated by a race of cretins.

LaVay had been accused of being a Nazi and a racist, but his whola trip was alitism, which is the basic principla behind misanthropy. In a way, his intellectual alitism (and mine) is actually politically correct because it doesn't judga peopla by race or creed but by the attainabla, equal opportunity critarion of intelligence. The biggest sin in Satanism is not murder, nor is it kindnass. It is stupidity. I had originally written LaVey not to talk about human nature but to ask if ha'd play theremin on *Portrait of an Amarican Family* because I had haard he was tha only registered union tharemin musician in America. He never acknowledged tha raquast directly.

Aftar sitting in tha room by myself for several minutas, a woman walked in. Sha hed gaudy blue eyeliner, an unnatural coif of blow-dried blaach-blond hair, and pink lipstick smaared on like a kid drawing outside the linas in a coloring book. Sha wore a tight baby-blue cashmere sweater, a miniskirt and skin-toned hose with a '40s garter belt and high heels. Following her was a small child, Xarxes Satan LaVay, who ran up to ma and tried to ramova my rings.

"I hope you're well," she said stiffly and formally. "I'm Blanche, the woman you spoke to on the phona. Hail Satan."

I knew that I was supposed to respond with soma kind of mannared phrasa that anded with "hail Satan," but I couldn't bring myself to do so. It seemed too empty and ritualistic, like wearing a uniform in Christian school.

As she left, no doubt disappointed by my manners, Blancha informed me, "The Doctor will be out in a minute." The formalities I hed seen so far, combined with everything I knew about LaVey's past—as a circus animal trainer, magician's assistant, police photogrepher, burlesqua hall pianist, and all-around hustler—led me to expect a grand entrance. I was not disappointed.

LaVay didn't walk into the room—he appeared. All that was missing was the sound of an explosion and a puff of smoke. He wore a black sailor's cap, a tailored black suit, and dark sunglasses, avan though he was indoors at 2:30 A.M. He moved toward me, shook my hand, and said right off tha bat in his rasping voice, "I appreciate the nama Marilyn Manson because it's about putting diffarant extremes togather, which is what Satanism is about. But I can't call you Marilyn. Can I call you Brian?"

"Sure, whatever you feel comfortabla with," I replied.

"Because of my relationship with Marilyn in tha '60s, I feel uncomfortabla because sha has a special place in my haart," LaVay seid, closing his eyes gently as he spoka. Ha want on to talk about a sexual relationship ha had with Monroa that began when he was the organist in a club where she was a stripper. In our conversation, ha planted the seed that his association with har meda her career flower. Taking credit for such things is part of LaVay's style, but ha navar does it arrogantly. It's always dona naturelly, as if it were a well-known fact.

Ha removad the sunglasses from his goateed gargoyle head, familiar to thousands of teen dabbiars from tha back cover of *Tha Satanic Bible*, and instantly wa wara enmeshed in an intense conversation. I had just mat Traci Lords backstage after a show at tha Universal Amphithaatra in Los Angales, and she had invited ma to a party tha next night. Nothing saxual happened, but it was an overwhelming experiance bacausa she was lika a girl varsion of me—vary bossy and constantly playing mind gamas. Since LaVey had a ralationship with anothar sax symbol, I thought that maybe he could give me some advice on what to do about Traci, whom I was both confused and captivated by.

Tha advice that ensuad was vary cryptic, which was no doubt another way for him to maintain power. Tha less people understand you, the smarter they think you are. "I feel like you guys belong together, and I think something vary important is going to happen with your relationship," ha concluded. It sounded more lika the result of $50 and fiva minutas spent calling the Psychic Friends Network than something I axpected LaVey to say.

Ha continued by sharing sordid datails about his sex life with Jayne Mansfield and said that aftar all this time ha still falt responsibla for har death in a car crash bacausa ha had put a curse on har managar and boyfriand, Sam Brody, aftar a disputa with him. Unfortunataly for Mansfield, she happened to be with him that night in New Orleans when a mosquito-spray tanker crashed into his car, decapitating tham both. Although I was suspicious about some of LaVay's claims, his rhetoric and confidance were convincing. He had a masmarizing voice, perhaps from his experiences as a hypnotist. Tha most valuabla thing ha did that day was to help me understand and coma to terms with tha daadness, hardnass, and apathy I was faeling about mysalf and the world around me, explaining that it was all necessary, a middle step in an evolution from an innocent child to an intelligent, powerful

FROM THE BOOK *THE LONG HARD ROAD OUT OF HELL* BY MARILYN MANSON, TO BE PUBLISHED BY REGAN BOOKS, AN IMPRINT OF HARPERCOLLINS PUBLISHERS INC. COPYRIGHT © 1998 BY BRIAN WARNER



being capable of making a mark on the world.

One aspect of LaVey's camy personality was that he liked to align himself with stars like Jayne Mansfield and Sammy Davis, Jr., also a Satanist. So it wasn't surprising that as I left he encouraged me to bring Traci to visit him.

The next day, Traci happenad to be flying in from Los Angeles for our show in Oakland. I was badly bruised and banged up after the concert, so she came back to the hotel, where she bathed and mothered me. But, once again, I didn't sleep with her because I was still determined to remain faithful to my girlfriend Missi, though Traci was the first person I had met who seemed capable of melting my resolve. I told her about my meeting with LaVey, and she gave me the whole Deepak Chopra, *Celestine Prophecy*, healing crystal, New Age rap about destiny, resurrection, and the afterlife. She didn't seem to understand what he was about, so I tried to clue har in as I sank into restless sleep: "This guy's got an interesting point of view. You should listen to him."

When I brought her to his house the next day, she was a lot more cynical and self-righteous than I had been—at first. She walked in with the attitude that he was a hoax and full of shit, so she debated him whenever she disagreed even slightly with something. But when ha said that a louse had more right to live than a human or that natural disasters are good for humanity or that the concept of equality was horseshit, he was prepared to back it up intelligently. She left the house in silence with dozens of new ideas swirling in her head.

On that visit, LaVey showed me a little more of the house—the bathroom, which was strewn with real or fake cobwebs, and the kitchen, which was infested with snakes, vintage electronic instruments, and coffee mugs with pentagrams on them. Like any good showman, LaVey only let you know what he was about in small pieces and revelations, and the more information he gave you the more you realized how little you really knew about him. Near the end of our visit, he said, "I want to make you a reverend," and gave me a crimson card certifying me as a minister in the Church of Satan. Little did I know that accepting that card would be one of the most controversial things I had done to that point; it seemad then (and it still does) that my ordainment was simply a gesture of respect. It was like an honorary degree from a university.

It was also LaVay's way of passing down the torch, becausa he was semiretired and tired of spending so many years advancing the same argument. No rock musician has advocated Satanism in any lucid, intelligent, accessibla way since perhaps the Rolling Stones, who in "Monkey Man" came up with a line that could have been my credo, "Well I hope we're not too messianic / Or a trifle too satanic." As I left, LaVey put a bony hand on my shoulder, and, as it lay there coldly, he said, "You're gonna make a big dent. You're going to make an impression on the world."

When I next met with LaVey e year end a helf later on our "Antichrist Superstar" tour, we had a lot to discuss. I had seen the enemies I was up against, and not only were they capable of stopping shows and making unreasonable demands on our performances, but they were capable of, for no reason at all, taking away the one thing LaVey and I both stand for: personal freedom. Like LaVey, I had also discovared what happens when you say something powerful that makes people think. Thay becoma afraid of you, and they neutraliza your messaga by giving you a label that is not open to interpretation—as a fascist, a devil worshiper, or an advocate of rape and violence.

On this visit to LaVey's house, I brought our bassist, Twiggy Ramirez, with me. We were allowed to enter one of the only rooms in his 13-chamber house I hadn't baen in. It was behind the door his fat steward had jerked me away from when I first visited tha housa. The foom was e privata museum of arcana. The entranca was a giant Egyptian sarcophagus that had been propped up against the doorway. There was a rocking chair that had supposedly belongad to Rasputin, Alaister Crowley's pipe, a satanic altar with a giant pentagram above it, and a couch lined with the fur of some endangered species. We sat at an old wooden dining table (probably somathing Aleister Crowley used to snort heroin off of) and ate steak.

We spoke of religion, and how much of it is just a custom preserving practical codes of health, morality, and justice that are no longer necessary for group survival (like not eating animals with cloven hooves). It makas a lot more sense to follow *The Satanic Bible*, written with 20th-century humanity in mind, than a book that was written as a companion to a culture long sinca defunct.

The last time I saw LaVey we had discussed Traci, so he asked me what had happened with her. I told him that she had blown me off and his optimistic prediction about our ralationship was wrong. But after our show the next day, I found out she had been trying to hunt me down all along. Since by then I had a Top 10 album, our relationship had flipped on its axis, as LaVey said it would. When I first met Traci the fact that she was a star made her seem distant and unattainable. It crushed me, which made me stronger, filling me with the desire—the need—to become more of a fucking rock star. Now I had become one. This time around I was in charge, and I didn't give a shit because I only wanted her when I couldn't have her.

A year later, a few days after Halloween, I got a call at 4 A.M. telling me that LaVey had died. I was surprised by how sad I felt, because he had actually become a father figure to me and I never got the chance to say good-bye to him or even thank him for his inspiration. But at the same time I knew that even though the world had lost a great philosopher, hell had gained a new leader. *(continued on page 66)*

Anton Szandor LaVey

1930-1997



***Satan's little helper:** Anton LaVey, left, charms the ladies.*

After Marilyn Manson lost both an idol and a "weird fathar figura" when Church of Satan founder Anton LaVey diad of heart diseasa in San Francisco last October. He was 67. LaVey's anti-thaistic religion, which ha launched in 1966, is based on a Social Darwinian philosophy espousing rugged individualism, ego gratification, hedonism, and magical powers. Though the charismatic occultist was embraced by tha hippie counterculture of tha lata '60s, ha was widaly danounced by Christians throughout tha world.

"Anton gave me that extra determination I naaded when I was facing the haight of my opposition," Manson says. "If you look at the outrage he engendered at the tima, it's not unlika what I've seen over the past two years."

LaVey played tha Davil in tha 1968 film *Rosamary's Baby*, but is best known for tha cult bestsallar *Tha Satanic Bible*, which he publishad to instant notoriety in 1969. He had secluded himself in his bleck Victorian mension in San Francisco since the early '80s, but his youth was marked by such disparata résumé builders as lion trainer, police photographar, and paranormal investigator. Throughout his lifa ha was a consummata musician, adapt at avarything from the violin to the calliope. LaVey became an oboist with the San Francisco Ballet Orchestra at tha aga of 16, and latar played organ for circusas, burlasqua shows, silant movias, travaling tant ravivals, and official civic functions. "He really was a musical ganius," says his daughtar Karla LaVey, 45. "He could play almost any instrumant you put in front of him."

In recent years, tha San Francisco–based Amarillo Records releasad *Satan Takas a Holiday* and several othar recordings of LaVey's renditions of tha music he truly loved: the bombastic, melodramatic tunes of yesteryaar. "Ha was a warm and witty guy who was really into tha old novalties and pranks you see in the back of comic books," says Amarillo owner Gregg Turkington. "Ha had a ramote control whoopia cushion that he'd hida in his couch when people came over."

The owner of e massive record collection, LaVay was dedicated to documenting pop culture's ephemera, not unlika his lata contemporary Tiny Tim. Askad how har fathar would hava wantad to be remembered, Karla LaVay says simply, "for providing an alternative for people who feel different." "Ha lived a full life and should be proud of all tha peopla ha's anraged," edds Manson. "I'm aure ha's sitting in hall right now and laughing."

In any casa, LaVey's lifelong fight against what he considared mind-numbing Judeo-Christian indoctrination has had a profound impact on alianatad youth. Than, of coursa, thare's his contribution to hipater fashion: tha shavad-haad-with-goatae look. "I took my fathar out for a ride recently," Karla says, "and as wera driving down Castro Street, ha lookad out tha window and said, 'What *is* this? All of thasa guys look lika me!' "

MIKE ROWELL

CORBIS-BETTMAN.


SPIN 85

II. I met Fiona Apple at the Grammy Awards after-party in February 1997. She was this little singer who no one had heard of. I was a huge fan of her music.

And she was so sexy and fragile—definitely too fragile for me. If I was ever to be put in a circumstance where I could have sex with her, I would decline because her vagina is probably too precious to be dirtied by my filthy cock. When she walked into the room they were blasting the song we did for David Lynch's *Lost Highway*, "Apple of Sodom," and the lyric playing was, "I got something you can never eat." For a moment, I had a delusional self-experience, because that song's about obsession and things you can never have and, in a distant way, is kind of inspired by her.

She was slouched over and looked very timid, almost like a wounded deer, as if she was about to cry. I asked her what was wrong, and she said she was overwhelmed and show business was too much stress for a girl of her age with her constitution. I asked her to sit down and said I'd bring her some food or a drink, but she was a vegan and, unlike me, was really picky about what she'd put into her body, which definitely means we'll never get along even though I'm attracted to her on many different levels. When I was speaking with her, I was distracted for two seconds by some drunk teenage daughter of a celebrity who was bouncing around singing songs and talking about the various rock stars who had made her pregnant. Another starfucker and sycophant sucking the life out of me and distracting me from the conversation that I wanted to have. When I turned back around, this weird fellow had kind of slithered his way up to Fiona, and was performing card tricks for her. Really lame. In the book of shitty ways to pick up woman this was chapter one. But I think it worked.

The next day I asked Fiona to come to the premiere of Howard Stern's *Private Parts* with me. He uses a song of ours in the movie. In some ways I think Howard Stern and I are very similar because he just says what's on his mind and it pisses a lot of people off but it also entertains them. I consider him one of the people responsible for breaking "Sweet Dreams" because he really pushed it.

I thought Fiona was going to blow me off because she launched into the kind of drawn-out story about visiting a long-lost relative that I would make up if I wanted to get out of doing something. But she called back later and said she'd go.

In true rock star form, I picked her up to go to *Private Parts* in a white limo. And in true anti–rock star form, she came out makeupless with uncombed hair. This was my first celebrity big-deal event, and I didn't know how to behave at all. There was this red carpet and apparently you were supposed to walk down it and let people take photos of you, but I was kind of confused. I walked down a few steps, thought I was going the wrong way, then came back to the car. Then somebody told me that I was supposed to be walking on the red carpet, so I went halfway down, then got scared because I didn't know if I was supposed to stop or not. Meanwhile, a bunch of media cornered Fiona and she got mixed up doing an interview with Flavor Flav. I couldn't take any more, I was so aggravated. It's not my scene to sit around and schmooze with a bunch of assholes who don't know who you are but pretend like they do. Fiona decided she was gonna leave and I wasn't really even disappointed because I felt bad for how overwhelmed she was.

I went upstairs with Twiggy, who was with us, and ran into Flavor Flav. We high-fived and we danced around. I couldn't see his eyes, but if I could have he probably would have been giving me the wink that people who use drugs give to one another, whether it's for real or it's in your mind. I was impressed with the fact that he didn't know who Marilyn Manson was, though I'm not even sure if he knew who he was because he was definitely out of his fucking head. At that point I ran into Billy Corgan, and I immediately gave him some muscle relaxants I had in my pocket. We decided that they made us feel "fruity," and then we decided that that would be a great name for a band to start together. So we began having a long, in-depth meeting inspired by the fruity drug to create a fruit-filled experience called Fruity, which will probably never happen because I don't know where I put those pills.

I was surprised that Billy was cool because I thought he'd be a total asshole from all the spiritual hate mail I had gotten over the years from Trent Reznor, who allegedly despises Billy over an alleged conflict allegedly dealing with Courtney because when Trent allegedly fucked Courtney, which he says he didn't, Billy allegedly fucked Trent's alleged girlfriend, which he allegedly says he did, or so I'm told.

Then I tried to give the mysterious pills to Conan O'Brien, telling him they were Prozac and he looked like he could use them. He just smiled with that weird creepy baby head of his and walked away to talk to a friend. I gave him the finger, and he just laughed. It's amazing the things that you can get away with when something looks wrong with one of your eyes, you have badly applied makeup, you're six-foot-three and you're accompanied by some weirdo with the front of his head shaved who looks like a cross between Gregory Hines and a Klingon on crack undergoing radiation therapy. (If you're reading this, Twiggy, I'm sorry.) Then I think we ran into Tom Arnold, who was all sweaty and anxious and racy and basically looked like he was on speed of some sort. I asked him where the drugs were because I was giving him that same wink that I had imagined exchanging with Flavor Flav earlier. And he just joked "Shhh," and I said, "All right; well, call me."

As I was trying to walk downstairs, someone pulled me aside and said, "Come do this interview." So me, Billy, Twiggy, and Billy's girlfriend walked over to this couch where Howard Stern was broadcasting from. Joan Rivers was standing across from us. It was loud and chaotic and no one could hear anything anyone was saying (except us, because we had headphones on). Joan Rivers was holding up a sign that said I NEED TO TALK TO YOU. So I felt like I had to explain what was going on to Howard, because it was all being filmed for television. I joked that Joan had given me a blowjob in the bathroom and now she was stalking me and I couldn't get rid of her because she wanted to give me another sloppy blowjob or something. I motioned for her to come over, and she came over and got down on her knees in front of me to beg for an interview. But it looked like she was supporting my claim—except for those beanbag tits, she's not bad-looking for her age. Since she couldn't understand what we were saying, we continued to humiliate her until we got bored.

We were just standing around afterwards when all of a sudden I saw walking towards me this blond, tan girl—the antithesis of what I look for in a woman—in a bright canary yellow dress that she must have had to wear as some kind of karmic retribution for something she had done in a past life. Though she was not the kind of girl you'd want to hold hands with in public, the fact that she was attractive shone through. All this flashed before my eyes in the first few seconds because I decide if I'm going to like somebody before they even mention their name. I have a bad habit of not remembering people's names when they say them. I'm usually too busy analyzing them—trying to read their intentions and determine if they're out to fuck me or get fucked, if they want drugs or have drugs, if...I can't think of anything else that's important in life.

So this canary woman asked for my autograph because she's a really big fan. A little annoyed at being interrupted, I quickly dashed off an autograph, but as I did everyone was looking at me funny, like I was fucking someone's mother or shitting in the punch bowl. Afterwards, some guy came up to me and told me that the woman was Jenna Jameson. I asked him who Jenna Jameson was, and he said that she was the most famous porno star right now. In the back of my head I thought about Traci Lords and how she had actually been up for the part of a seductress in the Howard Stern movie.

She asked if she could sit with me during the movie—she seemed real innocent, or she was a good actress—and we walked to the theater, assaulted by paparazzi flashbulbs. I got scared for a moment, but the fruity pills I took calmed me down. When I sat down, in front of me was Kevin Bacon, behind me was Sherman Hemsley, and walking across the room was Corey Feldman, a name that, ironically, one of my bandmates was staying under at the hotel. I was always amused by Corey Feldman. He was a great actor in *Stand By Me* when he had the deformed ear and went around saying, "Jeordie screwed the pooch, Jeordie screwed the pooch." Since Jeordie is Twiggy's real name, I always said that to him, especially when he did screw the pooch.

Corey was in a pseudo–Michael Jackson sort of outfit that made him look stupider than any of his movies had ever made him look, and that's hard to achieve, especially after *Dream A Little Dream (Part 5)*. I felt like it was my duty to introduce Corey Feldman to Sherman Hemsley since I had known their artwork for so long. In order to shake hands, they had to reach over the head of Billy Corgan, so his bald head became the bridge over which two heroes of my childhood, Mr. Jefferson and Dorky the Vampire Slayer, met.

I continued to torment Corey afterwards, putting lipstick on him and introducing him to strangers. Because it is my duty to punch below the belt, I told him I was a big fan of the rap song that I saw him perform on television, which was among the shittiest

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songs ever recorded yet still not cool enough by fer to be the worst thing I had ever heard.

When the movie sterted, Jenne Jemeson kept making comments like, "Well, what are we going to do later? Are we going to go out to a bar? Are we going to hang out? You know I strip dance to your music. Wow I can't believe that I'm really sitting here with you...." She had a whole catalog of different "I'm a whore, I'm a virgin, I'm your mom, I'm your daughter" lines; she had ell different kinds of fuck-me-doll looks; she pulled out the entire contents of her seduction bag of tricks. There's a scene in the film where Howard is sitting with e femous B-movie girl et a theater and she puts her hend on his leg. At the same time, Jenna put her hand on my leg, which completely freaked me out because the part that Traci Lords was originally supposed to play in the movie was that B-movie actress.

Jenna's hand slowly sterted to creep up toward my crotch, end, since I wesn't on coke, I had a hard-on. I probably could have gotten one anyways because she had some sort of magicel touch to her fingertips. After the film, we rode to the Whiskey Bar in my limo. She had a friend with her that nobody wanted to talk to because she wasn't a porn star end the fact thet she wasn't wearing a yellow dress didn't make up for the fect that she was not as attractive es her friend. Meybe Jenna had worn the yellow dress out of friendship, like e golfing handicep, to diminish her powers.

At the bar, we sat between Billy Corgan and Rick Rubin. Somehow Jenna had my jacket on her lap, end she put my hand up her skirt to show me that she wasn't wearing any underwear. So I was sitting there with my hend inside her trying to convince Billy Corgen, on my left, thet if he wore a yellow shirt with a black zig-zag across it he would be Charlie Brown. But I was so drunk and high thet Rick Rubin's beard seemed like a cloud, covering the whole room. Evarybody had his beard. I looked eround and Jenna had the beerd, I felt the beerd under her skirt, ell of a sudden Billy Corgan had a full head of hair made out of Rick Rubin's beard. ZZ Top showed up in the *Eliminator* car and a bunch of hot girls got out. They were ell people I had fucked end they all had beards. I got stressed out, and I was having a bit of an episode, and I didn't know where my finger was. When I removed it I was too scered to look at it or smell it because if it was good, I would went to make Billy smell it, and if it wes bad, I didn't went it to ruin the pleesant evening I was enticipeting. So I just evoided it eltogether, sitting on my hend so the smell wouldn't waft.

Back in the limo, I asked Jenne if she wanted to go beck to my room. But she said she had someone waiting for her et her hotel. Then she had some kind of secret dialogue with her friend in Urdu or old Dutch or sign language or hieroglyphics. What I discovered through my years of linguistic end erchaeological research into women's codes wes thet she wes merried end her husband was weiting for her, which was fantastic and made me went her more. So she came back with me, of course, end I recalled from the film that the character who wes supposed to be played by Traci Lords made Howard Stern get in the bathtub with her. So I thought, "Why not?" The only other thing I can remember from thet night is that she had a tattoo on her ess thet said HEARTBREAKER. But then again, everyone in America who has ever watched any of her films knows that, so maybe it was all a dream. But if it was a dream, it was a wet one.

Rock Star slash Antichrist slash Author?

Why the hell not, says Marilyn Manson

***Spin*: You're only 28. Don't you think it's a little early to write an autobiography?**
Marilyn Manson: I thought it would be easier now than later in life to explain how I grew up and the transformation that's taken place over the past 27 years. I tried to do that on *Antichrist Superstar*, but it was much more esoteric and metaphorical, and I don't think a lot of people understood it. Now people will know the facts, not a version skewed by magazine editors.

How much of *The Long Hard Road Out of Hell* did you actually write?
It was mostly dictated. I would tell [coauthor] Neil Strauss stories, because I don't have the patience or skill to write them down myself. I'm sure in a month or so I'll deny things I've said and attribute them to drug use or coercion by Neil.

After reading your life story, do you still like yourself?
I'm so detached from the things that I've done that when I read the book it's almost like hearing them for the first time. Sometimes it makes me feel like shit about myself, and sometimes it makes me finally understand.

In the book you dis most everyone, from friends like Trent Reznor, Daisy Berkowitz, and Courtney Love, to your fans, your parents, and your record label. Do you fear retaliation from anyone?
I don't fear anything. Life is short and I'm here to entertain people. It's just my point of view. Anyone I've offended, they always have their side of the story.

Do you think Trent, who produced *Antichrist Superstar*, will be entertained with your portrayal of him as a jealous control freak?
I don't know how he'll feel about anything that I've done or said. I love him like a brother and I hope that we've all learned something from the past year.

Tell me about your next album.
We're nearly finished writing it. Whereas on *Antichrist Superstar* I compared myself to Lucifer's fall from heaven, giving God the middle finger the whole way down, the new album is more about what happens when I land on earth and try to fit in as a human being.

Who will produce the record?
Billy Corgan will be executive producer. After meeting him last year I saw he was different than the people I had worked with in the past. I've always been more of a traditional Beatles/Rolling Stones/David Bowie songwriting fan, and sometimes that had been discouraged for the sake of being more inventive. Billy actually made me feel good about the things that I like in music. I've also recruited the Dust Brothers to mix the album.

Why did you decide to work with Billy instead of Trent?
I don't want people to think Marilyn Manson can only sound like Nine Inch Nails. We hired Trent because I respected, and still do respect, what he does musically. But that's not all I have to offer.

A lot of people say Trent Reznor was the talent behind your last two albums.
The next record will prove Marilyn Manson's musical identity. And whether that proves that I'm a failure or a genius remains to be seen.

Will you stay on Reznor's Nothing Records?
Absolutely. There's no bitterness on my part toward Trent, but there is no reason for us to work together on another album.

Are you plotting to piss off conservatives with the next record?
No. I'm actually hoping to piss off Satanists. It may have a gospel edge to it.

Does that mean you won't be playing Ozzfest next summer?
Maybe Lilith Fair would be better. Those people are far more depraved and satanic than I could ever be. Christians hate their message—open-mindedness, sexuality, women's rights—and they're presenting it in an innocuous, folksy way. That's much more subversive than me.

What do you think of the recent Senate hearings where they blamed your song lyrics for a teenager's suicide?
It's a tradition to try and blame music for a bad upbringing. These hearings are the result of someone looking to get reelected or trying to get their name in the paper. They exploit the parents who claim their kids have been injured because of music. That's far more despicable than anything I could ever do.

JULIA CHAPLIN

For a collection of Marilyn Manson reviews, features, and downloadable soundclips and images, log on to our online site at keyword: Spin *on AOL.*


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WildStyle

B-boy–turned–jungle laureate Goldie returns with a supermodel on one arm and a 60-minute electrosymphony under the other. CHRIS NORRIS admires the chutzpah

Photographs by GRANT FEAR

Here he comes, king of the jungle. With restless strides, the proud male moves powerfully across the open plain, past the herd at the watering hole, and on toward his final destination: the DJ booth. A young female cuts him off: "Goldie! Goldie!" Wearing a black Gucci turtleneck, eight gold rings, a gold rope chain, and diamond-encrusted gold teeth, the most visible artist in jungle stops for a second to chat. Noticing a reporter lingering behind him, he affably turns around. "Hey, man," he says in homeboy Cockney. "This is my friend Kate Moss."

It's Saturday night at Manhattan's ritzy Supper Club and Goldie is in full mack mode. His paremour Naomi Campbell is smoking up a storm nearby. His friend Laurence Fishburne ("the only nigga I know that can speak in a proper English accent") is out getting his groove on. The Cristal is flowing, the beats are bumping, and Wyclef Jean is here in a gorilla suit. Life is good.

There is, however, a touch of cognitive dissonance. "It's weird," Goldie muses. "A lot of people hear about me just through me being me, without even having heard my music. I don't know why that is."

Goldie is neither a Jagger nor a Gallagher, yet this British DJ with Stateside sales in the mere tens of thousands is quite at ease among the truly fabulous; he's even got the bear hugs and air kisses down pat. "If I were younger, I wouldn't be able to handle this," he confides. "But now I'm like a chameleon. I can zoom in and zoom out, tune in, tune out. Like, I'm here, you're not."

Spoken like a true celeb. If there are to be no stars in the communal, post-rave universe of electronica, apparently nobody told Goldie. But then, Goldie probably wouldn't have listened. Both as an artist and pop figure, Goldie demands, and largely deserves, a sharp recalibration of expectations—about persona, genre, and musicianship, not to mention dental artistry. He is, at the very least, one of a kind.

Born Clifford Price of a white mother and black father, reised in state homes, and possessed of a furiously inquisitive energy, Goldie has, in his itinerant 32 years, become a befuddling hybrid of subcultural species: British B-boy, Miami player, grafitti guerilla, conceptual artist, and tabloid creation. His major inspirations include KRS-One and jazz-fusion guitarist Pat Metheny. His girlfriends have ranged from visionary pop singer Björk to supermodel Campbell, his buddies from David Bowie to a Miami hustler currently doing a 20-year stretch for double homicide. Even his appearance, with his cropped bleached hair, boxer's build, and shining incisors, makes him for some kind of *Blade Runner* replicant, a hyperevolved hominid of the future.

And then there is the music. Goldie's 1995 debut *Timeless* was an underground breakthrough, wrapping the riotous, jittery energy of U.K. drum'n'bass around sweeping ghetto elegies and giving a face to the progressive sonics of jungle. The flagship of Goldie's impeccably hip label Metalheadz, *Timeless* proved accessible to British ears—it went Gold in England—but less so to Americans, where the mix of alternative noise and R&B sheen caused it to fall into the void between black and alt-rock redio. "The cool black music and cool white music mix easier in Britain," says Peter Koepke, president of Goldie's U.S. label, London Records. "They happen on the same radio stations, they happen in the same magazines. So Goldie, being a bit of both, has a hard time fitting into American culture."

Here, it is up to the new *Saturnz Return* album to give Goldie a musical profile to match his social one. *Saturnz Return* does have the marquee gestures of a crossover record. There's the hip-hop–meets-jungle track starring KRS-One ("We represent like the Internet," goes one line), a furious distortion-soaked romp with guitarist Noel Gallagher, and a star turn by David Bowie, who sings on the vaporous "Truth." But along with its big-name cameos and anthemic sweep, *Saturnz Return* also shows a self-indulgence and egoism that will challenge even the most committed listener's patienca. "Letter of Fate" sets a suicide note Goldie wrote 15 years ago to an adagio jazz-piano nocturne, while the hour-long (!) track "Mother" is an angst-drenched multimovement electrosymphony that thematically follows Goldie's life from pre-birth to present day. Sounding at times like Schoenberg, Gershwin, and Philip Glass, "Mother" breaks just about every barrier of size, ambition, end bombast in recorded music history.

Describing Goldie's magnum opus, engineer Mark Sayfritz sounds less like a musician and more like William Gibson. "In the end, it was 9,000 audio files, 48 tracks of tape, 48 tracks of ProTools, 109 channels full on a JP-9000 desk, and 32 tracks of DR-88 running at the same time," he says. "And there's a 40-piece orchestra on top of it all. I've been making records for a long time and I've never seen anything like that."

The sprawling bildungsroman addresses the most painful issue in Goldie's life, parental abandonment, with a singularly integrative m.o. It was method acting as composition.

"Part of the concept was doing stuff in the real world at the same time," Goldie explains. "I had to break the chain of abandonment in my life and the only thing I could



Techno as therapy: *Goldie was unable to complete his hour-long opus "Mother" until he had reunited his long-estranged parents. "It was physically hard to face that."*

really do was to bring my father back to my mother."

While he was phoning family members, burying hatchets, and arranging meetings, Goldie was also in the studio committing musical leitmotivs to tape. "It was like a gate that opened after about three months of no sleep," he says. "I did a synth arrangement of the sounds I've had in my box for years." After singing 25-minutes' worth of these sounds and melodies into a recorder, he began to cut them with samplers and sequencers and to loop them, expanding the different sections exponentially. "It was like an autopsy," he says, "because I chopped into the orchestra and it started expanding from the inside out. I was examining myself, examining my life."

As the piece grew, orchestrators were hired, producers departed, and Goldie came closer to bringing his estranged family together. Finally, after six months, work was complete.

"I stopped when I reunited my mother with my father after 25 years," he says, "Put 'em all in the room, took a picture. Hed one of my sons there to see it, so I could say, 'Hey, that's your grandded.' It was physically hard to face that. Once that was over I could finish the album and take another breath. That was the last page. The epilogue."

I ask him if his mother has heard the song. He shakes his heed.

"She'll probably take it wrong," he says. "That's exactly the point. She's hasn't understood me for 20 fucking years."

As if the hubris of his new record weren't enough, Goldie has yet another quality that might alienate more principled music fans. While we Americans have only recently come to grips with musicians who twiddle knobs rather than strum chords, Goldie is not even a programmer. Or an engineer. In fact, he is only recently a DJ. So what *does* he play: the stereo?

"I may not engineer," Goldie admits, "but I can sit five engineers in a room and say, 'This is what we're going to do, guys,' and end up with something none of them could have thought of." He is, in a broad sense, a "producer," but less a technocrat than a personnel manager, a film director, or—in the case of *Saturnz Return*—the chairman of some huge public-works project.

Skeptics might see this as charlatanism, and Goldie as a musical Mark Kostabi—a businessman-as-artist who simply signs his name to works created by artisans. Defenders might place his methods in the esteemed black-music tradition; visonaries from Duke Ellington to Charles Mingus to RZA have made sidemen their primary instruments. Goldie himself views this approach as a perfectly natural outgrowth of his prior medium, graffiti. "Five engineers is no different from a very big canvas for me," he explains. "They're just different widths of brushes. 'Cause [the piece] is already there, you know? It's all in my head. I got the whole outline, and I just go and fill it in."

Whassup New York Citaaaay!" yells Goldie, taking the stage at the Hammerstein Ballroom. He and his multiracial, multigender band are just beginning their national tour supporting Jane's Addiction. "Are the freaks in the house?!"

As a matter of fact, yes—a devil, a big orange M&M, and a paunchy, six-foot Yoda among them. It being Halloween, the plentiful costumes make the crowd look like a downtown club on any regular night. But if they look like club kids, the crowd shows no signs of acting like them.

While programmer Mark Sayfritz starts up the surging synths and the zaftig diva Diane Charlemagne sings the words "Inner city life...," the kids remain still and attentive. Even after the brisk jungle beats of "Timeless" kick in, they seem mostly expectant. Goldie isn't making it any easier on them by running "Timeless" at its full 22 minutes. The music is lush and transporting, but there are too many long moments of suspended energy, where the singer and sidemen seem to be marking time, looking at one another, waiting for a change in the rhythm track. Finally, the song ends. Someone yells "Jane's Addiction." Another guy throws an ice cube. On to song two.

Tomorrow night, Goldie will headline a sold-out show filled with the leopard-skin Kangols and well-groomed dreads of U.K.-flavored bohemia. He'll fall on his back and drum the stage with his feet, stalk the crowd shirtless, and after the set, while he spins records, a circle of breakdancers will form below the DJ booth. A 25-year-old blond will borrow my notepad to scribble ROCK'N'ROLL IS DEAD. Tonight, though, Goldie's getting heckled by Long Island. By the time he takes tha mike to shout, Rollins-like, the aggro lyrics to "Temper Temper," it is too late for rock conversions. "That's the problem with making music that's in the future," Goldie says. "When you get there, there's no other fucker there."

The next night Goldie and I sit outside the venue in the backseat of a Lincoln Town Car—windows up, chain-smoking—going over the details of performance. Right now, we're on equipment. "Nine-millimeter Smith & Wesson automatic," Goldie says appreciatively. "That's a fucking good gun, man. It's better than a Glock. The Glock's got a lot of power but it's not that

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Goldie takes time out...



...from his groundbreaking jungle career...



...for some embarrassingly bad break-dancing.

accurate." In his black-framed glasses, white Hilfiger warm-up suit, and baseball cap, Goldie looks like either a vacationing physicist or a high-end hitman. "I shot a Desert Eagle once. They got a lot of power; they're mad."

With such repartee, Goldie easily defies the techno-geek stereotype that much of America still holds about electronica artists. More gangsta than button pusher, Goldie speaks in a breathless mix of North English accent and B-boy patois, a wired street punk who won't stop. "He's a very passionate person," says Charlemagne. "We've both experienced a lot of the same things. We grew up in ghettos; we're both from West Indian parents; we both have a white mother and a black father. He's concerned with being accepted in all those communities."

Goldie once told a reporter that, in graffiti, what mattered more than talent was "how much vibe surrounded you," how you fit into a larger artistic movement. Going from patty crime as a foster child, to grafitti as a B-boy, to coke-running as a Miami player, to breakbaat construction as a raver, Goldie's creative life has largely been a series of shifting allegiances, enthusiastic embraces of new families, new cultures, new identities. The toughness and intelligenca that draw friends like Campbell and Gallagher hold the promise of stardom. But it's Goldie's discomfited yearning that drives him to turn a second record into his "Guernica." Maybe that desire, more than technical skill or instrumental accomplishment, is what makes an artist an artist.

"I'm a universal nigga, you know?" Goldie says, shrugging in the backseat. "I've got a lot of channels open and I've got the capacity to hold a lot of information in my head." He lights another cigarette.

So you've got a lot of RAM up there.

"Yeah, a lot of RAM," he says looking into the darkness outside the car. "Along with a lot of other mad shit." ●





Who Killed Rock Radio?

Modern Rock radio once offered serious music fans refuge from the one-hit wonders, mind-numbing repetition, and classic schlock of Top 40. Today, the format is as bland and predictable as a Third Eye Blind single. KEITH MOERER plows through the rubble of the modern-rock revolution
Illustration by SEAN LANDERS

This particular radio station calls itself Zone 105. It happens to be in Minnaapolis, but it could as aasily be in Dallas or Pittsburgh, Houston or Sacramanto. Evary fiva minutes or so, the DJ promises a "new altemetive." Apparently, this maans 10,000 Maniacs, minus Natalie Marchant, covaring a 15-year-old Roxy Music song, and Blues Traveler's John Popper screeching about his "most precarious" mental state. Sandwiched in batween is Kurt Cobain, sadly singing "The Man Who Sold the World."

Eight months before, this same signal supported REV 105, an advanturous station that flowed affortlessly from Beck to James Brown, emphasizing amerging artists lika Soul Coughing, Ani DiFranco, and Portishead, and seasoning the mix with older heroes such es Hüsker Dü and Prince. The reason why this one good stetion is no longer on the eir, end why so meny bed stations still ere, says e lot ebout what's wrong with redio in 1998.

For anyone who loves music, most commercial radio frustrates because it's programmed for everyone's benafit—advertisers, record companies, the most casuel listeners—but thair own. REV 105, by defining modem rock in e broad but informed way, and by evoiding the mind-numbing repetition that drivas dedicated music fans crazy, violeted two tenets of the ratings-obsessed radio progremmer: Keep your playlist tight, and "pound" the hits till your most fickle listeners ara familiar with them. Despite a weak broedcast signal, such ranegede behavior eamed REV 105 respectable ratings—at one time a 5.4 market share of 18-to-34-year-old listeners—and e loyal, greteful following in a town steeped in a musical risk-teking tradition.

Then, last March, ABC/Disney, which already owned Minnaapolis's other, larger Modam Rock outlet, tha Edge, purchased REV 105 at an astimated cost of $17.8 million. Overnight, the station morphed from an idiosyncratic hybrid programmed by vetaran rock-club DJ Kavin Cola into a tightly formatted "Active Rock" station (think Aerosmith and the Stones, with a little Offspring and Everclaar thrown in). Within months, ABC/Disney decided that even ona Modam Rock station was ona too many, flipping its Active Rock outpost to its strongar signal, and replacing the Edge with Zone 105, an "Adult Altemative" station that defined "altamative" es everything from the Indigo Girls and Jamiroquai to Sarah McLachlan and Blues Treveler. At the outset of 1997, music fans in the Twin Cities enjoyed two quality Modern Rock radio stations. At year's end, they had *bubkas*.

Must commercial radio suck? Increasingly, tha answer appears to be a resounding, disheartaning yes. "Ratings matter, and that's all," says Shawn Stewert, who workad es music director at REV 105 in Minneapolis before it was purchased by Disnay. "If you're reporting to Mickey Mouse, Mickey's got a big bottom line." Stewart now works et e public stetion, WXPN, in Philedelphie.

Not evan Modern Rock radio's ratings champ likes what he hears these days. "In general, Modern Rock radio is boring," admits Kevin Weatherly, vice prasident of progremming et KROQ, the top-rated rock station in Los Angeles, the nation's most lucrative radio market. "There ere e lot of program directors who don't even look at their own markats. They look at other stations instead." And the station they look to the most is KROQ, obsessively checking to see if "Kevin" (as he's known, loved, and fearad) hes added Reel Big Fish to heavy rotation, or decreed that Prodigy be confined to the evening hours.

There are e number of factors behind the precipitous rise end musical freefall of Modern Rock redio, and thay're as predictabla as a new Sponga singla. As elternative rock became a dominant commercial force, more and more stations quickly jumped on the bandwagon. What began as a handful of quirky stetions attempting to dafine thamselves egeinst the meinstreem hes become a sumo wrestling match between radio conglomerates dasperate for retings and intent on shaping rock's newest mainstraam. But Modern Rock—the radio formet and the music itself—wasn't really up for the fight, and so listeners hava been left to suffer with stations that have about as much personality and originality as the acts they heevily, ceaselessly rotate. How is Modern Rock radio defined in 1998? Mostly by songs that are bigger stars than the here-today, gone-tomorrow artists who perform them: "Walking on the Sun" (Smash Mouth), "Push" (Matchbox 20), "Come On Eileen" (Save Ferris), "Fly" (Sugar Ray).

Modern Rock programmers say it's tha music's fault. "By the time we played 'Smells Lika Teen Spirit' for the thousendth time, it didn't smell so good anymore," explains Brian Philips, who program directs at Atlanta's powerful Modem Rock outlet, 99X. Many of the bands he counted on three years ago hava broken up or ere in seemingly permenent reheb. And, he says, "In e blaak pop music environmant, you really ere forced to look for the quick fix, the sugar high, the record that gats through tha next 30 days. Wa're succeading right now with songs that ere huge end of the moment. When they're gone, they won't be back."

It's a shame, reelly, because six years ago, Modern Rock radio seemed so promising. Sure, stations were too devoted to white boys with guiters, but didn't bands such as Nirvana and Pearl Jam rewrite expectations ebout whet commercial music could be? More than a musical revolution, the battla sinca has mostly been fought over ratinga, and by extension, ad revanues. Modern Rock stations that were lucky to own two percent of the listening audiance in 1991 (pre-*Navermind*) now find themselves desperate to hold onto a less loyal audience twice

that size. Most hava dona this by tightaning thair playlists to 35 or 40 of tha surest hit singles, and embracing softar, mora mainstream artists—the Wallflowars, Jawal—who nevar would hava qualified as Modarn Rock six yaars ago.

Edgier artists have it particularly hard right now. Eighteen months ago, Rage Against tha Machina had thair biggast radio hit with "Bulls on Parade." Today, it's doubtful that Modern Rock stations would be so supportive. "Because of the ratings crunch, thase stations are steering away from anything they perceiva as possibly turning people off," says Stu Bergen, vice president in charge of altarnative radio promotion at Epic Records, Rage's label. "But if you worry so much about peopla tuning out, you don't give tham a reason to tuna in."

Only tha most naiva listanar believes that radio stations are programmed by DJs plucking their favorites from a massive library of CDs. This still happens at college radio, and at good listanar-supported stations lika WXPN in Philadalphia, WFMU in East Orange, Naw Jersey, and KCRW in Santa Monica, California. At virtually all commarcial stations, however, playlists are datarmined by program directors or music directors, working with consultants paid to research how stations can raach the greatest number of target listeners—say, men 18-to-34 or women 25-to-44. Since the commercial breakthrough of Nirvana, most Modern Rock radio stations have edged closer and closer to Top 40 radio formulas established in the 1950s, pounding about three dozan "currents" (radio jargon for "current singles") plus the occasional oldie and soma "recurrants" (fairly moldy hits that serva as sonic comfort food).

For any station, the trick is to play anough new music to satisfy loyalists (a station's "core"), while snagging channel-jumpers who tune in to six different stations and navar stick around longer than a song or two (thay dominate a station's "cume" or cumulative audience). Soma commarcial stations play as few as 20 currents, and a few play as many as 50. Vary few stations, such as WOXY in Oxford, Ohio, play more. I asked a dozen different programmers, radio consultants, and trada journal reporters why, and heard tha same answer phrased in slightly differant ways. *Because listanars can only absorb so much new music. Because it's the only way to maka a difference with record sales. Because it works, dammit.* The most telling answer came from Kavin Stapleford, who programmed 91X in San Diego for six years but is now a consultant with his own firm, KDK Media. "Radio isn't really maant for people who listen to it for hours," ha explained in a voice hovaring betwaen acceptance and despair. "Radio is designed for people who listen for ten minutes at a time."

At a typical station, only three new songs are added aach week. Over the past five years, the number of singles competing for those slots has grown dramatically, as record labels have scrambled to cash in on tha Modarn Rock boom. "Just because the amount of music has tripled doesn't mean we have three times better music to choose from," admits Weatherly of KROQ. "All that's happened is that there's a lot more mediocrity." Adds A&M Records Chairman and CEO Al Cafaro, a former radio promotion executive, "The record industry has consistently gona for tha short tarm."

But cynicism is not always a guarantee of success, eithar. According to Los Angeles radio consultant Jeff Pollack, a song has to be played for "at least four weeks" before stations can start testing its commercial viability, and six weeks or more before thay know if it's connecting. To determina whether to stick with a song or not, stations weigh several factors: the number of phone-in requests, local CD sales as trackad aach week by SoundScan, and call-out research, in which listanars ara asked to rata songs for favorability, familiarity, and burnout. Progremmers always edd that gut instinct factors in somehow, but it's hard to imagine it being a match for the mathematical certainties of markat rasearch. Consider the press-time numbers for "Semi-Charmed Life" by Third Eye Blind: Familiarity is strong (88.9 percent), but favorability is way down (3.62 percent), and total burn is up to a disturbing 28.1 percent. Is it tima to jump and hope for tha bast from the Kottonmouth Kings' new singla?

Does this sound bloodless? It is, and navar more so than now. Radio stations once used index-card systems, with aach song coded for tampo, style, and frequency of play. Music directors spent entire aftamoons planning the next day's log, a run sheet plotting out which songs would play when, what ads would play in between—even those spaces where DJs could speak. It was a slow, archaic system, but it was human and open to quiet subversion by DJs who might "misplace" an Alanis Morissatta card, or mistakenly play two "red" songs in a row.



The coolest kids in radio?: *Doug and Linda Balogh of the adventurous Modern Rock station WOXY in Oxford, Ohio.*

SNORRI BROS

No more. Today, almost avary station usas a software program—tha most common is called Selector—which requires music directors to coda aach song as befora, but sequences a station's pleylist by computer. As Tom Zerecki, merketing director of Radio Computing Services, proudly boasts of Selector, "You can progrem 24 hours in less than a minuta!" Just press F10 and shuffle 40 of the most overplayed songs in America.

For fun, I downloaded a demo of Selector from the company's Web site and tested tha software myself. I've never worked as a programmer (computer *or* radio), but had no trouble categorizing songs by basic tempo or the more refined beats-per-minute. Other codes proved more vexing. On a scale of one to fiva, how would *you* rate the Foo Fighters' "Everlong" for mood? Apparently, Selector is there to serve as a kind of audio Prozac ("can be used in lyric-intansiva formats to keep tha music from becoming too depressing, too uplifting, or 'roller-coastering' back and forth between the two").

Though Selector claims its software contains no inherent bias, it's only as noble or flawed as the programmer who uses it. For axample, stations skewed toward a male eudience can count on Selector's support to guarantee they play "no more than one female in a row." To prevent the unthinkable—that the computer would simply spit out an altamating boy-girl lineup—Selector assures skittish programmers that they can set an hourly maximum of female artists. After 15 minutes of programming women out of my mythical radio world, I felt incredibly guilty for not making it to Lilith Fair last summer.

To understand how we've reached this point, consider e bit of radio history. Back in the lata '60s and early '70s, AM radio was where the listaners and money ware. The newly emerging FM stations were low-risk experiments in free-form radio, melding anti–Viatnam War santiments and tha amerging drug culture to a dizzying array of musical choice—everything from Sun Ra to Jimi Handrix to the Turtles. Whlie it's tempting to pine for the sweet smell of anarchy, such pioneering FM atations aa San Francisco's KSAN wera only as good as the DJs progremming them minute to minute—deeply personal and captivating when they connected, wildly self-indulgent whan they didn't.

Radio consultant Lee Abrams was the first to suggest bringing order to this chaos, which he did in the mid-'70s by persuading ABC to buy into his idee of e Star Station, which eventually calcified into reseerch-driven album-rock radio—you know, Fleetwood Mac, the Eagies, tha Stones. Until KROQ became the first "commercial alternative" station in the late '70s, it was one of the last free-form stations around, a failing Pasadena, Califomia, enterprise with a weak signal and not much to lose. Guided by rock radio veteren Rick Carroll, the embryonic KROQ played Tom Petty, the Cers, and Oingo Boingo, along with British new wave artists such as the Cura and Depeche Mode.

Whila AOR redio played it safe in tha '80s, courting an older audience that radio advertisers love, the post-punk underground was nurtured by college radio and edgier commarcial stations such as WFNX in Boston and 91X in San Diego. Part of their appeal was what they played—artists like the Minutemen and tha Replacements thet no one else would touch—and that they played them with less repetition than commercial stations with bigger Arbitron numbers to protect. Evan at the tima of *Navermind*'s releasa in 1991, there ware only about two dozen alternative-rock stations in the country, ranging from big stations auch as KROQ and WHFS in Washington, D.C., to small indapendents lika WOXY and WEQX in Manchester, Vermont. "If you talk to Kavin Weatherly or Oedipus [at WBCN in Boston], we all kind of miss those deys," says Jim McGuinn, who was program director at WEQX before Nirvana broke. "In 1991, you could play a Billy Bragg record and not worry about it because the AOR station was playing the worst heir metal, and the Top 40 station was playing Paula Abdul. It's definitely tighter now. There's more at staka, more competition."

"I felt like I was in the Red Cross, wiping the brows of the wounded," says *Radio & Records*' Sky Daniels of the Modern Rock radio freefall

Today, there are about 130 Modern Rock stations, 109 of which report to *Radio & Records*, the national radio trade journal. Every city of any siza has one such station and many cities claim two or more. But with repid growth came growing pains. As Modern Rock retings increased, so did ad retes; with bigger ad revanues came new competitors, who poached some of the format's music. Active Rock stetions—essentially retooled AOR outlets—try to woo teenage boys who like Nirvana *and* Led Zeppelin. "Modem AC" stations serve women who like Sarah McLachlan and Jewel, but don't know what to maka of Beck or Prodigy.

With so many stations going after the same audience, the bottom nearly fell out of Modern Rock radio last winter. Stations that had doubled their retings overnight found them cut almost as quickly. Between the spring of '96 and spring '97, KNRK in Portland, Oregon, saw its Arbitron ratings slide from 4.4 to 2.9 percent of the listaning audiance. WDGE in Providance was down from 3.0 to 1.7. WMRQ in Hertford, Connecticut, down from 5.7 to 3.9. KEDG in Las Vegas, down from 7.0 to 4.1. Evan KROQ took a hit. By tha fall of '96, the station had fallên from a high of 4.5 the previous summer to a shaky 2.9. As Sky Daniels, alternative editor for *Radio & Records*, puts it, "I felt lika I was in the Red Cross, wiping the brows of the wounded."

On the surface, things have improved in Modem Rock radio this year, thanks to stations like KROQ throwing its weight behind the Orange County ska scene, and aggressively looking to break new artists as quickly as possibie. "It's too early to say we're on an up cycle," says Waatherly. "We don't have a lot of artists that people are passionate about lika they were three or four years ago, but we do have a lot of interesting songs out there."

But chasing after one-hit wonders is precisely what ails tha music industry, says Gary Spivack, head of alternativa radio promotion at Atlantic Records. "You hava about three weeks to bust a record," he complains. "If you don't, you have to move on. [Radio] stations don't give a shit about artist development. All they care about is advertising ravenue." (Atlentic, counters Weatherly, "Is the epitoma of a hit-drivan company.")

"Everybody is sick of what's happening at modern-rock radio—all the one-hit wonders," says one major-label vice president, who feels the music industry should be hald to aqual blama. "Evaryone says that they're interested in 'artist development'—radio programmers, record companies—but nobody does anything about it. There's an anormous amount of pressure to make your numbers [every 90 days], but that's a stupid way to run a record company, becayse tha way you make monay is through catalog saies. The same is true at radio; they're under the same pressure to keep ratings as high as possible and take as few risks as possible."

The record industry went through its own wava of consolidation in the late '80s and early '90s, when new multibillion-dollar ampires such as Time-Warner were built and artist-oriented labels such as Wamar Bros. Records were dismantled. A&M Chariman/CEO Cafaro says the need to keep short-term lebel profits high has nevar been more intense—and not just becauae most record companies now answer to Wall Street: "Thanks to the uae of SoundScen by journalists and broadcasters to quantify who's hot and who's not, the industry has developed a Hollywood block-buster–type mentality, with an emphasis on who opened big and what records quickly 'fail'. But some artists have to develop off the redar screen. You need space to maka certain things happen."

More than anything, the tortured relationship between redio and the record industry resembles that of a codependent couple deeply in love when things go well, but bitter enemies when they don't. Racord axecutives mey complain about tight playlists, but they love them, too. "Repetition is what makes radio powerful," says one major-label chief. "As an executive, you're all in favor of repetition as long as it's one of your artists being played.

"Look, modem-rock radio is simply a business," he continues. "If they feel they heve an audience committed to artists, they veer towerd artists. If they get resaarch talling them their audiance is more into hit songs, they'll go that way."

Weatharly says that these arguments aren't fair. While KROQ has an obligation to play the hits, he insists it also has an incentiva to develop long-term artists, among which he counts such recent breakthroughs as the Wallflowers and Fione Apple. When it's suggested that these artists might not have qualified as Modern Rock five years ago, Weatherly jumps to their defanse. "I totally disagree! What's the diffarance between Fiona Apple in 1997 and Tori Amos in 1994? You can compare tha Wallflowers to R.E.M. Look, I don't know if we'll see the next big cultural revolution, like '91 and '92, for 15 years. Part of what wa do is strika that balance between satisfying tha cool, cutting-edga core of our audiance, yet at the sama time not blow off e big potential part of it."

Put another way, Modern Rock has largely becoma Top 40 radio, driven by hit singles instead of artists or albums. There's nothing inherently wrong with this: In tha '60s, Top 40 found enough room for the Supremes and the Beatles; in the '70s, it was open enough to accommodate Al Green and Neil Young. Tha best example of Top 40 today is probably MTV, which has a playlist as tight as most Modern Rock stations, but is more expansive ebout what it includes: hip-hop, R&B, hard rock, teen pop, over-the-top balladry. Anything, really, that the kids wanna haar.

But Modam Rock radio has deeper ties to the free-form FM '70s, and the belief that artists are worthy anough to feature three or four of thair tracks at a time—not just the hits—and that rock'n'roll stends for youth and rabellion end uncompromising personal visions. "That's tha formula, or idea, on which the commercial altemativa format was leunched," says Philips of 99X. "When Jimi Handrix's debut came out, there

was no place but progressive-rock radio for it. One of the things that attracted me to Modern Rock was the groundswell of very active records that weren't reflected anywhere else on the dial."

And now? Philips is willing to settle for being the first to play a freak hit by the British collective Chumbawamba, which was quickly appropriated by the stadium sports crowd. "It's funny, I was in South Florida," he says, "and the Top 40 station was using 'Tubthumping' as the Marlins' comeback theme song. At that point, it belongs to the world, I guess. But a few songs like that keep us in business. To miss a few of those would put us in serious jeopardy."

"You can program 24 hours of radio in less than a minute!" boasts Tom Zarecki of Radio Computing Services

What's distressing is not that Philips knows a good sing-along when he hears one. It's that artists whose work defines modern rock in the late '90s—Björk, let's say, or Prodigy—are relegated to late-night play or light rotation on the older-adult-leaning stations, if they're played at all. Philips sounds like the stodgiest Top 40 programmer when he talks about why a typical Prodigy song doesn't work well on 99X: "What are you supposed to do to it? There's nothing to sing along to; there's no lyric per se. There's no traditional melody or harmony. It's a little bit...abstract to work as a traditional radio song."

Tom Calderone of Jacobs Media, which consults 18 stations that answer to the Edge name, argues that any musical compromise has been minor compared to the popular gains in market share made by Modern Rock radio. "I think it's better that the audience is bigger now," he says, "because you're still exposing new music to more people, and that's a great thing. But with that comes responsibility to the ownership—and ownership supersedes consultants, programmers, and everyone else."

Increasingly, those owners are shareholder-driven conglomerates such as CBS's radio division, which boasts 173 stations with $1.4 billion in 1996 revenue. By comparison, sixth-ranked ABC is a relatively small fry, with just 27 stations and $306 million in 1996 gross revenues. That Disney/ABC were permitted to purchase REV 105 and their three signals, when they already owned KQRS, KEGE, and KDIZ in the Twin Cities, is a direct result of the Telecommunications Act of 1996. Previously, no company could own more than four signals in any one market, and no more than 40 stations overall. The first rewrite of broadcast law in 62 years, the Telecom Act allowed companies to own as many as eight stations in a market, and completely lifted restrictions on total station ownership.

In the two years since the federal Telecommunications Act went into affect, nearly a quarter of the nation's radio stations have changed hands in deals totaling close to $25 billion. The new buzz term in the industry is "cluster group," with companies attempting to corner, say, all the male beer drinkers in a market. According to a 1997 study by BIA Research Inc., the top five companies already control 45.4 percent of the radio revenue in the Top 100 broadcast markets. The *Wall Street Journal* noted in September that the nation's two biggest radio players, Westinghouse (since renamed CBS) and Chancellor Media, control more than 50 percent of radio revenue in the country's top six markets (New York, Los Angeles, Chicago, San Francisco, Philadelphia, and Detroit).

Proponents of consolidation argue that, once the dust has settled, there will actually be more diversity because CBS is going to make certain its eight stations in Boston are all different from one another. The counter-argument is that companies are likely to own a wide variety of station types nationwide—Modern Rock, Modern A/C, Active Rock—with little to distinguish individual stations market-to-market. Shawn Stewart of WXPN contends that radio clusters will inevitably produce bland programming engineered for maximum financial pleasure. "The only thing consolidation is good for," she says, "is people who are purely in the *business* of radio."

There are two things Doug Balogh won't part with. "I won't sell my dogs," he says, "and I won't sell my radio station." So far no one's offered to buy his Airedale or pair of Walsh terriers. His station, WOXY of Oxford, Ohio, is another matter. In the last year alone, he's been approached by four potential buyers of his station, 97X, which serves a college town of 26,000 plus half of Dayton and two thirds of Cincinnati. When he and his wife, Linda, bought WOXY in 1981, they paid $375,000 for it. He figures they could get three million dollars today. "We couldn't have afforded to buy it at that price," he says, sounding sadder about how radio has changed in recent years than excited by the prospect of cashing in. "We certainly couldn't do what we're doing now."

What WOXY does now is what it's done since 1983, which is program for "educated, socially and environmentally concerned...serious music lovers." This comes from 97X's rambling mission statement, but it's those last three words that are particularly important. When the Baloghs interviewed Miami (Ohio) University students shortly after buying the station, they discovered two things: that their potential audience wanted to hear new music, and they didn't want to suffer through the same few songs over and over. In the beginning, WOXY was a carbon copy of KROQ. The first three years, the Baloghs lost money; they spent the next three trying to break even. Though he won't specify how much, Balogh says 97X has been profitable ever since, each year making a little more than the last.

But forget financial success; it's WOXY's programming that stands out. Today, KROQ could take some cues from the Oxford station. First, look at WOXY's play list for the last week of September. There were 86 "currents," including a number of artists that never, or rarely, get played on KROQ: Spiritualized, Stereolab, Cornershop, Luna, Guided by Voices, Richard Thompson, Patti Smith, Portishead, and Barbara Manning. The station added 12 new songs that week, and played only one track, Bjork's "Joga," more than two dozen times.

Now look at KROQ's playlist for the same week. Only two new songs were added to the station's rotation, "Please" by U2 and the Verve's "Bitter Sweet Symphony." Its currents total about 45 songs—a little higher than the industry average. And KROQ "pounded" each of its six top songs more times than WOXY played "Joga"—a brilliant track the L.A. station had yet to add to regular rotation.

From a business standpoint, there's no contest. KROQ may be the most profitable rock radio station in the country. In 1996, CBS bought it through a merger with Infinity Broadcasting that totaled five billion dollars, and the station is now the flagship of a Modern Rock radio empire that also includes K-Rock in New York, Live 105 in San Francisco, WHFS in Washington, D.C., WBCN in Boston, and KOME in San Jose, California.

But for radio listeners who love music, especially new music, WOXY is the more interesting station. It's not so much that good radio is the province of small, independent stations such as WOXY. KROQ actually got better musically, and also prospered financially, when it was swallowed by broadcasting giant Infinity in 1986. But what is clear is that stations are now trading for ridiculous amounts of money, which, obviously, makes free-form radio almost impossible. Radio properties that were bought for two million dollars three years ago have traded for as much as $18 million. Stations that were once sold at prices eight times their annual cash flow are now trading at double those rates, meaning that the new owners have crushing debt to retire and enormous pressure to boost ratings to maximize profits.

When Balogh is asked if WOXY could be programmed the way it is now if he'd just bought the station at today's market rates, he doesn't hesitate: "Absolutely not! Debt is a great inhibitor of creativity. As business people, my wife and I have a responsibility to make money."

Balogh used to work for Westinghouse, so he knows how even the best large corporations are run. Asked what he would do if he headed a company that owned dozens of stations around the country, Balogh says, "If I had 25 Modern Rock stations, I would spend the next year putting together the best possible syndicated Modern Rock format I could, and then feed it out to all 25 stations by satellite."

As radio stations continue to trade for astronomical prices—in September, CBS acquired four stations in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, the nation's 117th largest market, as part of an $18 million deal—some indie owners are sticking to their guns. One former program director, currently looking for a home somewhere else on the dial, recently asked a small New England station owner if he'd sell his FCC license for $20 million. "Fuck no!" said the owner. "I'm holding out for $30 million."

The way Daniels of *Radio & Records* sees it, Modern Rock radio is in danger of becoming the '90s equivalent of the AOR dinosaur that alternative rock supposedly made extinct. By programming conservatively to more mature listeners, Modern Rock is cutting itself off from the next generation, which has grown up on hip-hop as much as rock. He keeps waiting for an adventurous programmer, probably in some small town in the Midwest or South, to stumble onto a new rhythm-oriented alternative, one that makes the connections among electronica, hip-hop, and such beat-oriented rock outfits as Soul Coughing. The problem, he admits, is that there's no such thing anymore as a cheap radio station.

"You have 500-watt AM stations going for ridiculous amounts of money," he says, but he's crossing his fingers that the old formulas stop working so some new ideas can prevail. "Now is a good time," Daniels says, "for someone with a vision looking for a station owner who's desperate." As for desperate listeners, don't expect real change to happen any time soon. ●

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The Spi

Bewildered by a world gone indie? Jetting to Sundance for the weekend? Fear not, *Spin*'s Seventh Annual Power List mathematically assays the 50 most indie people in film today

1 Harmony Korine

Rating: 9.85 **Last Year's Rank:** 5 **Previous Work:** *Gummo*, *Kids* **Next Project:** Snuff film? **Indie Cred:** 23 years old; from Nashville; loves Flannery O'Connor and Jean-Luc Godard; *Gummo* features a



midget, a retarded girl being raped, and a dog impaled on a TV antenna **Power Cred:** bizarre *David Letterman* appearance **Comments:** Once said, "I don't care about fucking plot."

2 Parker Posey

Rating: 9.60 **Last Year's Rank:** 1 **Previous Work:** *The House of Yes*, *Waiting for Guffman*, *The Daytrippers*, *SubUrbia*, *The Doom Generation*, *Sleep With Me*, *Party Girl*, *Dazed and Confused*, and so on **Next Project:** a middle-school play by an



unpopular seventh grader? **Indie Cred:** appeared in 83 percent of all indie films made last year; from Mississippi; has small breasts **However:** once had a regular role on *As the World Turns* **Comments:** Very, very saxy arms

3 Lili Taylor



Rating: 9.51 **Last Year's Rank:** 6 **Previous Work:** *Illtown*, *Kicked in the Head*, *Girls Town*, *I Shot Andy Warhol*, *Short Cuts*, *Say Anything*, *Mystic Pizza* **Next Project:** John Waters's *Pecker* **Indie Cred:** has appeared in slightly fewer indie flicks than Parker Posey; grew up with Varuca Salt's Nina Gordon; has been the target of a stalker (see Michael Rapaport); has been in lots of *plays*; reads *The Nation*; plays the accordion; repeatedly described as not being "convantionally" attractive **Comments:** Never buys retail!

4 Todd Solondz



Rating: 9.49 **Last Year's Rank:** 3 **Previous Work:** *Welcome to the Dollhouse*, *How I Became a Leading Artistic Figure in New York City's East Village Cultural Landscape* (a short film for *Saturday Night Live*) **Next Project:** follow-up to *Welcome to the Dollhouse*, as yet untitled (synopsis: "A series of interweaving stories about troubled characters and their quest for love in suburbia") **Indie Cred:** from Jersey (Newark); wore thick, black-framed glasses and looked like a geek out of Fox central casting before it was hip to wear thick, black-framed glasses and look like a geek out of Fox central casting; hates people **Comments:** Harmony Korine once said that *Welcome to the Dollhouse* "sucked."

5 Harvey Keitel



Rating: 9.41 **Last Year's Rank:** 10 **Previous Work:** *From Dusk Till Dawn*, *Blue in the Face*, *Pulp Fiction*, *The Piano*, *Bad Lieutenant*, *Reservoir Dogs*, *Taxi Driver* **Next Projects:** *Lulu on the Bridge*; custody court? **Indie Cred:** has no fear of exposing his penis on film; has accused Edward James Olmos, new husband of his ex-wife, of being a child molester **However:** wears too much tweed **Comments:** lost the lead in *Apocalypse Now* to Martin Sheen, poor guy

6 Harry Dean Stanton

Rating: 9.38 **Last Year's Rank:** 7 **Previous Work:** has been in 312,000 films, including *Wild at Heart*, *Paris, Texas*, *Red Dawn*, *Repo Man*, *Young Doctors In Love*, *UFOria*, *Kelly's Heroes*, *Cool Hand Luke* **Next Project:** Death? **Indie Cred:** plays in the Harry Dean Stanton Band; uses middle name; from Kentucky; old **However:** band performs at the Viper



Room; did TV commerical for Guess? jeans in '96 **Power Cred:** *Repo Man* **Comments:** ia, was, and will always be indie.

7 Crispin Glover

Rating: 9.29 **Last Year's Rank:** 2 **Previous Work:** *The People vs. Larry Flynt*, *Dead Man*, *What's Eating Gilbert Grape*, *River's Edge*, *Back to the Future* **Next Project:** *What Is It?* (synopsis: "Being the adventures of a young man whose principal interests are snails, salt, a pipe, and how to get home, as told through the eyes of a hubristic, racist monarchy") **Indie Cred:** middle name is Hellion; tried to kick David



Letterman; published four antiquarian books, including *Rat Catching* and *What It Is and How It Is Done*; released a record of songs and storytelling **However:** *Back to the Future* **Comments:** not faking that voice, either

8 Jim Jarmusch

Rating: 9.24 **Last Year's Rank:** 12 **Previous Work:** *Year of the Horse*, *Dead Man*, *Night on*



Earth, *Down by Law* **Next Project:** TBD **Indie Cred:** hangs out with Neil Young; resembles an albino **However:** was the voice of Hunter S. Thompson in the audiobook adaptation of *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*; complained about Miramax's promotion of *Dead Man* **Comments:** Albinos = indie!

9 Steve Buscemi

Rating: 9.17 **Last Year's Rank:** 13 **Previous Work:** *Trees Lounge*, *Fargo*, *Living in Oblivion*,



Pulp Fiction, *Reservoir Dogs*, *Barton Fink* **Next Projects:** *Armageddon*, *Ship of Fools* **Indie Cred:** Hollywood's palest man; before taking up acting, he was a New York City fireman **However:** once guested on *Mad About You*; goatee **Comments:** most indie teeth this side of the Atlantic

10 Wim Wenders

Rating: 9.03 **Last Year's Rank:** 11 **Previous Work:** *The End of Violence*; *Wings of Desire*; *Tokyo-Ga*; *Paris, Texas* **Next Project:** *The Billion Dollar Hotel*



(inspired by Bono. Yes, that Bono.) **Indie Cred:** first name is Wim; is old; and German; likes to cast Lou Reed **Comments:** insistence on not moving camera for minutes at a time makes him beyond indie.

3. RANKIN; 4. EVERETT COLLECTION; 6. PHOTOFEST; 7. TOM RODRIGUEZ/GLOBE; 9. PHOTOFEST; 10. GARFUNKEL/RETNA.

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11. KOBAL COLLECTION. 12. KOBAL COLLECTION. 15. EVERETT COLLECTION. 17. PAUL BEAUCHEMIN/RETNA. 18. KOBAL COLLECTION. 20. PACHA/CORBIS. 21. EVERETT COLLECTION. 22. PHOTOFEST. 24. KOBAL COLLECTION.

11 John Sayles
Rating: 8.82 **Last Year's Renk:** 4
Previous Work: *Lone Star, Clen of the Cave Bear, Brother From Anothar Planet, Metewen, Something Wild* **Next Project:** *Man With Guns* **Indie Cred:** splits time between New Jersey (Hoboken!) end e farm (e farm!) in upstate New York; wrote screenplays for Roger Corman in the late '70s; makes "politically eware" movies **Powar Cred:** has a really dusty truck end e dog **However:** won e MacArthur genius grant in 1983 **Comments:** once beat the crap out of an antire NYU graduete film class while writing a really good haiku in Spenish ebout a gal in El Paso

12 Billy Bob Thornton
Rating: 8.66 **Last Year's Rank:** 34 **Previous Work:** *Sling Blade, Deed Men, Indecent Proposal* **Next Projects:** *Armageddon, Primary Colors*; impromptu casting conversetions with young, nubile espiring actresses **Indie Cred:** hails from Arkansas; was issued e restraining ordar to keep away from his estranged wife end their children **However:** reportedly guested on *Metlock* **Comments:** You wouldn't lika him when he's angry.

13 Gus Van Sant
Reting: 8.53 **Last Year's Renk:** 9
Previous Work: *Good Will Hunting, To Die For, My Own Private Idaho, Drugstore Cowboy* **Next Project:** TBD **Indie Cred:** helped "discover" Hermony Korine; "prodded" Keanu into kissing River onscreen **However:** whispers about *To Die For 2*; nasty rumors that he hee started eating meat **Double Howevar:** *Good Will Hunting* stars Robin Williams **Commenta:** Gay = indie!

14 Ewan McGregor
Reting: 8.51 **Last Year's Renk:** 23
Previous Work: *The Serpent's Kiss, A Life Lass Ordinery, Brassed Off, The Pillow Book, Emma, Trainspotting, Shallow Grave* **Next Projects:** *Nightwetch, Velvet Goldmine,* forthcoming *Star Wars* prequel **Indie Cred:** looks like e heroin addict **However:** not actually e heroin addict; *Emma* **Comments:** Scottish!

15 Joel and Ethan Coen
Rating: 8.50 **Last Yaar's Rank:** 14 **Previous Work:** *Fargo, The Hudsucker Proxy, Barton Fink, Millar's Crossing, Raising Arizona, Blood Simple* **Next Projects:** *The Big Lebowski, The Neked Man* **Indie Cred:** Jewish brothers from Minnesota; sometimes have retty beards **However:** Joel is married to e semifemous actresa (Frances McDormand) end sometimes uses a pseudonym (Roderick Jeynes). **Double However:** They both *looove* pâté de foia grae.

16 Robert Carlyle
Rating: 8.43 **Last Yaar'a Rank:** 48
Previous Work: *Face, The Full Monty, Trainspotting* **Next Projects:** *Ravenous, Go Now* **Indie Cred:** Scottish; plays soccer (football); talks funny **However:** *The Full Monty* was suspiciously heartwerming. **Comments:** If it'a not Scottish, it's crap!

17 Ben Affleck
Rsting: 8.41 **Last Yaar'a Renk:** 31
Previous Work: *Good Will Hunting, Chasing Amy, Mellrats, Dezed end Confused* **Next Projects:** *Dogma, Armageddon* **Indie Cred:** is e writer, sort of; got hie start on e PBS seriea (*The Voyage of the Mimi*) **However:** too cute; occasional goatee; *New York Times Magazine* cover boy; *Armageddon* is basically *Independence Dey 2* **Commenta:** indie, for now

18 Kevin Smith
Reting: 8.36 **Lest Yeer'a Renk:** 15
Previous Work: *Good Will Hunting, Chasing Amy, Mallrats, Clerks* **Next Project:** *Dogme* **Indie Cred:** owna e comic book store in his hometown (in Jersey); wants to "breethe new life into the *Fletch* film series" **Powar Cred:** full beard **However:** Movies about goodlooking bisexuel chicks are about as indie as the Verve Pipe. **Comments:** digs Web porn

19 Hal Hartley
Reting: 8.34 **Last Yeer's Renk:** 19
Previous Work: *Flirt, Ameteur, Trust, Ambition, Dogs, Kid* **Next Project:** *Henry Fool* **Indie Cred:** Japanese wife; lives on Long Island; likes PJ Hervey; movies probe "philosophical" issues **However:** *Flirt* strove to be wecky **Comments:** did affectless white-guy banter before David Duchovny made affectless white-guy banter cool

20 Mike Leigh
Reting: 8.27 **Last Yeer'a Rank:** 20
Previous Work: *Career Girls, Secrets end Lies, Neked, Life Is Sweet* **Next Project:** TBD **Indie Cred:** often works without a final script; makes movies ebout old, ugly, lower-class British people **However:** once shot a TV commerical for McDoneld's U.K. **Commenta:** British people are aneaky and evil.

21 Whit Stillman
Reting: 8.14 **Last Yaer'a Rank:** 18
Previous Work: *Barcelona, Metropoliten* **Next Project:** *The Last Deys of Disco* (teeturing Jennifer Beals) **Indie Cred:** lempoons WASPs; married a foreigner **Extra Cred:** She's Spanish! **However:** Harverd grad **Comments:** Self-loathing WASPs = indie!

22 Tim Roth
Reting: 8.08 **Last Yaar'a Rank:** 21
Previous Work: *Hoodlum; Everyone Says I Love You; Four Rooms; Pulp Fiction; Bodies, Rest & Motion* **Next Project:** *The Legend of the Pianist on the Ocean* **Indie Cred:** British; one of Tarantino's towel boys; has whole passel of tattoos; does great American accent **However:** *Hoodlum* **Comments:** see Mike Leigh

23 Chloe Sevigny
Reting: 7.97 **Last Yeer'a Rank:** 22
Previous Work: *Gummo, Trees Lounge, Kids* **Next Projects:** *The Last Deys of Disco, Palmetto* **India Cred:** usually late for lunch; weird name; dumped former boyfriend Harmony Korine; frequently described as not being "conventionally" attractive **However:** models; was subject of *New Yorker* profile by Jay McInerney **Comments:** Modeling is so mid-'90s.

24 Benicio Del Toro
Rating: 7.85 **Last Yaar'a Rank:** – **Previous Work:** *The Funeral, Basquiat, The Usuel Suspects, Swimming with Sharks, Big Top Pee-wee* **Next Project:** *Fear end Loathing in Las Veges* **Indie Cred:** Hispenic; played Duke, the dog-faced boy in *Big Top Pee-wee* **Power Cred:** great at accents; slouches e lot **However:** digs velour **Comments:** In Spanish, "toro" means bull.

25 Paul Thomas Anderson
Rating: 7.83 **Last Yaar'a Renk:** – **Previous Work:** *Boogie Nights, Herd Eight* **Next Project:** TBD **Indie Cred:** now-infamous shot of 11-inch prosthetic penis **However:** ripped off the Beastie Boys' "Sabotage" video **Comments:** did a beng-up job with Burt Reynolds's hair

26 Danny Boyle
Reting: 7.82 **Lest Yeer'a Renk:** 16
Previous Work: *A Life Less*

How We Figured It Out

The Spindie ratings are calculated by attaching a numerical value to a wide variety of factors having to do with lifestyle and career choices. Those numbers are then plugged into the patented Spindie algorithm to determine an Indie Rating. The higher the rating, the higher the rank. Below is a list of factors considered, along with their numerical weight.

Positive Factors

old	9
foreign significant other	4
gay	1.5
played e gay character	1.0
played a psychotic gay character	1.3
albino	2.25
smell breaats	8
bared penis on film	1.25
lives in New Jersey	8
lives in Oregon	8
really dusty truck	4
from the South	4
from Minnesota	5
criminel record	1.9
was issued a restraining order	7
served time	9
international fugitive	2.1
wears hemp	3
weird name	4
weird name that sounds foreign but isn't	8
normel neme with weird spelling	7
uses middle name	7
plays in a band	7
plays bass in e band	1.25
was in a band with a guy who played double guitar	1.25
writes and acts	7
writes and acts and directs	9
hates paparazzi	1
participated in anuff film	20
dropped out of film school	7
writes books	4
writes plays	5
wes poor	7
is poor	1.25
lives in a tin sheck	1.25
numerous tattoos	1.0
bizarre and/or prominent scars	2.0
reads *The Nation*	7
autoerotic sex on film	1.50
attended Catholic school	6

The Ethnic/Racial/Genetic Anomoly

black	1.25
Italian	5
Irish	5
Hispanic	1.3
Jewish	1.2
French	1.4
twin	5
evil twin	1.5

Negative Factors

won a MacArthur genius grant	-.5
guested on a bad TV sitcom	-.5
worked on a soap opera	-.8
subject of a *New Yorker* profile	-.6
loves Oasis	-.9
loves Norman Meiler	-1.25
in a Versace or Calvin Klein ad	-.3
in TV commercials	-.5
in a Gap ad	-.6

Key: Writer · Actor · Director

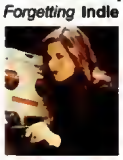
Ordinary, Trainspotting, Shallow Grave **Next Project:** TBD **Indie Cred:** passed on directing *Alien Resurrection*; British **However:** Indirectly responsible for *The Full Monty* **Comments:** bloody indie



27 Jon Bon Jovi
Rating: 7.71 **Last Year's Rank:** – **Previous Work:** *Moonlight and Valentino, Young Guns II, Slippery When Wet* **Next Projects:** four indie flicks this year alone (*Little City*; *Homegrown*; *Long Time, Nothing New*; and *The Leading Man*) **Indie Cred:** from Jersey; saw s thousand faces and rocked them all **Extra Indie Cred:** pals with Richie Sambora **However:** excessive use of hair spray **Comments:** might want to consider losing that Superman tattoo



28 Allison Anders
Rating: 7.64 **Last Year's Rank:** 24 **Previous Work:** *Grace of My Heart*, segment of *Four Rooms, Mi Vida Loca, Gas Food Lodging, Border Radio* **Next Project:** *House of Forgetting* **Indie Cred:** from Kentucky; former welfare mom **However:** romantically linked with Duran Duran's John Taylor; forthcoming *Things Behind the Sun* is about people hooking up on the Internet; received MacArthur genius grant in '96 **Comments:** hungry like the wolf



29 Joey Lauren Adams
Rating: 7.49 **Last Year's Rank:** 28 **Previous Work:** *Chasing Amy, Mallrats, Sleep With Me, Dazed and Confused* **Next Project:** *A Cool, Dry Place* **Indie Cred:** from Arkansas; dumped Kevin Smith; eats sashimi, not sushi; uses all three names **However:** earned a place in TV history as the woman who took Bud Bundy's virginity in *Married...With Children*; hangs with Parker Posey **Comments:** is sometimes confused with Courtney Thorne-Smith



30 Amanda Plummer
Rating: 7.42 **Last Year's Rank:** 40 **Previous Work:** *Freeway, Butterfly Kiss, Pulp Fiction* **Next Project:** A tattoo! **Indie Cred:** daughter of Christopher Plummer; sports s mean British accent; is small-breasted; has played a psychotic lesbian **However:** did a voice for *Hercules*



31 Wong Kar-Wai
Rating: 7.36 **Last Year's Rank:** – **Previous Work:** *Chungking Express, Happy Together, Fallen Angels* ("touchstone of a new and increasingly popular postmodern cinema"; see page 54) **Next Project:** TBD **Indie Cred:** Chinese (from Hong Kong!); his films confuse people **However:** Tarantino has cited him as an influence **Comments:** *Chungking Express* made Tarantino weep.



32 Jean-Luc Godard
Rating: 7.35 **Last Year's Rank:** 29 **Previous Work:** s beretful of really important French movies **Next Project:** Death? **Indie Cred:** pals with François Truffaut and Eric Rohmer; old and French and socialist! **However:** shot a commerical for Perisienne cigarettes **Comments:** Has said, "I don't think you should feel about a movie. You should feel about s woman. You can't kiss a movie."



33 Joaquin Phoenix
Rating: 7.22 **Last Year's Rank:** 41 **Previous Work:** *Inventing the Abbotts, U-Turn, To Die For, Parenthood Force Majeure, Clay Pigeons* **Next Projects:** **Indie Cred:** Brother was an icon who died of a drug overdose; has that haraiip-looking thing **However:** He changed his name to Leaf (changed it back in early '90s). **Comments:** Nothing suggests character like a prominent facial scar.



34 Peter Greenaway
Rating: 7.17 **Last Year's Rank:** 35 **Previous Work:** *The Pillow Book; Prospero's Books; The Cook, The Thief, His Wife & Her Lover* **Next Project:** Knitting? **Indie Cred:** extremely pretentious painter, novelist, and curator; old; once said "Continuity is boring" **However:** loves puppies **Comments:** He delivered repeated close-ups of Brian Dennehy's stomach in *The Belly of an Architect* and close-ups of fat guys' stomachs are très, très Indie.



35 Abel Ferrara
Rating: 7.11 **Last Year's Rank:** 30 **Previous Work:** *The Funeral, The Addiction, Body Snatchers, Bad Lieutenant, King of New York* **Next Project:** *Blackout* **Indie Cred:** shot a close-up of Harvey Kaitel's penie **However:** once directed an episode of *Miami Vice*; cast Claudia Schiffer **Comments:** Even Christopher Walken thinks he's weird.



36 Vince Vaughn
Rating: 7.04 **Last Year's Rank:** 8 **Previous Work:** *The Locusts, The Lost World: Jurassic Park, Swingers, Rudy* **Next Projects:** *Clay Pigeons, A Cool Dry Place, Force Majeure* **Indie Cred:** looks fabulous in a muscle T **However:** once guested on *Doogie Howser, M.D.*; that fishing vest he wore in *The Lost World* **Comments:** was in a rap group in high school



37 Quentin Tarantino
Rating: 7.00 **Last Year's Rank:** 17 **Previous Work:** *Jackie Brown, Pulp Fiction, Reservoir Dogs, Natural Born Killers, From Dusk Till Dawn, Desperado* **Next Project:** Broadway acting debut in *Wait Until Dark* **Indie Cred:** used to work in a video store; annoying voice; interesting teeth **However:** hosted *Saturday Night Live*; directed episode of *ER*; resurrected John Trevolte's career **Comments:** charming confidence in his own acting ability



38 Vincent Gallo
Rating: 6.92 **Last Year's Rank:** 42 **Previous Work:** *Truth or Consequences, N.M., The Funeral, Palookaville, Buffalo, '66* **Next Projects:** *L.A. Without a Map, The Brown Bunny* **Indie Cred:** writer/actor/director **However:** appeared in Calvin Klain ad; dates supermodals **Comments:** Vincent is like Leonardo da Vinci, only better-looking



39 Catherine Keener
Rating: 6.66 **Last Year's Rank:** 49 **Previous Work:** *Box of Moonlight, Walking and Talking, Living in Oblivion* **Next Projects:** *Your Friends and Neighbors, The Real Blonde, Out of Sight* **Indie Cred:** playing an actress in an indie film that parodias indie films (*Living in Oblivion*) is extreeemely indie **Power Cred:** reportedly went to Catholic school **Comments:** Catholic school makes you pretty fucking weird.



40 Liev Schreiber
Rating: 6.59 **Last Year's Rank:** – **Previous Work:** *Scream 2, The Daytrippers, Scream, Walking and Talking* **Next Projects:** *Phantoms, Sphere, Jakob the Liar* **Indie Cred:** inapplicable name **Comments:** sometimes confused with Lili Taylor



41 Michael Rapaport
Rating: 6.47 **Last Year's Rank:** 37 **Previous Work:** *Illtown, Kicked in the Head, Beautiful Girls, Mighty Aphrodite, Zebrahead, True Romance* **Next Project:** Probation? **Indie Cred:** once did some time in a Virginia jail; was arrested for aggravated harassment of then–love interest Lili Taylor; talks funny **However:** *Beautiful Girls* **Comments:** a psychotic Ron Howard for the '90s?



42 Richard Linklater
Rating: 6.38 **Last Year's Rank:** 32 **Previous Work:** *Before Sunrise, Dazed and Confused, Slacker* **Next Project:** *The Newton Boys* **Indie Cred:** was from Austin when being from Austin *meant* something; digs miniature golf **However:** partially responsible for Matthew McConaughey's rise to fame **Double However:** *Before Sunrise*



43 Allen & Albert Hughes
Rating: 6.26 **Last Year's Rank:** 27 **Previous Work:** *Dead Presidents, Menace II Society* **Next Project:** *From Hell* **Indie Cred:** They're black. Both of 'em. Twins, too. **Comments:** The Man himself, Martin Scorsese, has called *Menace II Society* "a great picture."



44 Miramax Publicists
Rating: 6.25 **Last Year's Rank:** 43 **Previous Work:** marketing *Kolya* as a sex movie; hiding the fact that *Shall We Dance* was actually in Japanese **Next Project:** coming soon to a theatar near you, whather you like it or not **Indie Cred:** fool soldiers of Harvey and Bob's army of the night **However:** eat veal, talk on headsets, and go to the gym *before* work **Comments:** Do not fuck with these peopie.

45 Patricia Arquette
Rating: 6.21 **Last Year's Rank:** 38 **Previous Work:** *Lost Highway, Ed Wood, True Romance* **Next Project:** *The Hilo Country* **Indie Cred:** not afraid to get naked on-screen; had sex scene with herself in *Lost Highway* **However:** wife of Nicolas Cage; wears leather pants, a lot **Comments:** Sister Rosanna occupied her spot last year.



46 David Arquette
Rating: 6.17 **Last Year's Rank:** – **Previous Work:** *Scream 2, Dream With the Fishes, Johns, Scream* **Next Projects:** *Life During Wertime, What We Do Is Secret* (a biopic about Darby Crash) **Indie Cred:** played gay hustler in *Johns* (gay = indie!); freaked out Lisa Maria Presley at the MTV video awards **Extra Super Indie Cred:** on-screen mustache **However:** appeared in an episode of *Blossom*; was s *Vanity Fair* cover boy in '97; Gap TV commercial **Comments:** Sister Alexis will occupy his spot next year.



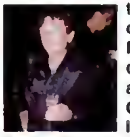
47 Eric Stoltz
Rating: 5.94 **Last Year's Rank:** 47 **Previous Work:** *Killing Zoe; Pulp Fiction; Bodies, Rast & Motion; Singles; Mask; Fast Times at Ridgemont High* **Next Project:** whatever script he gets first **Indie Cred:** will act for food; hse exposed penis on film (*Naked in New York*) **However:** dates Bridget Fonda; made numerous guest appearances on TV's *Mad About You* **Comments:** looks pretty good in s bathrobe



48 Tamia Davis
Rating: 5.91 **Last Year's Rank:** 25 **Previous Work:** *Independence, CB4* **Next Project:** *Half-Baked* **Indie Cred:** Married to Mike D.; let Drew Barrymore crash on her couch for seven months **However:** hangs out with Sofia Coppola; directed the video for Hanson's "MMMBop" **Comments:** enjoys a good book



49 Roman Polanski
Rating: 5.88 **Last Year's Rank:** – **Previous Work:** *Bitter Moon, Chinatown, Rosemary's Baby*; statutory rape of 13-year-old girl in 1977 **Next Project:** cutting a desi with L.A. district attorney **Indie Cred:** world-class international fugitiva; Polish; old; was husband of actress Sharon Tate, who was murdered in 1969 by Charles Manson's "family" **However:** directs opers **Comments:** has said, "I always liked them young, romantic, innocent."



50 Ed Burns
Rating: 5.11 **Last Year's Rank:** 16 **Previous Work:** *She's the One, The Brothers McMullen* **Next Projects:** *Long Time, Nothing New, Saving Private Ryan* **Indie Cred:** spent just $25,000 on *The Brothers McMullen*, which won Grand Jury Prize at Sundance in 1995 **However:** *Saving Private Ryan* costars Tom Hanks **Comments:** dropping like a stone



COMPILED BY ZEV BOROW
ADDITIONAL RESEARCH BY LEIGH ANNE FITZPATRICK AND ROBERT WOOD

People Who Didn't Make The Spindie 50 (and why)

Christopher Walken (sighted with cell phone)
Jane Campion (listens to classical music)
Robert Redford (lack of body hair)
Ringo Lam (Beatles-esque name)
Michael Stipe (gold tooth)
Gregg Araki (smells funny)
David Lynch (smokes pipe)
Spike Lee (courtside Knicks seats)
Robert Altman (beret)
Terry Gilliam (short)
John Waters (ascot)
Michael Moore (megaphone)
Orson Welles (dead)

26. DARREN MICHAELS; 28. KOBAL COLLECTION; 29. AXEL GROUSSET/LONDON FEATURES; 30. EVERETT COLLECTION; 32. EVERETT COLLECTION; 34. EVERETT COLLECTION; 37. RANKIN/RETNA; 40. PHOTOFEST; 41. EVERETT COLLECTION; 42. EVERETT COLLECTION; 43. EVERETT COLLECTION; 45. PHOTOFEST; 46. JIM COOPER/RETNA; 47. EVERETT COLLECTION; 48. EVERETT COLLECTION; 49. CAMERA PRESS/RETNA; 50. JIM SPELLMAN/CORBIS

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The Ice Men Cometh

Packing a rock'n'roll soundtrack, MTV stylings, and a new machismo, it now pulls ratings second only to the NFL. As the Olympic onslaught draws near, sports marketers and TV executives claim the future of televised sports is not snowboarding, roller hockey, or kick boxing. It's *figure skating*. ZEV BOROW feels the magic. Photographs by JAMES SMOLKA

"Lets get rrrreaddy to rrruummbble!" Don't you just love that line? Especially when that guy says it, that guy who trills the *r*'s ever so slightly and makes "rumble" sound like "rumbah." Really gets you going, starts the blood pumping, induces some kind of primal, onomatopoeic, alliterative cheap thrill. Wouldn't it be absolutely, positively outstanding if every event you ever attended, every kick-ass moment of your entire life began with that line, with that guy who's famous for saying it in some tiny arena dressing room running a hand alongside his perfectly moussed jet-black hair, adjusting his tuxedo bow tie, shooting a twinkling smile into a mirror, walking out into a spotlight, and belting out "Let's get rrreaddy to rruuummbble!" in a voice so deep and loud and smooth that it made you went to smile and scream and do the wave and buy things, all at the same time? Even at, say, the start of professional figure skating made-for-TV Fox primetime specials starring Nancy Kerrigan and Katerina Witt and Scott Hamilton? Wouldn't that be, well, just so...so... so unbelievably grand that it would change the way you think about figure skating and figure skaters and televised sports in general?

Wait, don't answer.

Figure skating, the sport with the double lutzes and well-coiffed guys in tight pants and sequined women with negative g-force smiles; the sport about to have its quadrennial two-week affair with the American public—courtesy of the XVIII Winter Olympiad in Nagano, Japan—has gone millennial. While you were discovering electronica and learning how to Rollerblade down stairs and generally leading the zeitgeist, figure skating wandered down to the party. It drank from the golden goblet of MTV and gorged itself on sports marketing. It danced the forbidden dance with agents and flirted with presidents of network television. It discovered the hard sell. And it did this, all of this, for you. You, dear, sweet, prized 18-to-34-year-old consumer. For you it came to Las Vegas to stage *Battle of the Sexes II*, an "all-star, rock'n'roll skating Fox prime-time extravaganza." For you it hired the guy (Michael Buffer) to say the line, to ask the question. To you, it turns its lonely eyes and demands: Are you ready to rumble?

Wait, don't answer.

I think that what people are figuring out now is that figure skating can be anything and everything. It can be rock videos and opera and ballet and spoken word and special effects and any combination of those."

That's Scott Hamilton talking. Hamilton, or "Scooter," as he's called by his fellow skaters, is the



Feathered hair, leather pants, etc.: Jozef Sabovcik sports one of professional figure skating's interesting new looks.







Old dogs, new tricks: *Nancy Kerrigan, Viktor Petrenko, and Katerina Witt, former Olympic heroes turned MTV-style ice rockers.*

Peter Pan of skating, the king of Naver-Neverland. Five feet three and a half inches tall and maybe 110 pounds, he's gleeful and childlike and revered, and he pretty much started it all. For skating, Hamilton was the beginning of The New. Back in 1984, he won the Gold medal and cranked up the show tunes and gave the sport a hit of pizzazz. A few years later, in 1988, came the "Battle of the Brians" (Orser and Boitano), two cute, vaguely epicene North American guys duking it out for the Gold until the last possible televised moment. Another New, more big ratings. In 1992 we met Katerina Witt, an East German knockout with high hemlines and the saucy grin of a naughty Bavarian au pair. Sexy New. Then came 1994, the Tonya and Nancy show, *The Odd Couple meets Seven*. A brunet from New England with Ivory skin and a Colgate smile versus a bleached-blond from the Oregon woods with a truck and a lead pipe. Sexy and Violent and New. Biblical ratings, tabloid coverage, TV movies. The Jackpot.

Today, as the '98 Winter Games rumble ever closer, figure skating is all made up and has everywhere to go. It's one of the biggest revenue-generating sports in the world, airing on all four major American networks and drawing better ratings than every televised sport except pro football. Olympic figure skating outdraws even the NBA play-offs and the odd episode of *Seinfeld*. Last year, the United States Figure Skating Association signed an eight-year, $100 million joint-marketing and broadcast contract with ABC. The deal gives the network rights to all the U.S. Olympic team's qualifying competitions, which are basically showcases for the future Scott Hamiltons and Nancy Kerrigans and Katerina Witts of the world (i.e., the Tara Lipinskis, Elvis Stojkos, Michelle Kwans, and Todd Eldridges, who will all soon be getting famous on a television near you). CBS, in the three months leading up to this month's games, scheduled 21.5 hours of skating programming, a commitment second only to college football. Once the games begin, it will broadcast more hours of skating than any other sport. Then there are the sundry made-for-TV skating specials (*Stars on Ice*, *Rock'n'Roll on Ice*, *Too Hot to Skate*, *Ice Wars*) in which former Olympic heroes are surrounded by spectacle in exchange for millions in appearance and sponsorship fees. And each new special is quick to outshine the others with an ever-expanding arsenal of music, themes, props, and skin.

"The show is going to be totally dynamic," says Hamilton. He's looking out over the ice at the Thomas & Mack Center in Las Vegas, home to *Battle of the Sexes II*, which Hamilton is coexecutive-producing. The rink is being outfitted to look like a boxing ring. Workers are rolling in massive, gleaming Harley-Davidson motorcycles and propping them up on a red-carpeted stage that's already decorated with faux-Corinthian columns and a huge metallic globe. "That's where the skaters will sit," Hamilton says. "The theme's boxing. It'll be girls against the boys, round by round."

The four girls are Kerrigan, Witt, American Caryn Kadavy, and Russian Ekaterina Gordeeva, skating's current tabloid darling. (She made the cover of *People* after her skating-partner husband died of a heart attack.) They'll face off against Orser, Canadian Kurt Browning, Ukranian Viktor Petrenko, and Czech Jozef Sabovcik. Together, the two teams own enough Olympic medals to start a mint, but the winners of *Battle of the Sexes II*, to be chosen by a panel of celebrity judges, will get something not normally associated with the sport of figure skating—Harleys. "This show will be way better than last year's," says Hamilton. "Last year's winners got GMC trucks."

Hamilton's coexecutive producers, David Krieff and Danica Krislovich, agree. "We've got a three-million-dollar-plus budget," Krieff tells me.

"It's going to blow you away," adds Krislovich.

Krieff, 37, and Krislovich, 30, are copresidents of Destiny Productions, "a hands-on entertainment production company" that produced *Battle of the Sexes I*. "We're not skating people," Krieff says. "We're entertainment people." Krislovich tells me her background is "edgy, cutting-edge stuff." She worked for MTV Productions and helped produce the first *Rock'n'Roll on Ice* show for Fox in 1994. Krieff got his start as a producer on *Miami Vice*, then went on to produce several Richard Simmons workout videos. "When I met Danica," he says, "it was kismet. We didn't know much about skating, but we knew we could take it to another level with the look of it, the concept, the music, the vision. With skating, like with any sport, every few years or so something has to happen to keep the public's interest. You'd think that now it would be the Winter Olympics, right? Wrong. It's this. It's us."

Krislovich jumps in: "We could take any sport and do this. Just give us six months."

Even...Frisbee?

Krislovich: "Frisbee? Yeah sure, Frisbee. Okay, we use the same rules, but get a different object to throw...."

Krieff: "Wa'd gat top celebrity judgas...."

Krislovich: "We'd get hip music, rock'n'roll...."

Krieff: "You gotta have the rock'n'roll."

"At Fox Sports we really try to work in an atmosphere where no idea is a bad idea. Kids want to be hammered over the head and impressed. This is, for better or worse, what our world is about. Our skating shows are acknowledging that. It shows in our numbers, our 18-to-34-year-old audience is growing."
—Ed Goren, executive producer of Fox Sports

The celebrity judges arrive at the Thomas & Mack Center about an hour and a half before showtime. Most of them are drawn from Fox TV shows—Nicole Sullivan from *Mad TV*; Kelly Coffield, who was one of the white girls on *In Living Color*; and Vincent Young, who plays Noah on *Beverly Hills, 90210*. There's also Craig Simpson, a former pro hockey player, and Katie Wagner, who used to be a correspondent for MTV. Scott Hamilton comes over to greet them and explain a little about





Zamboni slick: *a lithe Jozef Sabovcik rocks himself while the sartorially inventive Kurt Browning maintains his cool.*

how to score the skaters' routines. Vincent Young tells Hamilton he's eager to give out a lot of "perfect tens."

In the men's locker room, the guys are getting dressed while listening to Adam Sandler's "The Chanukah Song" and "Ode to My Car." Sabovcik, a ghostly pale 32-year-old Czech with long, blond, feathered hair, is the only exception. He is listening to Judas Priest through headphones while changing into his show costume of leather pants and a ripped muscle T-shirt. Vincent Young pops his head in, looking for the room where he's supposed to get his makeup done. He's directed next door, and I follow him there to ask if he thinks he'll be e good figure-sketing judge.

"Sure," he says, as his cheeks are rouged. "I really like figure skating. I watch it on TV all the time. I'm an artist, you know, not just an actor. I paint as well. I totally appreciate the beauty of movement." Then he asks me if I've seen EKaterina Gordeeva skate. Only in practice, I tell him. Young shakes his head. "Man," he says, "is she hot or what?"

"This show is sophisticeted. It's very clever. There's huge irony in this show. For me, the worst thing would be if no one saw that, if no one took it seriously, if everyone though it wes e big joke. It's not e joke."—Lea Ann Miller, choreographer of Battle of the Sexes II

"I know it's a cliché, but I guess you want people to leave saying, 'I laughed, I cried, it was better than Cats.*'"—Scott Hamilton, two hours before showtime*

At 7:28 P.M., the Thomas & Mack Center PA announces the rules of the event (scoring on a ten-point scale, four "challenge" rounds) and tells the crowd (mostly women either over 50 or under 14) to "grab your favorite cut man and get ready for the *Bettle of the Sexes II*!" The skaters are led to the ice by a bejeweled Cleopatra and a procession of beefy Roman sentinels provided by Caesars Palace, a show sponsor. Witt and Browning, the two team captains, are wearing leather Harley jackets; the rest of the skaters are in red silk boxing robes. After being introduced, each skater glides toward center ice and executes a personalized flourish. (Orser plays air guitar; Sabovcik slides on his knees Jimi Hendrix–style.) A spotlight then cuts to a darkened corner of the rink to illuminate Hamilton, in tux jacket, bow tie, and jeans, leaning up against a Harley. Hamilton skates to the center of the ice, shakes his fist like Arsenio Hall, and screams "Yeah!" several times. He gets a standing ovation.

Buffer then asks the crowd if it's ready to rumble. It is.

Sabovcik skates first, to Great White's "Rock Me." He does a back flip. The crowd is sufficiently rocked, and the judges give him high marks. A pattern is quickly established. Every skater will rock the crowd and will likewise get high marks. Kerrigan skates to "A Boy Like That" by Selena. In between, "round girls" glide around the rink holding up little white placerds thet say battle of the sexes ii.

The PA announces at intermission that the girls are beating the guys by one point. The only person in the arena who seems to care about this is Caryn Kadavy's husband, a doctor from Erie, Pennsylvania. Dr. Kadavy is in the VIP lounge hanging on every celebrity-judged score because, as he puts it, "I really, really want e Harley."

After intermission comes the spin competition and the jump competition. The girls win. These are followed by the "challenge rounds." Kadavy, skating to "Mambo Italiano," outscores Sabovcik skating to Bruce Springsteen's version of "War." Dr. Kadavy raises a fist in the air and vrooms an air-Harley. "This is so weird," Nancy Kerrigan says to no one in particular. "What are they marking us on—hairstyle?"

The competition stays close till the end. Kerrigan skates to Janet Jackson. Viktor Petrenko skates to "I'm Too Sexy." He thrusts his hips in time with the beat and elicits cheap shrieks from the crowd. In the VIP room, Petrenko's wife rolls her eyes and says, "I can't believe that's my husband." Finally, Witt does a sultry ice dance to Cher's "It's a Man's World," and Browning closes the night with a rollicking, nearly pantomimed treatment of Lyle Lovett's "Here I Am." Kabuki MTV, on ice.

The crowd eats it up and is thrilled when Michael Buffer returns to announce that the winnerrrrrs are...the Girls! The results, however, are not a surprise to anyone in the VIP lounge, as Dr. Kadavy has kept a running tab of the points and has been racing about the room vrooming his air-Harley to anyone who will listen. The show closes with a close-up of the girls' team, breathless, stage makeup running down their faces, sitting astride their new Harleys and smiling for the Fox cameras as hard as they cen.

"Not bad, huh?" says David Krieff, holding e drink and flashing a half-glazed grin at a reception at Planet Hollywood following the show. Destiny Productions has contracted to produce four similar skating specials for Fox this year. Each one, Krieff claims, will "blow you away even more." At Planet Hollywood, he's holding court for a smell circle of similarly satisfied, half-glazed men and women, each of whom responds to his comments with widened eyes, toothy smiles, and hearty congratulations.

The skaters, just barely out of beckslapping range, are also in a congratulatory mood. Sabovcik and Orser are sipping martinis at the bar. Most of their fellow skating talent are seeted around one long table, nibbling at a post-show meal. Their conversations revolve around the evening's skating. Orser tells Sabovcik that he skated "really well, really strong." Sabovcik dips his head and quietly says thanks. Browning gently grabs Kerrigan. "You landed some great doubles out there," he half-whispers.

Just a bunch of world-class athletes talking shop, ebout the sport to which they've devoted the overwhelming majority of their waking hours, about the thing they do better than anyone else on the planet. Listening to them, off the ice, without the stage makeup or leather, you're suddenly reminded that these people were once Olympic champions. But their future, and that of the current crop of Olympic hopefuls should they ever turn pro, will invariably consist of made-for-TV spectacles like this one.

"Growing up," Nancy Kerrigan tells me leter, "it was only Ice Capades or coaching, there wasn't really anything else. Now, it's totally different. We're lucky. You go through so many years of pain to be able to do shows like this."

"Is this where the Leser Pink Floyd show is?"—A guy in a car in the perking lot of the Thomas & Mack Center. ●

Mars



In relative obscurity, a team of young NASA scientists is planning the most ambitious space mission yet. But before they put Man on the Red Planet, they'll have to reinvent the astronaut first. By DAVID S. BENNAHUM

"Have you seen the Mir video yet?" Constance Adams asks. I shake my head no.

"You've got to get it. Before you leave, you really have to."

Adams is one of a handful of "space architects" at NASA. She's part of a very small team of young scientists plotting the return of grand space exploration. They're easy to identify at Houston's Johnson Space Center, since most of them wear little white buttons pinned to their shirts reading, in big red letters, MARS OR BUST! Adams's job is to think about the psychological factors of sending six men and women on a three-year trip to the Red Planet, which NASA wants to do by 2014.

Behind her, on the other side of the parking lot, across a hundred yards of cars and asphalt, a Saturn V rocket lies on its side, broken up into five pieces. The once-awesome machine, built in the early 1970s to take men to the moon, now serves as a grand lawn ornament for the Space Center—it's the greatest garden tchotchke in the world.

Adams gets into her car, a BMW Z3 convertible—the kind that James Bond drove in *GoldenEye*—and takes down the top.

"Fuck, it's hot," she says, as a great bubble of super-heated Texan air wafts out. The Saturn V shimmers through the heat, the closest it now comes to moving.

"If you want to know what we have to deal with," she says, flipping the ignition, "watch that tape."

Last spring, the space shuttle came to Mir and picked up Jerry Linenger. The American astronaut had spent 131 days in the Russian space station, battling fires, low oxygen, and the loss of his quarters in the Spektr module. Before Linenger boarded the Space Shuttle, mission control urged him to make a video. They wanted to see the interiors. Linenger, acting as host, produced an impromptu tour, in the style of Martha Stewart, taking mission control on a live walk-through. It's not every day you see an astronaut floating through a space station, describing how it's decorated.

Linenger, bobbing about, looking fit and healthy in tan pants and a white polo shirt, praises a Russian table covered in Velcro, because objects stick nicely to its surface. Hanging on the wall, there is a watercolor of a boy fishing; Linenger says it's one of his favorite things in the station. He floats by a tiny oven, which abuts the exercise treadmill, an obviously unpleasant proximity between food and sweat. He shows us the toilet and shower. He points out little spherical globules of water, from condensation on a ventilation hose, that are impossible to clean up. The silver balls are mesmerizing as they gracefully glide through the air. Linenger stops in front of his sleep area, which is in a corner, wedged against the wall. Once a day, he straps into a sleeping bag and dozes there, rarely sleeping more then five hours. Linenger stops by a tiny porthole, a circle of plastic that gives us a glimpse of the emptiness outside. He takes us into the Mir's "attic" where all the space vehicle's trash is stored in great heaps of plastic bags. Throughout, the place looks like some magnificent intestine, grown to gargantuan size, people squirming and floating about the curved, ridged walls. It's unquestionably a claustrophobic and cramped place to be. And that's why the tape is so popular. It gives a visceral understanding of how, for most of us, being up there would be horrible enough to bring on anxiety at best, madness at worst.

Most of us can't stand being in a car with another person for more than six hours. The proposed Mars crew of four to eight will have to live together in a space the size of a one-bedroom apartment, traveling for six months across some of the most boring vistas in the universa (millions and millions of miles of black space, little stars, and the occasional micrometeor). When they get to Mars, they'll move into another tiny habitat already on the planet's surface, sent ahead of them. They won't get much of a view here either. They'll have to bury their home underground, to insulate themselves from radiation on the Martian surface. It will be a basement apartment. Four hundred



REUTER/NASA/ARCHIVE PHOTOS; ALL OTHER PHOTOGRAPHS: SNORRI BROS.



The ALSTF team outside the Can, where astronauts are testing the effects of prolonged isolation.

days later, if all goes well, they'll get back in their ship, and spend six months returning home. During those three years away from Earth, they won't be able to relax with a drink or a cigarette, and sex, while possible, will be fraught with the danger of jealousy and interpersonal tension (see page 92). If they get into a fight, there'll be nowhere to go.

Understanding what happens to people when they live in space for a long time is not something NASA knows much about. NASA is a short-mission specialty shop whose popular image comes from can-do engineering narratives like Apollo 13, where three astronauts on a quick trip through space, running low on oxygen, their ship damaged from an explosion, gamely repair the vessel with a fantastically ingenious bricolage of pens and metal wire and bits of plastic stuck together just right. Much of that ethic persists. The space shuttle has never flown for more than 17 days at a time.

No one knows whether NASA can make the transition to long-duration space travel. But starting in 2000 it will try, housing people in an experimental pod called the Advanced Life Support Test Facility (ALSTF) to test what might happen if they were to live for months and years off the Earth. Constance Adams will design the interiors. With living quarters about the size of a yacht, and housed at the Space Center, the ALSTF will be home to crews of four people for 120 days in 2000, 240 in 2002, and 425 in 2003. They will be sealed off from the outside world, behind steel walls, pretending to be on another planet. There will be no more than one small window, and no opportunity to go outside. For them to stay there for more than a year, without going for the escape hatch and running off onto the green lawns that are just a minute away, the interiors will have to provide much of the stimulation they'll be missing outside.

The ALSTF will test the idea that a crew can live in symbiosis with its habitat. Like Biosphere 2, the ill-fated experiment that tried to re-create a miniature Earth within a building, the ALSTF will use nature, in the form of wheat plants and algae, to produce food and clean air for the crew. But where Biosphere was grand in scope (and a bit kitschy), attempting to mimic entire biomes, such as forests and oceans, NASA is tightly focused on one goal: sustaining human life. It's more like a womb than a pseudoplanet. In 2004, NASA, assuming Congress agrees, will make a "go/no-go" decision on whether to prepare for a 2014 launch to Mars. If the life-support system in the ALSTF works and the people don't crack, NASA will have a good reason to believe that sending a half dozen people to Mars and bringing them back alive won't be absurdly dangerous—just merely dangerous.

The metaphor of the house as a womb becomes challengingly literal," Constance Adams tells me, as she carefully takes a black Magic Marker and traces the outline of a wall on translucent drafting paper. "You can get so into it that it's frightening. It's frightening to be in the womb." She looks up at me, scowling. "Most of us would rather go mountain biking." She laughs at her joke, and goes back to drawing. She's sitting at a metal desk in her office on the second floor of Building 15. Through the broad windows, there's a view of the Space Center's neatly trimmed lawns. Adams can be pithy and wry. Thirtyish, with long black hair, pale olive skin, and a yen for stylish suits, she doesn't fit into the traditional mold of khakis, crew cuts, and engineering degrees that predominates at the Space Center. Instead, she exudes opulent exoticism. Adams is originally from New Orleans (her full name is Constance Marguerite Augustine deJean deBousquet deJumecourt Adams), and she describes herself as the descendant of bastards and second sons of the French aristocracy. Fluent in French and German; schooled in Marx and Weber; inspired by communal, eco-friendly theories of social organization, she is a surprisingly countercultural presence to find at NASA. In the Age of Apollo, which gave us Tang and Velcro, ideas of sustainable ecology in space were seen as far-out science fiction. Previous generations of space designers might have devised complex plans for stowing thousands of "meals ready to eat" on a Mars mission, each empty dish thrown out into space, or onto the surface of Mars. Adams thinks a mission to Mars will inspire new forms of habitation on Earth, producing a space dividend for the 21st century. Instead of fizzy orange water, we'll get cities that live in balance with the surrounding environment, absorbing pollution, producing clean water and food.

Adams is under pressure to complete initial sketches of the habitat for an architectural review, what she calls a "pinup session," two days from now. She says that this will be the first formal architectural evaluation of a proposed off-Earth facility at the Johnson Space Center in more than a decade. Usually, architects don't build space facilities; engineers do. Adams, however, was brought in from the beginning to think through fundamental issues of design and aesthetics, because understanding human factors is seen as essential in these long-duration tests. Like nearly everyone I meet at NASA, Adams doesn't see what she's working on as a mere job. Instead, it's a kind of holy mission. "There is no obvious economic or political gain in the space program," she

Architect Adams, who has been inspired by communal, eco-friendly theories of social organization, is a surprising presence at NASA.



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"It's just incredibly noble. We can do it. And we are actually crazy enough to spend the money to do it. Anything you do that is this enormous, this huge, and that's not for your own gain, but just because it fulfills some greater human dream—isn't that noble?"

explains. "It's just incredibly noble. We can do it. And we ere ectually crazy enough to spend the money to do it. Anything you do thet is this enormous, this huge, and that's not for your own gain, but just because it fulfills soma greater human dream—isn't that noble?"

Adems works for Lockhaed Mertin, the aerospeca giant, who contracts har out to NASA. Lockheed hired her in Mey, because NASA dacided it naedad an architect to dasign tha ALSTF. Adems hed naver worked on an outer-space mission before. She was chosan because of her interest and experience building ecologically susteineble urben architecture. After graduating from the Yale School of Architacture, Adems worked with Kenzo Tanga Associates in Tokyo. There she developed grand urban redevelopment projects, including a proposal to rebuild 2,000 acres of Roman suburbs, the construction of skyscrapers in Kuele Lumpur, end e levish multi-tiared rooftop disco in Tokyo. Two yaers leter, she moved to Berlin and worked on redevelopment projects thare; afterward, she relocated to Saattla, where she was hoping to help creete en urben light-rail system—then came the call from NASA.

Adams is fascinated by tha metaphor of matabolism; of buildings and complexas of buildings living in symbiosis with tha peopla who inhabit tham; the flow of humen movement through spece colliding, combining, end dividing. It is an imege thet comes from her time with Kenzo Tange. Tange is the éminence grise of Jepenese architecture; he began his carear by rebuilding Hiroshime's city centar in steges during the '40s and '50s, and want on to creata Tokyo's 1964 Olympic stadium and city hall. His buildings ara vast complaxes, and his main ambition, in the age of imperiel modern erchitacture of the '50s and '60s, was to build antire citias. Adams, in a sense, has inherited that ambition to build complete worlds; sha, howaver, wents to build her worlds in minieture. Sha sees tha ALSTF es e tiny planet, with tha environmant sustaining human life, and human life sustaining the environment.

"In 2000 we will hava three units," sha says, describing the first phase of the ALSTF, "e life-support chember with an exercise area, a bio-mass production chember, and the 'heb' [hebitation] chembar. What this is ell about is establishing balanca. Wa heva e bunch of whaat plents end four people end they keep aach othar alive." NASA believes this is technicelly feasible. Lest Merch, the egency placed four scientists in isolation for 60 days, within a sealed three-story-tall metel cylinder (originelly built to simulata Skylab and nicknamed the "Can") at tha Johnson Space Cantar. Throughout the experiment, the crew breathed air cleaned by wheat plants and drank water purified by elgee. Another test, lesting 90 days, was to end a few days before Christmas. If it works, NASA can be confident thet a self-sustaining life-support system is possible. Eventually, both the space modula and tha Mars habitation (which may turn out to be one and the sama) will ba dasigned using principles developed for the ALSTF.

In traditional space missions, the life-support system sustains physical bodies with food, air, and watar. But what about the mind? On a mission to Mers, the life-support system has to support tha intangible as wall—hard-to-defina mantal needs, which could kill or injure an astronaut if left untended. Going to Mers, there ara new "mission critical" factors like boredom, sanity, and crew compatibility. Boredom—what to do for six months in steerage—is one of the most insidious psychological issuas a long-duration mission faces.

The auguries from previous long-haul missions—most of them Russien—are not promising. The Russians hava specialized in long-duration missions (the averaga Russian astronaut has spent 148 days in space; the U.S. avarage is 23 days). The lone long-term U.S. mission—Skylab 4—lasted 84 deys, beginning badly whan ona of tha three estronauts vomited and the commander decided to keep it secret from mission control. Mission control, howevar, heard avary word, through en open mike. The crew, alieneted from Houston, later want on a daylong strika, exhausted from overwork. Only efter mission control agreed to let the crew set thair own schedules did they continue working. NASA never flew a long mission again. Datailed information on Russian missions that suffered from crew problems is herd to obtain, but a confidantial memo was briefly shown to ma at the Space Center, deteiling whet NASA knows about problems on Russien missions.

In 1976, Soyuz 21, flown by cosmonauts Boris Volynov and Vitaly Zholobov, completed 49 of 56 scheduled deys eloft. It wes brought back early due to "interpersonel problems." Back then, the official explanation was that an "acrid odor" in the cabin hed "naarly exceeded the craw's tolerance leval." In 1985, Soyuz T-14 completed only 65 days out of a planned 216-dey mission. It was racalled, the memo reports, because of "medical problems and mood and performence difficulties." Tha new station commander who hed been sent up to the station, Vladimir Vasyutin, was having a nervous braekdown. Soyuz TM-2, with Yuri Romenenko and Alaxander Lavaykin on boerd, was "tarminated after six of 11 planned months beceusa of intarpersonal problams." Lavaykin was brought back aftar fiva months in orbit, officielly because of "heart problems." Romanenko stayed, and want on to sat tha than-world record for time on a single mission: 326 days in spaca. Tha documant I sew then cleimed thet "tha first U.S.-Russian Mir-18, in 1995, had e lot of psychologicel problems, a fine was levied ageinst a Russian crew mamber, end the American astronaut complained that psychology wes a main issue in any long-term missions." When Norm Theggerd, the Amarican on that Mir mission, cama homa, he said, "If I hed been looking at six months [aboard Mir], I would have been reel worried...thet I wasn't going to maka it." At the time, Thaggard had set a U.S. record of 115 days on a single mission. A successful mission to Mars will last roughly 1,000 days.

Going to Mers requires a new bread of astronaut. NASA is built around the more traditional modal of tha astronaut corps. Thasa ara tha peopla who, symbolically, are at tha top of the agency. Thay ara also e distillation of its values. To change the astronaut corps means changing NASA, and that mey be vary herd. It's lika telling jet pilots one dey that now they're all submarinars. Thare'll ba no mora flying at Mach 2 thousends of feet abova the Earth, the brilliant sun above and tha round Earth below. Instead, there'll be no dey and no night end no movement other then tha shifting of a submarina as it rises and falls in an ocean you cannot see.

NASA is the pilot and anginaaring mantality gone berserk," Petricie Santy tells ma. "Thay don't think about feelings; thay think about doing. In the militery there ere checks end balances, but at NASA there are none. Engineers run everything." We're having breakfast e faw miles from NASA, whera Senty is persone non grete. She used to be a NASA psychietrist, as well as a flight surgeon and chief of the biological behavioral lab. She quit in 1991, after savan yaars at the agancy, because she claims NASA refused to reseerch the psychological factors that cen affect spaca travel. Santy is in har 40s, with short brown hair and glasses. Sha is en associate professor of psychiatry and bahavioral sciance et tha University of Texas et Galveston, 30 miles south of the Johnson Spece Center, where she specializes in what she terms "psychological adaptation to isolatad confined environments."

Santy sees e pettern of deception et NASA thet goes back to tha Marcury missions of tha aarly '60s; a

***Glad we aren't there:** Four of the guinea pigs in the 90-day isolation experiment.*



desire to conceal, as she puts it, the fact that astronauts are human beings. "Thay maka mistakes. Thay have interpersonal problems," she says. "When it comes to human factors, they are no different than you or ma." Her accusations have taken form in a 324-page book, *Choosing the Right Stuff: The Psychological Selection of Astronauts and Cosmonauts*. It's a primer on how NASA should remake its astronauts to prepare them for long-duration space flight.

Santy says that crew selection at NASA still labors with standards from the days of "right-stuff" astronauts. This culture, she says, is full of "macho, I-never-had-any-fear kind of guys"; it favors a Darwinian process of self-selection where, if problems do occur, they serve as necessary hurdles. Santy quotes Tom Wolfe, taking a passaga from his book *The Right Stuff*, which nicely highlights the antipathy astronauts have for doctors and psychologists: "Going to see a flight surgeon was a no-gain proposition; a pilot could only hold his own or lose in the doctor's office. To ba grounded for a medical reason was no humiliation, looked at objectively. But it was a humiliation nonetheless—for it meant you no longer had that indefinable, unutterable, integral stuff."

I ask her what kind of person would do well on a mission to Mars. "It's the plodding scientist," she says, "who is able to get the work done and be bored for long periods of time, and doesn't need high amounts of stimulation." A few miles away, through the windows of the restaurant where we are having breakfast, I can see the buildings of the Johnson Space Center. "People with this traditional right stuff become apoplectic at the thought that you have to select astronauts for emotional maturity and sensitivity," sha says, "but who wants to be cooped up in a small, anclosed environment with somebody who has the emotional sensitivity of a cabbage?"

After maeting with Santy, I visit her successor, Al Holland, the chief of psychology at the Johnson Space Center's Medical Operations Branch. We meet in a bland conference room, a mile and half from the center, where Holland confers with astronaut families; ever since the Challenger explosion, family counseling is part of preparing for a mission. Holland is 45, with sandy brown hair, dressed in navy blue pants and a polo shirt; he's easy to speak with and approachable, both laid-back and precise.

Holland serves as a kind of confessor and advocate for astronauts, which in itself is an indicator of NASA's newfound sensitivity. For instance, when an American is on Mir, Holland speaks to her using a

If This Rocket's Rockin', Don't Come A-Knockin'

Will there be sex in space? By DAVID FRIEDMAN

"What *is* it with you Americans?" asks Dr. R.J. Levin, professor of physiology at the University of Sheffiald in Great Britain. "Once again you are leading the effort to explore outer space and colonize other planets. A journey to Mars and back will take years. Do NASA sciantists actually believe humans will spend that much time inside a tin can and not have sex? NASA's reluctance to address this issue is absurd."

Dr. Lavin is not a flake. In 1989 ha published "Effects of Space Traval on Sexuality and the Human Reproductive System" in the *Journal of the British Interplanetary Society*. This 6,000-word article, one of the most thorough explorations of the subject ever published, concluded that what we don't know about human sexual functioning in space far outweighs what we should know. Or want to know.

Nine years later, space-age sex is no longer an Earth-bound fantasy—the question isn't "if," it's "when?" Someday, we'll be sending humans to Mars, a trip that will take threa years. Still, when the subject is cosmic carnal knowledge, NASA is playing dumb.

Last May C-SPAN did a live call-in program with the crew of tha shuttle *Atlantis*, then hurtiing through space on a resupply mission to the ailing MIR station.

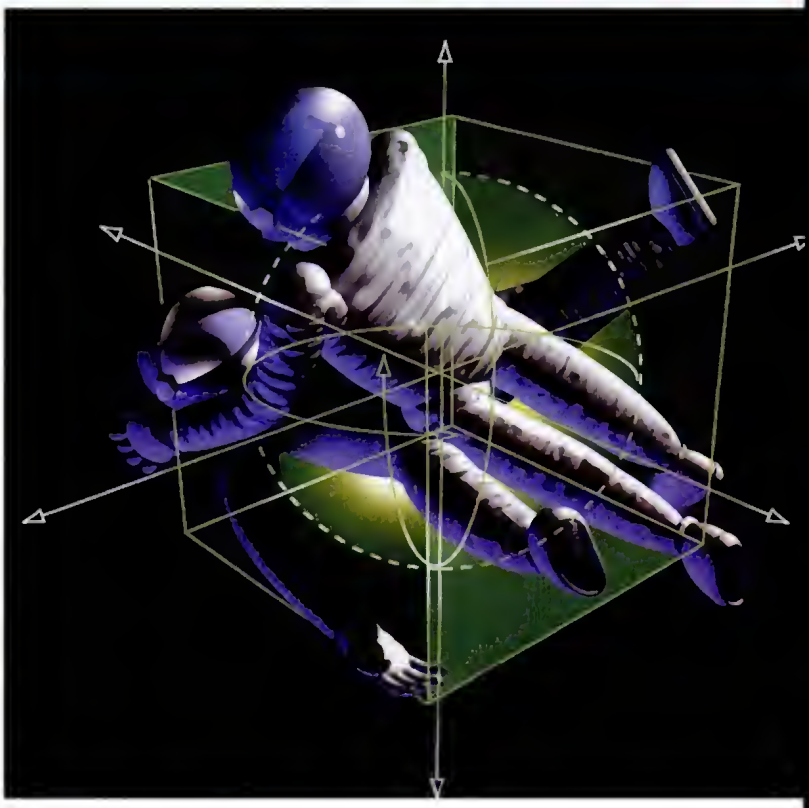
"Has anybody thought about having sex in spaca?" asked a caller. Yes, added the C-SPAN host, tell us tha rules about sax.

"We don't have to worry about the rules for that," said the shuttle commandar Col. Charles J. Precourt, as laughter erupted in the background. "We're all so busy, and we're all professionals, of course." Then the question was translated for a Russian on board, Elana Kondakova.

"I don't understand the essence of the question," she replied.

The essence of the question is simple, yet scientifically complex, and perhaps best expressed in a series of questions: Is human sexual functioning possible in a state of weightlessness (or microgravity, as scientists prefer to call it)? Can a man produce normal sperm in such an environment? Will a woman ovulate? Can conception occur? What about orgasms? What are the consequences of long-term exposure to cosmic radiation on human reproduction? Will a child conceived in space develop normally? And, if born up there, will it be abla to function on Earth?

"We've had no formal or informal studies dealing with human sexuality in space, and right now there are no plans for such studies," Dr. Charles Sawin, assistant to the diractor for science payloads at NASA's Johnson Space Center, told me. Maybe so, but I found a detailed account of one such obviously fabricated "study" on the Web. Titled "Experiment 8 Postflight Summary, NASA publication 14-307-1792," the document describes and evaluatas ten attempts at sexual intercourse in microgravity.



"If you thrust forward, you'll push your partner back," Barada said. "That will have to be addressed. And any escaping bodily fluids will float in the air, which no one wants."

ILLUSTRATION: GIACOMO MARCHESI

This was Experiment No. 3: "An elastic belt [was used to] bind the thighs of the female to the waist of tha male. The female's buttocks were against the male's groin, whila her knees straddled his chest. Of all the approaches tried with an elastic belt, this was by far the most satisfactory. Entry was difficult, but after the female discovered how to lock her toas ovar the male's thighs...she could obtain the necessary thrusting motions. The male's role was passive...but pleasant."

According to the report, each exper-

ham radio. While not exactly therapy sessions, communications with Holland are confidential—mission control does not listan in. Confidentiality allows Holland to stand up for an astronaut, to damand that he gat more sleap, or that ha be allowed to relax. In an anvironment where being wimpy is frowned upon, Holland offers a way for stressed-out astronauts to sava face: Ha won't reveal the extant of their complaints, but will petition for changes on their behalf. Holland has counseled all savan Americans who hava livad on Mir. And he's become a specialist in the art of morale boosting, coordinating tha delivery of sevan-kilogram goodie boxes fiiled with candy and surprises such as CD-ROMs with family pictures and movies. Holland servas as a liaison with families, a trustad person on tha ground who can convay information privataly both ways.

I ask Holland to show me statistics that measure the frequency of depression, anxiaty, or interpersonal friction in space. He tells me that NASA has never collected that information. It is all up here, Holland explains, pointing to his haad. It has taken him years to build up trust with astronauts (he has worked at NASA since 1989); if peopla want data on astronaut psychology, Holland arguas, they would have to first guarantee that tha information wouldn't ba used against a troubled astronaut. I ask him what he thinks of Santy's criticism. Ha agrees with much of it, he says. "It is not the same agency it was fiva years ago."

One way to keep peopla sana and happy on a three-yaar marathon to Mars is to pay close attantion to what tha insida of the spaceship looks lika. On long missions, which sida is "up" in microgravity, the availability of private quarters, color schemes, and lighting that casts shadows are all known to influenca crew morala. With tha ALSTF facility, NASA, for the first tima, will be able to see how changing spaceship decor might improva crew morale and effectiveness on long missions.

Tha ALSTF habitat is storad in Building 241, ten minutes away by foot from Building 15. It is 37 faat long and 15 faat in diamatar; anything largar wouldn't fit inside the space shuttle's payload bay (the shuttla will aventually carry the habitation module into orbit for final assambly and dalivary to Mars). Tha paramount dasign challanga for architact Adams is to giva paopla a sansa of well-baing in an anvironmant in which thara ara no flat walls, no windows, and no natural matarials such as wood. She's got to turn what

iment was vidaotaped by NASA for subsequent usa in a video training manual. Dr. Sawin, a NASA employee for 18 yaars, said ha'd navar heard of the experiments or the report.

"I'm sura it's a phony," ha said.

But there's at least one genuine NASA document dealing with the issue. In 1994, NASA engineer Ken Janks prepared a report entitled "Humans in Space" as a guide for students interestad in NASA's biomadical research. In the section, "Frequently Asked Questions," Janks included "Sex in Space." His one-page answer was less about sexuality than reproduction, and stated that there may be developmental problems for any animal conceived in space.

"I got into some trouble for that," Jenks said. "Sex is frowned upon as a subjact of discussion around here."

In microgravity, what goes up doesn't come down—a situation with many physiological consequences, some of which could bear on sexual functioning. Any discussion of lifa must begin with soma basic issuas, which can be anything but erotic. Space motion sickness strikes two thirds of all astronauts in the first faw days, often causing vomiting. Also, becausa gravity is no longar pulling biood and other fluids to the lower body, astronauts in space actually look different—and less attractive. Their faces gat puffy and their legs get thin. (NASA calls it the Puffy Head–Bird Legs Syndroma.) Muscias—including the heart—begin to atrophy (thay don't have to work as hard), blood circulation decreases, and bones lose mass at the rate of 1.5 percent per month.

But does bone ioss mean boner loss? "Never underestimate the abillty of a human to adapt his environmant to sexual activity," said Dr. James Barada of Albany, New York, a member of the American Urological Association's Guidelines Panal for Erectile Dysfunction. "Even with the decreased blood flow, I don't sea microgravity having a negative impact on arectile functioning. Nor do I sea it affacting the ability of men or women to have an orgasm."

Joining tha Million Mile High Club won't be easy, though. Nothing in microgravity is. "If you thrust forward, you'll push your partnar back," Barada said. "That will have to ba addrassed. And any escaping bodily fluids will float in the air, which no ona wants. My guass is that peopie will make love in a large spandax sleeping bag or a small tent." Microgravity could aven be a boon to arotic activity. "You could spin your partner like a propeller."

Barada may be amused to laarn that Elaine Lerner of North Easton, Massachusetts, tried to interest NASA in licensing a product she patented as a space-age sex aid. This "Balt to Paradise" has a waistband and thigh bands connected on the outside of each hip by the same kind of padded handlas you find on a suitcase. The davice enablas you to taka a firm hold of your partnar's lower body and move it around—no small advantage in a state of near-weightlessness. "The astronauts naed my belt!" Lerner told a supermarket tabloid after NASA sent up marriad astronauts Mark Lee and Jan Davis in 1992. A letter reprintad in tha magazina informed Lernar that NASA didn't agree.

Will humans, with or without a harness, even want to have sex in a cramped space capsule? This is no honeymoon suite we're talking about. "Imagina savan peopla living inside a Winnabago without a showar for a yaar," said Kan Janks. R.J. Lavin, who thinks intercourse hasn't happened yet in space (but that masturbation probably has), says that microgravity in a cramped anvironment would incraase strass levels—"and we know that stress reduces sex hormone levels, and therefore sex drive, in nearly evaryona." Dr. Barada added that stress can prevent erections and vaginal lubrication, evan when hormona levels are normal. According to Kanneth Souza, chief of the Lifa Sciances Division at NASA's Amas Research Center, the only ralavant exparimant in this area was done by tha Russians in 1979. With rats.

"Eight rodents, two malas and six famalas in astrus, ware launchad into space on Cosmos 1129," Souza said. Back on Earth, the females wara examined. "There was no indication mating had occurrad," Souza said. "This surprised us. But courtship rituals are complicated for rats."

For humans, too, Doc. But lat's say two astronauts do mate, would microgravity pravant conception? Probably not, says Dr. Lynn Wiley, chiaf of the Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology's Division of Reproductive Biology at the University of California, Davis, and a longtime NASA consultant. And what about gestation? Once again, what wa know wa know from rats—and the naws isn't good. In 1994, tan pregnant rodents spant 11 days in microgravity, then gave birth on Earth. Compared to "control" pups carried in normal gravity, the space pups had a dramatic impairment in their sense of balance, according to an Indiana University psychobiologist.

But if there's a total passion-killer up thera, says Wilay, it's galactic cosmic rays, or GCRs (see page 94). "Onca you get past the Van Allen balts, which encircle our pianet and protect us from that radiation, it's likely that 30 percent of human cells—including the brain, haart, and gonads—will be traversed by GCRs," she says. "In larga doses, thesa particles are fatal." Dead gonadal tissue means humans will no longar be abla to creata sparm or hava viabla eggs. But the real issue is tha gonad cells that surviva. "Thay [could potantially] turn into cancer," Wilay said, "or agents that encourage mutations."

So far, the only humans who've been beyond the Van Allen belts are the astronauts who went to the moon and back. Levin says an important research opportunity was lost. "Those men should have given sperm samples before, during, and aftar thosa flights," ha said. "It would hava bean an extramaly aasy experimant that would hava taught us a lot about tha affects of radiation on spermatoganasis. Apparently, they didn't considar it."

Actually, thay did. "I attanded a NASA meeting in Washington where it was discussed," Wiley said. "They decided it was an invasion of the astronauts' privacy."

Whather that was the right decision or not, Wilay is sure of one thing: "Sex in space will happen," sha said. "To know biology is to know tha inevitability of sax." So if it's a certainty that someday someone will boldly go—in space—where many have gone before on terra firma, why isn't NASA talking about it?

"I think they are," Wiley said, "but not for publication. Taking our species to another planat is the largast, most important, and most dangarous project our specias has avar undartakan. Tha astronauts who accomplish that feat will be the bravest peopla who aver lived. NASA doesn't want to trivialize that mission with a discussion of sex."

For the time being, then, we'll have to rely on the brava faw who *hava* discussed it—two laading scientists (and science-fiction writers) who decided that microgravity will be a *very* sexy place.

"Some women...should not be allowed aboard ship," Arthur C. Clarke wrote in *Rendezvous With Rama*. "Weightlessness did things to thair breasts that were too damn distracting.... At least one serious space accidant [was] caused [by] the transit of an unholstered lady officar through the control cabin." On Clarka's spaceship, "tha only rule regulating shipboard sex was this: 'So long as you don't do it in tha corridors....'"

In *Contact*, by Carl Sagan, an orbiting space colony is an equally erotic environment. In fact, it's a cosmic Club Med. "In zero g you can do things at 80 you never thought possible at 20," one resident tells a female visitor. "You ought to take a vacation up hare," sha gushes, "with your boyfriand." ●

"All the public areas have to be pleasant," the architect explains, "and lend themselves to customization—but not too much—because that could lead to territorialization."

feels like a prison cell into a nica homa.

"All the public areas hava to be plaasant," she explains, "and lend themselves to customization—but not too much—because that could lead to territorialization. In the bedrooms, though, you want to enhance personalization. People should be abie to change their private space." It's a delicate balance between control and creativity. The public rooms—kitchan, dining room, sitting room, and entrance—are downstairs. Tha crew won't have much choice in moving things around and redecorating there. Upstairs, in the four bedrooms, two "hygiene stations," and library, the crew can change the look throughout the mission, taking down walls to combine rooms, putting up posters and fabrics. In a sense, the ALSTF design is an elegant college dorm, with private suites and common areas.

The downstairs rooms reinforce communal bonding and activities, with the kitchen as the centerpiece. Cooking and eating ara favorite pastimes in submarines and on missions to Antarctica, activities



A model of one of the living-quarter configurations.

equally essantial for maintaining crew cohesion in spaca. Located at the far end of the cylinder, the ALSTF's kitchen is built to support group cooking, with broad countertops. The days of Tang and dehydrated space food are ending. The crew's meals will come from two "biomass production chambers" located in an adjacent cylinder. Lots of prep work with shared tasks, will define the preparation of meals, producing a kind of high-tach retro-rusticism, as the crew will depend on wheat threshers, tofu makers, and food processors to make dinner.

Next to the kitchen is the dining area. It's supposed to support "family dinners," with a large central table capable of holding up to eight people at once. When the astronauts aren't eating there, the table can serve as a workspace and a conference center. The "virtual window"—a large, flat screen—will allow the astronauts to hold group press conferences and communicate with Earth. When the window isn't used for communication, the crew can use it to "tele-opereta" robots on the Martian surface, screen movies, play videogames, or just watch nature. Film clips of scenic panoramas—boats drifting along rivars, trees passing through the seasons—are known to help alleviate certain problems experienced by Antarctic crews. Stuck inside during bleak South Polar winters with a minimum of visual stimuli, people have been known to experience ennui, depression, and a lack of motivation, as well as a temporary loss of their ability to focus on long-distance objects.

The sitting area is farther down the tube. Hare the crew can socialize, play games, and work during the day. It is adjacent to the front hatch and the commander's office, where daily schedules are kept. A set of stairs leads upstairs, to the residential floor. Where the colors downstairs are warm earth tones—light hues in yallow and white—upstairs is darker, favoring richer, stronger colors. Those colors are partly set by the crew. Each bedroom holds a narrow bed and a small desk with a computer. Adams wants to put windows in tha rooms, looking out on the hallway, so crew members can both hava privacy, or choose to be connected to what's happening outside. "As inconcaivable as it may seem," Adams explains, "thesa dimensions will lead to a future Martian architectura. They will be inherited by someone down the line who sends thase things to Mars."



The ALSTF greenhouse: *What's grown will feed the people end cleen the air.*

When I arrive at the architectural pinup session, I find Adams with her boss, Janis Connolly, arranging models of the ALSTF along a central table. Tacked to the wall are different renditions of the habitat. Adams is eagar to begin. I sit down in the back of the room, underneath a few framed pictures of the shuttle in orbit, and watch as a dozen people arrive. The purpose of the meeting is to decide which of five proposed structures will work best as the basic layout for tha habitation chamber. For the first half hour, people mill about, scrutinizing the sketches and holding the models.

Midway through the hour Adams begins to present her opinion on which of the five options would work best. Sha picks up a modal of har favorite version and says, "It has a mini-urban feeling." She tilts it, so averyona can saa tha minuscule hallway and chambers inside. "You lose some space," Adams says, twisting the tube around, pointing to what looks like a hallway, suspended between the first and second floors, "but you get this feeling of being inside a little town house." Of the five variations Adams presents for the habitat, four use the same basic configuration: two floors with a set of stairs connecting them and a long central hallway along the cylindar's axis.

Only the fifth, labeled "C," has a hallway off-center, running along the cylinder's side like a corridor in an old European train. As with all the variations, the bedrooms in C are on the top floor and the public areas—kitchen, living room, commander's office—are on the bottom. The off-center hall, though, creates a major perceptual shift in the habitat. The center of the tube, where the ceiling is highest, now contains the bedrooms, allowing people to stand upright in their private quarters. Everyone is enthralled by the idea that the bedrooms can have high ceilings; it makes the tiny rooms seem much more comfortable. Tha off-center hall also creates a long, flat wall, providing the bedrooms on the other side with a good surface for cabinets and closets, features that are usually difficult to integrate in a cylinder. This could provide an escape from the relentless roundness of living in a tube. Spending a year in a space with no flat surface, other than the floor, may add to friction among the crew. The off-center hall is not simply stylish; like the virtual window, it relieves psychological stress.

Adams compares the hall to a street, connecting each little room. "There are stoops," she says, pointing to the stairs in front of each door. "People can sit outside and hang out."

Larry Toups, a NASA engineer, is pleased. He picks up the little model. "If you are going to eat up volume with a corridor, why not make it more of a street by putting storage out there? It'll free people to coma out of their rooms," Toups says.

Adams nods. "We can also manipulate the lighting so that it is bright in the east side and then bright in the west side at the end of tha day," she says. She calls this a light plenum, because it simulatas Earth's diurnal cycle. People in the room riff, getting into the mind-set of designing a little self-contained world.

"We can tie the lights in with sounds," Toups says. "Like birds."

Paul Campbell, a Lockheed Martin contractor, muses about crew members dividing up into rival groups—would an even number be better than an odd number?

"We may have a maried crew," Janis Connolly says.

Several people giggle. "We can have a mester suite," Adams says. She shows how the walls between bedrooms can come down, creating room for two people to sleep together. People may couple up during the long mission. Flexible space, that crews can redesign after they've left Earth, is considered optimai for psychological weil-being. It's another stress reliever.

"The Ricky and Desi suite!" someone says suddenly, laughing. "I mean Ricky and Lucy."

For all the ALSTF team's struggle to design a safe, comfortable place for a Mars crew, there's no way to completely overcome the extraordinary risk that each crew member will face. A three-year voyage to Mars will expose the people onboard to unprecedented and mysterious forms of danger. The greatest unknown of all is radiation. In deep space, beyond the shelter of the Earth's magnetosphere, which acts like a protective electric blanket, the crew will be bathed in what are called galactic cosmic rays, or GCRs. They are everywhere in the universe, and are life-killers. Thay are thought to be the ejecta from

billions of stars, a kind of cosmic effluvium of charged particles traveling through space until they come into contact with another atom, producing a tiny bit of destructive energy. In a sense, GCRs are an evolutionary constraint on life propagating in space, since exposed humans can lose their ability to heve children, davalop cancer, and maybe even go prematurely senila.

To protect the crew, the Mars spacecraft will require a vast, thick shield. The ALSTF team is looking at using water—the idea is to store the ship's water in a 30-centimeter-thick layer between the outer and inner walls of the ship's hull. Incoming GCRs will annihilate themselves on the hydrogen atoms in the water, scientists think, keeping the crew safe from harm. A metal shield won't do; atoms in metal will fragment into lighter atoms, ricocheting into the ship like a small cluster bomb, harming the crew. NASA can predict fairly accurately how many GCRs will strike the ship, but they have very little idea of tha biological damage that could be caused by GCRs that manage to penatrata the shield. Preliminary statistics have a margin of error of 400 percent to 1,500 percent, which in mathematical terms is equivalent to saying, "We have no idea." Consequently, the estimated size of the shield varies, as does the cost, from $10- to $30 billion dollars. Since, according to NASA Director Dan Goldin, the overall mission is not supposed to cost more than $25 billion, NASA has two choices: build a thin shield and find a crew willing to accept the ambiguous risk of GCRs, or don't send people to Mars.

One way to lessen the danger of exposure to GCRs is to select a much older Mars crew. Older astronauts have a shorter expected life span; there's less of a statistical chance they will die from cancer produced by GCRs. (The thinking goes as follows: If, say, 80 percent of people exposed to GCRs will not develop cancer for 25 years, then a 50-year-old has less of a chance of dying from the mission than does a 30-year-old.) Strangely, the symptoms of GCR exposure parallel the symptoms of aging. Studies performed by the Armed Forces Radiobiology Research Instituta indicate that GCRs could produce brain "lesions," possibly laading to "degeneration and loss of function with the duration of a Mars mission." Affected astronauts will lose motor control and memory. They'll stumble about, forgetting things. Sperm and ovaries will wither. As Dr. Helen Lane, a medical specialist at NASA, gruffly put it, "Peopla going to Mars will not be having children."

A lower risk of cancer isn't the only reason that an older crew is likely to set foot on Mars first. Oldar people, based on Antarctic studies of teams under intense pressure, also tand to gat along better. Thay don't fight as much and seem more willing to reach consansus. They also fare better in the weightlessness of space. People in excellent physicel condition suffer greatar deganaration of muscle and heart strength in space than people who are simply fit. A vivid recent example was Shanon Lucid. At 53, she spent 188 days in Mir, setting the current U.S. record. She shocked everyone by returning to Earth and briefly walking, in contrast to her two younger, male crewmates, who had to be carried out on stretchers.

In science fiction, and at NASA, space exploration is sometimes justified as a necessary propagation of the species. The image is of seedpods, sent out to germinate on other worlds. Yet, the real metaphor of the Mars mission is sterility. As one scientist points out, even the basic act of sex in space is pretty difficult. When one is weightless, blood flows to the extremities of our hands, head, and feet, where it pools. Because blood flow is limpid, vigorous exercise is needed to get it circulating a bit and to stave off atrophy; erections are difficult to attain. Getting enough blood to flow into the penis is more difficult in space than on Earth. The same researcher speculated that female orgasms would be hard to achieve as well, since the clitoris dapends on blood flow to enlarge.

I ask Adams whether it is folly to send a crew to Mars, when NASA knows so little about psychological ramifications and galactic cosmic rays. She says no, and points out that, even if they did know everything, going to Mars would still be so extraordinarily risky that in the end we'd have to just do it and hope the crew could handle the stress. "It's a very romantic thing. Wa're gatting into tha question of what is the primitive in man," she explains—what are the minimum requirements a person needs to stay alive, both physically and mentally? "And we have to respond to that in reasonable technical terms." For her, it's a question of designing for the "alpha human," as sha puts it. "Thara ara no mass boys in the astronaut corps," she says, smiling. "There will be nobody interested in cooking." She compares a Mars mission to the uncertainty explorers have always faced. "We've got a lot more of an idea what it would entail going to Mars than the pioneers had going to California," she says, although sha points out that on Mars, unlike the plains of Oregon, "you go outside the habitat and you explode." She laughs and becomes serious again. "This is the effort, whether it succeeds or fails, that will be the definitive effort of our time, centuries, and even millennia from now." ●



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"Hey Gord,
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BLADES
BOARD AND SKATE

7 Mary Lou Lord
Got No Shadow (Sony/Work Group)

6 Juliana Hatfield
Please Do Not Disturb (Bar None)

5 Lisa Loeb
Firecracker (Geffen)

I've never entirely bought the argument that when alternative culture gets co-opted by the mainstream, the result is always disastrous. If an alternative is created because the mainstream sucks, and then the mainstream embraces a version (albeit watered down) of the alternative, isn't that at least better than what existed before? Real change doesn't occur until it is reflected in the marketplace, and to my mind, there's nothing cooler than the fact that they sell GIRLS RULE! T-shirts in the juniors section of Kmart.

And yet, if you care at all about the plight of the indie-rock songbird, there is no way to listen to these three records and not feel kind of empty inside. Not because they're unworthy: *Got No Shadow* and *Please Do Not Disturb* both contain some pretty compelling moments, and *Firecracker* isn't entirely without merit, though Loeb's talent is workaday at best. What's sad is that it doesn't really *matter* whether or not these records are any good.

The fact is, these are artists who have been gypped out of profiting from a moment they helped create and which, by rights, should have been theirs to enjoy. After ushering in the era of the girl with the guitar, they've been pushed aside like a supermodel on her 30th birthday in order to make room for more genetically reliable versions of themselves.

It is worth pointing out that supermodels don't have short careers because they no longer look young enough for the camera, but because they no longer look *new* enough for it. Likewise, Fiona Apple, Jewel, and Meredith Brooks all seem user-friendly because they come with no history, no discography, no context. Instead, they appear before us fully formed: hard, slick pop stars engineered to come off ever so edgy, like characters out of a William Gibson novel. As with the Spice Girls, they all have a shtick: Fiona is the saxy-damaged-goods girl; Jewel is the New Age lived-in-a-van girl; and Meredith Brooks is the I-heart-being-a-bitch! girl. You can pick a favorite, but you're basically getting the same thing.





Lost girls: *Juliana Hatfield, frowning; Mary Lou Lord, smiling; Lisa Loeb, delirious.*



This reality is not lost on Lisa Loeb. In her self-authored press package, she writes: "For every album that comes out, there's an overly dramatic bio to go with it. I don't think I can tell any stories about how I lived in a van in Alaska. I grew up in Dallas. I grew up in a house. I had my own bedroom for most of the time, too."

Meeeow! Putting aside the fact that this statement tells you all you need to know about what kind of girl Lisa Loeb was in high school, it contains a grain of truth. Record companies don't know what to do with talented, smart indie girls with guitars (witness the delay of Liz Phair's third album), and in recent years, too many worthy young things have fallen through the cracks. Problem is, Loeb was a bit of a pale indie-imitation from the start: like her debut *Tails*, *Firecracker* is underwhelming and middlebrow, overproduced and pointlessly moody.

Hatfield, on the other hand, has turned her frustration into something approaching art. "Sellout," the first track on *Please Do Not Disturb*, makes one of the more succinct statements to date regarding the mootness of the art vs. commerce debate. "It's not a sellout if nobody buys it," she sings, "I can't be blamed if nobody likes it." And she should know; before *Please*, Hatfield recorded two albums for Atlantic (after leaving her band the Bleke Babies), neither of which sold particularly well. As a major-label artist, Hatfield—defensive and inward, neither rocker chick nor sensitive girl—never quite found herself, and this EP is suffused with all the bitterness and defeat that one might expect under such circumstances.

Mary Lou Lord's career has followed a somewhat slower trajectory. Best known for her fan-boyish obsessions (Peter Laughner, the Bevis Frond's Nick Salomon), Lord is a likable, sweet-voiced indie-rock romantic; she's also an astoundingly unprolific songwriter, which is okay, because it's fun just to hear what she chooses to cover. First-time listeners will be charmed by *Got No Shadow* (her debut full-length), but anyone who has heard Lord's previous singles and EPs may find it a bit tedious; too many tracks are reworkings of songs she's recorded before. Her label is planning the proverbial "big push," and since they're the same folks who worked Fiona Apple for close to a year before she hit, who knows? But Lord doesn't quite fit the bill—her persona isn't outsized enough, her confidence too shaky.

I saw Lord perform recently. Though several hundred fans who called requesting tickets were turned away, the club was only half-full. The record company apparently bought out the room and invited a bunch of industry no-shows, which was just as well. The set was endless and dismal, punctuated by frequent guitar retunings and constant apologies. "She seems like such a sad little anachronism," a friend scrawled on her cocktail napkin. Then, smiling, she twisted the knife. "Jewel means never having to say you're sorry." **KIM FRANCE**

SPIN RATING SYSTEM

10 A CLASSIC
9 NEAR PERFECT
8 VERY GOOD
7 WORTHY
6 REASONABLY GOOD
5 MARGINAL
4 POOR
3 DUD
2 WORTHLESS
1 VILE



6 Black Grape

Stupid, Stupid, Stupid (Radioactive)

Shaun Ryder should thank his lucky stars that there are two meanings to the word "funky." As with so many British faux blackman, what he lacks in soulfulness he mekes up for in generel stinkiness. At one point in the band's rembling long-form video, *The Grape Tapes*, one of his (actually black) rappers claims that Ryder has "the worst-smelling feet in the world." And the MC sounds *appreciative*.

Black Grape are a sprawling, poetic mess, like the swamp of circuitry that lies behind every well panel in the film *Brazil*. Ryder can't sing, he cen't pley en instrument, he's fat and ugly, but he can talk for hours about Loch Ness soil samples and how they look lika computer disks. A foot soldier in the army of George Clinton end Al Jourgensen, he brings his cockeyed expertise to bear on a funk ensemble that never feils to slobber all over the groove.

Obviously, Ryder needs songs to make his blubbery bouncings truly dance. *It's Great When You're Straight...Yeah*, the admirably surreal 1995 album that revived the ex–Happy Mondays leader's career, actually had four or five, featuring huge choruses with drunken puns such as "Jesus was e black man / No, Jesus was Batman," and percoleting out-of-beat bongos that soundad like acid jazz but never mellowed into tedium. Whatever the drugs were (on *Grape Tapes*, Ryder ratas his "Top of the Rocks" narcotic cocktails), they were definitely working.

Stupid, Stupid, Stupid follows the endless tour of promotion and self-celebration generated by that last album's huge success in the U.K., where the pub-crawling Ryder is a national mascot. Unsurprisingly, the tunes are almost an afterthought this time. Only "Dadi Waz a Badi" and "Tell Me Something" capture the manic pop thrill of *It's Great*; the rest sound like the end result of a bunch of wasted guys pent up together for way too long. Which may be why most of these tracks revolve around mundanities about women ("Why you say yes when you mean no?"). A soul cover of Frederick Knight's "Lonely" is lovely, but aren't such reworkings exactly what the Stones do when they run out of material? And the Sambo album cover tempts me to advocate a boycott altogether. Even so, as Ryder mewls "everybody's throwing rocks in my bed," savoring the multiple meenings, it's hard not to went to buy him enother round end keep the dope elive.

ERIC WEISBARD

7 Victoria Williams

Musings of a Creekdipper (Atlantic)

While the rest of us are building up for the winter of our discontent, Victoria Williams is still sleepwalking barefoot through a midsummer night's dream. That the dewy, enchanted *Musings of a Creekdipper* hits the stores in the middle of El Niño is ironic, because Williams is a weather girl from another planet. With her exquisitely elfin voice, she posts dispatches from some fairyland where God is always on your side and the wind is your friend.

"I don't subscribe to newspapers," she confesses in "Last Word." Well, no kidding. If you're seeking escape from the less-than-whimsical workings of a democracy in action, then Williems is for you. It's too bad she named her previous, poppier album *Loose*, because



that's a perfect description for this batch of folksy, ambling arrangements. Williams, who's been living with multiple sclerosis *and* Los Angeles for years, has more right than most to indulge in pessimism and negation. But this is a woman who has covered "What a Wonderful World" and meant it. She remains on the lookout for everyday magic, and this album runneth over with appreciation for nature's simple gifts. Titles such as "Tree Song," "Hummingbird," and "Periwinkle Sky" hava more to do with her lush Louisiana past than her current address in Apocalypse, U.S.A.

Listening to Williams sing bamyard lullabies such as "Kashmir's Corn" can be alienating if it's been awhile since you got caught up in *Charlotte's Web*. When she cleims, "I wouldn't trade the shedows dancing on the hill for enything," you believe her, even if you think that asking to trade up for something more than shadows might be okay. Asking for too much—in her words and her sound—is strictly prohibited. She's unapologetic about her lazy pace and sappy disposition, spinning take-it-or-leave-it tales of cozy cabins and pretty clouds.

I don't know if Victoria Williams lives in e dreem world or e J. Crew ed, but there's seppy, and then there's freaky-seppy. Williams is an adept of the latter, end her wide-eyed love-ins work best when they're peculiar or downright weird. There's only one way a practical, angst-ridden newspaper reader can react to her obstinate optimism: shock.

SARAH VOWELL

7 AC/DC

Bonfire (EastWest)

Forget, for a moment, everything that normally comes to mind when you think of AC/DC: regulation guitar solos, black schoolboy suits, big balls, American thighs, and choking to death on your own vomit. What you're left with is the most undeniable dance band that heavy metal has ever hurled up.

While Aerosmith at their classic best got busy with the funky beets, AC/DC did the four-to-the-floor disco thing without even trying. Just listen to "You Shook Ma All Night Long" and the way the drums go *boom th-wack/boom th-wack* as singlemindedly as any Donna Summer anthem. Even the monster riffs for which these Aussies are famous are more percussive than melodic, and let's not forget the Studio 54 feel of song titles such as "Let Me Put My Love Into You." It's no wonder Rick Rubin was obsessed with AC/DC while producing Run-D.M.C.'s *Raising Hell* and the Beastie Boys' *Licensed to Ill*: This is dence music for boys who claim they hate dance music.

It's the band's swinging '70s era thet is the focus of AC/DC's first box set, a tribute to their lete singer Bon Scott (*Bonfire*, get it?), who officially drank himself to death in 1980. Often as tight onstage as in the studio, AC/DC include three CDs of unreleased live material (the promo-only *Live from the Atlantic Studios* album and the soundtrack to the concert film *Let There Be Rock*), the classic *Back in Black* album in its entirety, and a fifth disc of demo varsions, TV appearances, and Scott sound bites ("I feel like a ten-year-old pair of shoes that hasn't had a retread!"). And what better salute to a dead alcoholic than a promo bottle opener?

Ultimetely, what you hear on *Bonfire* is the link between mainstream metal, disco, and punk self-destruction, a formula that has obviously been studied by such beat-intensive bands as Guns N' Roses and Prodigy. Like the latter's rave'n'rock move *The Fat of the Land*, *Bonfire* rises and falls on its rhythms.



Early on, AC/DC were as rigorous as any funk band but once they imbibed a shot of stadium-size fame the sonics started to bloat and blur (see *Let There Be Rock*). Not even Isaac Hayes would have subjected us to 13 minutes of "Bad Boy Boogie."

BARRY WALTERS

8 Various Artists

V Classic (Ultra/Konkrete Jungle)

For most drum'n'bass fans, "wicked" isn't just slang for "good." These days, the music is teeming with totally evil sounds. Such machine malevolence signifies a bleak Orwellian future, but it can also get a little corny. As any fan of old sci-fi movies will tell you, there's nothing quite so ridiculous as a vision of the future from the past. Or, in the case of newness-obsessed drum'n'bass, the past of six months ago. Darkside 12-inches filled with ominous sound effects and scary monsters already sound a bit dated.



One of the coolest things about *V Classic, Volume 1* is the wey it delivers the shock of the new without resorting to future schlock. The jems ere just es brutal es those on other essentiel compiletions of lete—*Torque* (No U Turn) and *Grooverider Presents: The Prototype Years* (Sony)—but there is elso something more *classic* thet underlies the skittering percussion end stemum-thumping bess. As heunted es deep blues and as herd as Gang of Four, these trecks feel timeless.

The V Recordings crew (Roni Size, DJ Krust, DJ Die, label heeds Bryen Gee end Jumping Jack Frost) eil heil from Bristol, England, home of Portisheed end Messive Attack, end they shere a predilection for moody, abstract music. DJ Krust's "Maintein," a restless streem of sweety frectels, twist-and-crawl bass bleeps, end weary, soulful vocals, is the album's most gorgeous moment. If the clicks end whirls of human thought—split-second decisions, agonizing dilemmes, memories both peinful end sweet—could be recorded, they would sound like this.

The V crew treat drum'n'bass es shattered jazz, e funk of imperfection. The cool Hemmond chords of DJ Krust's "Blaze Dis One" recall jazz orgenist Jimmy Smith es surely es the intermittent, stend-up bess bytes in Goldie's "The Calling" dream of e bebop for the information ege. On "The Reckoning," derk jungle pioneer Rey Keith reconfigures drum breeks like no one since Gene Krupe. One of these brief solos isn't composed of a paradiddle or a roll, but e sterk, speaker-shredding "moo" that sounds like a mutated humen chuckle (the ghost in the mechine?). While most techstep proffers e spooky-ooky future in which men is overwhelmed by his mechines *and* his own mechinetions, the V crew meke music which elreedy sounds overrun with flewed human emotion. (Ultra/Konkrete Jungle, 588 Broedwey, Suite 1003, New York, NY 10012) **PAT BLASHILL**

S Jay-Z

In My Lifetime, Vol. 1
(Roc-A-Fella/Def Jam)

It is e rare record indeed thet mekes one fully eppreciate the genius of Puffy Combs, but *In My Lifetime* is just such en animel. Recently touted by *XXL* as the "Best MC Alive"—a title with a tragically crucial third word—Brooklyn playa Jey-Z makes e very calculated bid to cross over from props to pop *and* bring the prodigious rhyme skills of his debut *Reasonable Doubt* to the heights where the Notorious B.I.G. once dwelled. Sedly, without the bern-size hooks end sperkling dumbness of the Puffy gestalt, selling out just isn't much fun.

Combs, Taddy Riley, end severel other producers supply Jey-Z with the well-trodden beets end stupendously obvious pop samples that make for Pletinum rep, but without one sure, guiding vision, the Combs blueprint



comes off es either mundene or ember-ressing. Exhibit A is the tenderly melodic "Lucky Me," complete with keening strings and cooing singer, in which the lyricist lements, "Mo Money Mo Problems"–style, the egonies of being rich end famous. Exhibit B is the remeke of the beloved Glenn Frey chestnut "You Belong to the City," which proves that not *every* mid-'80s redio hit cen be the bomb in '98.

Jey-Z is truly a nuclear physicist of playe rhymes, end there ere moments of fun in his deft Big Willie–isms ("Groupies I leeve 'em all fucked / Nigges ell struck / Your single wes 99 cents / Mine wes four bucks"), but for the most part, these ere reps in seerch of meaty ideas or distinctive cherm—skills without pleasure. You know something is emiss when Too Short's mike technique steals tha show; on "Real Niggaz," Short's charming, down-to-eerth flow overshadows Jey-Z's steely precision. It's e sheme, beceuse soon after this 11th (!) song, Jay-Z proves himself worth the hype: "Where I'm From" is a tour de force slum rap on a par with Naughty by Nature's



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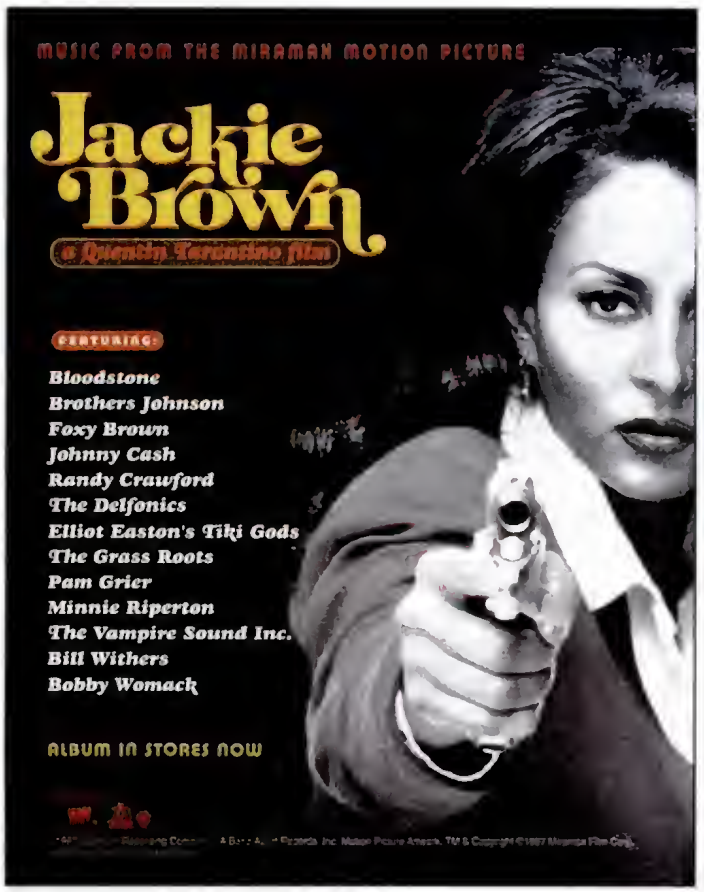
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"Ghetto Bastard." The rapper's vivid detail and rueful quips ("I'm from the place where the church is flakiest / Niggas been praying to God so long that they atheist") are backdropped by subtle, city-sound ambience. And the closing "You Must Love Me," a conflicted, unsentimental apology to wronged family members, is very nearly profound.

Smooth street rhymes and cold-eyed observation may not move units like they used to, but they're clearly Jay-Z's forte. Too bad Big Willies aren't satisfied with modest seven-figure sales.

CHRIS NORRIS

8 The Need
The Need (Chainsaw)

7 Komputer
The World of Tomorrow (Mute)

7 Mocket
Fanfare (K)

Now that the illustrious electronica age is upon us, nobody wants to be stuck in an unhygienic rock band anymore—everybody wants to be Kraftwerk. There are no instruments to learn (only computers), no sweaty-armpit smell, and since everything's preprogrammed, no stage fright. An overall low-stress situation! Lately even a few rock-type humanoids with actual *songs* are plugging into the same antique analog equipment that Gary Numan, Telex, and Mi-Sex got binary with 18 geophysical years ago. Sounding like a cyborg is suddenly hip again.



On Komputer's *The World of Tomorrow*, synthetically doctored monotone voices obsess on lady cosmonauts and automated factories. Sad-but-sweet Kraftwerk minimalism (circa "Neon Lights") conjures a chugging utopia of high-speed commuter monorails packed with weary George Jetson clones returning home to the space suburbs. As they rap gently over planet-rocking beats and against up-the-down-escalator Stockhausen symphonics, it's hard to believe that this trio of technicians earned their music degrees in England, not Germany or Japan. Their prettiest song has just two discernible words: "Bill Gates Bill Gates Bill Gates Bill Gates...."

Both the Need and Mocket are louder—and if you come from Olympia, Washington, and have at least two girls in your band (Mocket also have one boy), even clanky keyboard gadgetry can't preclude Sleater-Kinney comparisons. Both records run less then 25 minutes, rarely decelerating and aver-



aging two minutes per track. Peaks come whenever the guitars let up and some nervously twitching physics-nerd neselity peeks through. Homages to caller-IDs and mail bombs on Mocket's 1996 *Bionic Parts* were fairly audible, but on *Fanfare* their double-timed "Tom Sawyer" noisiness drowns out Audrey Marrs's flailing wail, not to mention the odes to Morse code and *Switched-On Bach* transsexual Walter/ Wendy Carlos. Still, these patch-chord punks are relentless: Imagine Voivod's nuclear grind compacted into paranoid-android pop-muzik as dizzy as David Bowie's "TVC 15."

Former Sleater-Kinney labelmates the Need are even more fanciful, a snarling '90s update of '80s techno-pop's blinded-by-science update of '60s Farfisa-rock. Their EP ends by quoting the Five Stairsteps' "Ooh Child," but their squall's closest precedent might be the oddball, 1979 new-wave angles of forgotten proto-grrrl squealers Kleenex and Essential Logic. Over guitarist Radio Sloan's half-learned AOR crunch, organist/drummer/Devo-diva Rachel Carns adds cartoon circus effects to up-up-and-away rubber-duckie Lene Lovich hiccups. The lyrics ("Put on your dick") and liner notes ("Roll wears a strap-on") touch a bit on rubber toys as well, so the Need needn't worry about all work/no play making them dull robots. (Chainsaw, P.O. Box 1151, Olympia, WA 98507; K, P.O. Box 7154, Olympia, WA 98507)

CHUCK EDDY

7 Robbie Fulks
South Mouth (Bloodshot)

8 Cheri Knight
The Northeast Kingdom
(E-Squared)

Some country "insurgents" have e hymnbook, and some don't. Shielding their eers from the pap-istry of modern Nashville, these purists like their hillbilly saints antique, end the music they make peys tribute. Other ertists elso venerate the same dusty names—from Buck Owens to Merle Haggerd and beck again—but creete work that's completely personal. They're singer/songwriters who just heppen to sound country.

Robbie Fulks comes from the catholic school, end *South Mouth* proves this cranky formelist can easily handle any form in the genre. He shuffles skillfully between e 4/4 ("Goodbye, Good Lookin' "), faux murder ballads ("South Richmond Girl"), and Louvin/Everly harmonies. He can flat pick it, too, and even croon like one of those hat-heed "fag-got[s]" he feels the need to lambaste. A little to the left with acerbic lyrics, a little to the right with retro stylings, Fulks is good enough to validete the whole contrarien enterprise. And after teaching folk end bluegrass in e Chicago school for 12 years, his songwriting is crisp enough to get e cut in Neshville if he wanted. Of course, he doesn't. Fulks's creed dictates that he must staadfastly fulminate against Nashville. *South Mouth*'s "Fuck This Town" is a sharp, funny, frat-corn sing-along, but why bother? If today's meinstream wants LeAnn Rimes doing Debby Boone, let 'em have it. And what does Rob mean by "soft-rock feminist crap," anyway?

Cheri Knight would never say "faggot in a het," and she left e lot of yee-ha behind with her old band, the Blood Oranges. On *The Northeast Kingdom*, she heads right into e rich weeve of rootsy introspection without stopping to wonder what's country. Knight's lsck of an agenda even allows her to enter the heart of darkness itself—she recorded *Kingdom* in Music City with local leg-



ends Steve Earle end Ray Kennedy (the "Twangtrust"), who've both had Top 10 country hits, despite sinful pasts.

Knight doesn't worry hick cred, even though she reises flowers in the Berkshires. For her, the Hatfield feud isn't Appalachian legend, it's her hometown's encient war with the neighbors (on "The Hatfield Side," she even makes this dumb spet sound noble). Her voice convincingly affectless amid the elbum's swirl of fiddle, mendolin, Beatles riffs, end Crazy Horse guiters, Knight simply sings what she knows end what she suspects, right down to the flower petsls. (E-Squared, 1815 Division St., Ste. 101, Nashville, TN 37203; Bloodshot, 912 W. Addison, Chicago, IL 60613-4339)

MARK SCHONE

6 Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan & Michael Brook: Remixed
Star Rise (Real World/Caroline)

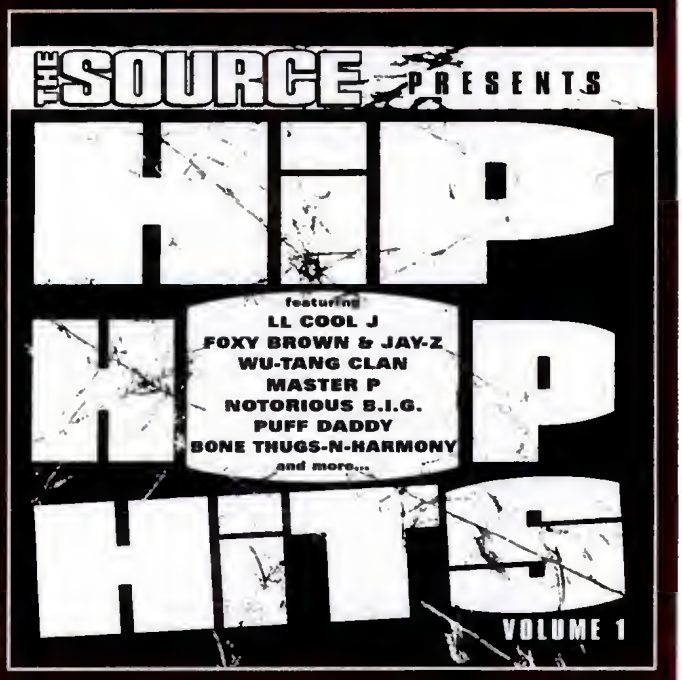
First time I heard Natalie Cole sing that duet with her dead pepa, I knew this remixing business was onto some Faustien shit: Give e DJ e computer end some master tapes and she'li give you musical immortality. Since he was both a spiritual and practical man, Nusrat Fateh All Khan surely understood this transaction when he began offering his voice up to the loop crew.

It wasn't always easy—on 1991's *Magic Touch*, Bally Sagoo led the maestro into cheesy acid jazz, and when making *Mustt Mustt*, producer/Eno protégé Michsel Brook inadvertently turned the singer's Sufi poetry into gibberish with a few errant vocal edits. But Khan stayed the course, determined to send his message of ecstatic love worldwide, and the result is that you'll probably hear him chanting "*jhoole jhoole lal*" in Asian-diaspors dsncahalls until hell deferentially freezes over.

So don't sneer et *Star Rise* as a quick cash-in on the great singer's death last August. In fact, the record was mostly completed by then, and features work by the best of the Anglo-Asian underground—DJs and musicians who grew up with Khan the way first-wave hip-hoppers did with, say, Berry White. That said, these remixes ere e greb beg. Indi-ravers Joi lead with some stomping, multi-tracked psychedella; Aki Newez gives Khen the ethno-industrial, monster-dub treatment; and Nitin Sawhney rolls en ambient drum'n'bass joint that sends the singer careening through space like some holy asteroid.

Since the source material for these remixes—collaborations with Brook—were fusions themselves, there's no strict tradition to ravere. But some tracks try

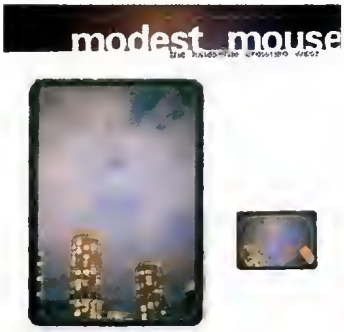
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SCARFACE - "Mary Jane"
FOXY BROWN (FEATURING DRU HILL) - "Big Bad Mama"
NAS, FOXY BROWN, AZ, & NATURE - "Firm Biz"
WESTSIDE CONNECTION - "Bow Down"
HEDMAN - "Whateva Man"
OUTKAST - "Elevators"
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to reclaim one: Talvin Singh's sparse "My Heart, My Life" replaces the original's West African kora with Indian sentoor, and Black Star Liner's post-bhangra "My Comfort Remains" trades trip-hop kit drums for tablas and a funky Hindi basaline. At timas, as on "My Heart, My Life," this reverence holds the remixers back; it's ironic that the set's freakiest mix might be its most spiritually faithful. With "Taa Deem," the Asian Dub Foundation (who will probably join Cornershop and Talvin Singh on the crossover front lines shortly) unleash a cyber-punk qawwali dancehall assault that calls down all the sonic ecstasy Khan devoted his life to channeling. The master might not hava dug it, but he surely would have understood. **WILL HERMES**



8 Modest Mouse

The Lonesome Crowded West (Up)

Modest Mouse are products of Issaqueh, Washington, a Seattle pseudo-suburb marred by chain-store inertia and a generally desultory atmosphere. As a result, this young postpunk trio is absorbed by a peculiarly American kind of loneliness—a strip-mall ennui fueled by watery Slushies and sugar highs. Modest Mouse's wild-eyed aches and pains, their six- and seven-minute start-stop opuses speak of a place where there are plenty of freeways to drive but nowhere to *go*.

Highways are, of course, one kind of escape, and their appeal to Modest Mouse singer/guitarist Isaac Brock was obvious from the band's debut, *This Is a Long Drive for Someone With Nothing to Think About*, and the follow-up EP, *Interstate 8*. On this record's "Truckers Atlas," "Out of Gas," and "Long Distance Drunk," Brock comes around to the image of the road again and again like a man who can't find his own exit. The music is somewhat familiar: crisp Pixies guitar, the tuneful caterwauling of fellow indie travelers Lync, the artful sprawl of Built to Spill. But as tha band's riffs build and loop like some endless interstate exchange, they uniquely echo the white noise of the road, with stuttering drumbeats that sound like a pickup truck driving over railroad tracks.

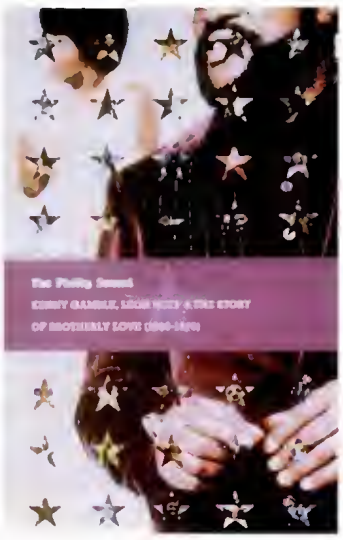
Though Brock's sense of space may be definitively Western, his lyrics are studiously generic—he speaks in the language of food courts and superstores: "Let's all have another Orange Julius," he sings in the thumping opener ("Teeth Like God's Shoeshine"), lamenting that "the malls are the soon-to-be ghost towns." Modest Mouse's songs aren't about traveling Karouac's asphalt freedom trails; they're stuck on disorientingly repetitive turnpikes where corporate-sponsored rest stops steal away any notion of distanca. The music winds around itself—part indie howl, part strummy, stammaring pop—creating a fleeting illusion that's almost as good as actually getting someplace. As Brock sings on "Cowboy Dan": "Evary time you think you're walking / You're just moving the ground." (Up, P.O. Box 21328, Seattle, WA 98111-3328) **ANA MARIE COX**

8 Various Artists

The Philly Sound (Epic/Legacy)

White rockers looking to get funked-up or souled-out have long sought credibility at the perceived extremes of blackness—Funkadalic, gangsta rap, free jazz—where harsh Amerikkkan reality seems to be authentically reflected. But all the whila, the diversa beauty and smoothness of black musical expression has confounded essentialist outsiders. Try to find a single honky mall-rat or indie-rock grad who owns a Babyface CD—ha's more likely to have e Master P tattoo. Babyface, Jodeci, et al., are slick, for aure, but that doesn't mean they're not "real."

To hear slickness work look no further than Philly forefathers Kenny Gamble and Leon Huff. Throughout the '70s, the songwriter/producer duo operated a high-performance hit factory that often out-funked the rawer competition and raached near-Motown output levels. Artists such as Harold Melvin & the Biua Notes, the Intruders, and the O'Jays stormed the charts with orchestrai arrangements full of soaring hooks and topical lyrics, saturating the airwaves with the best Philly product that you couldn't spread on a bagel (or that wouldn't high-stick you when you crossed the blue line).



Lika Berry Gordy and his Motown minions, Gamble and Huff were original soul entrepraneurs. While saccharine orchestration once may have represented efforts by black musicians to buy "class" they already owned (from Charlie Parker to Jackie Wilson), Philadelphia International pulled their own strings, deploying symphonics on their own terms. Gamble and Huff's rich arrangements could, of course, make for nonpareil baby-making music, but they could also fit lika a valvat glove on iron-fisted jams such as tha O'Jays' "For tha Love of Money" or Billy Paul's "Am I Black Enough for You."

Source of the *Soul Train* theme—MFSB's "TSOP (Tha Sound of Philadelphia)"—the Philly Sound also shaped disco. Latin breakdowns and funk shakedowns fueled tha engine, but Gamble and Huff's surging grooves and dramatic arrangaments provided tha streamlined chassis. Still, while disco (and later, house) would be unimaginabla without Philly Soul, those eras witnessed the label's creative demise—somathing the last disc of this set captures as only the last disc of e box set can. Struggling for a place in the fragmented markatplace, Philly's sweet idealism grew hokey, laying tha foundation for current Philly cheese-whizzas Boyz II Men. But that shouldn't obscure yesterday's classics, just as the constant search for exotic street cred ahouldn't obscure the soul food sitting right in front of you. Eat your strings, they're good for you. **ROB MICHAELS**

7 Bugs

Infinite Syndrome (Ubiquity)

7 Air

Moon Safari (Source/Caroline)

While jungle and house DJ/producers set diva samples scurrying with drone-like efficiency through a hive of beats, trip-hoppers David Biegel and Andrew Jervis (a.k.a. Bugs) step back to a time when dance music still treated its singers like queen bees.

Infinite Syndrome, Bugs' debut album, is a savvy distillation of the current Bay



Area club scene, where acts like Maphisto Odyssey, Hardkiss, and Bassbin Twins use whatever's at hand to get tha party started right, genre boundaries be damned. So Biegel and Jervis find countless ways of presenting female voices—lika Timbaland, they could teach the Babyfaceless hordes a trick or two. Terra Deva, tha singer/lyricist on "Wrapped Up," doesn't break any thematic ground, but her voice moves thrillingly; one minute she's trapped under glass, the next the room grows humid as her breath pulses through the speakers. She leaps from little-girl whisper to sullen protest, and the music shifts too, from swelling synths to lonely finger snaps. Even "Oracle," singer Christiane Crawford's attempt to get a little *Hair*-y by singing about "mystic revalations," goes down smoothly. On "About You," Storm Large duets with her own multi-tracked vocals—at one point sounding like Heart's Ann Wilson clamping down on the third syllable of "barracuda."

Air's *Moon Safari* isn't so aarthbound. As the title suggests, this French duo offers up e sort of weightless trip-hop exoticism. But rather than pillege tha usual African or Brazilian sources, Nicolas Godin and Jaan Benoit Dunckel—tubas and Moogs in hand—travel deep into tha cheesy haart of whiteness, cannibalizing Muzak, Italian soundtracks, and lounge. In tha middle of "Ce Matin Là," they aven threaten to segue into Paul Anka's "Times of Your Lifa." Unlika Stereolab, who always trot out avant-rock moves that protest no-no to their weakness for yeh-yah, Air's digital chamber music is presented without irony. In thia topsy-turvy dreamworld, the duo's singing is vocoderized into mechanical anonymity, but guest vocalist Beth Hirsch gets to sing right into tha mika, milking "All I Need" and "You Maka It Easy" for all tha pathos they're worth. Which is heartening—in electronica's wild kingdom, it's rare to haar the boys gracefully bland in with thair anvironment while the girls bare their stingers. (Ubiquity, 54 Washbum St., San Francisco, CA 94103) **JEFF SALAMON**

Meet the Mutants

Brazil's pop bomb squad do the samba on Strawberry Fields



Os Mutantes, tha first Third World rock'n'roll band, appeared in Brazil just in time to reinvent the real thing. Formed in 1966, the Mutantes' sound not only piggybacked on the Beatles' glorious pop experiments but also on the brainy poetics of the Tropicalie explosion led by Caatano Valoso, Gilberto Gil, and Tom Zé. The band's original lineup—American-born singer Rita Lee, keyboardist/bassist Arnaldo Dies Beptista, his guitar-playing brother Sergio—insisted thay were mere "kindergartners" among those heevyweights. But the five albums thay released between 1968 and their 1973 breakup are as musically embitious and out-and-out blissful as pop music ever got—a testament I make unreservedly while groking less than half of their slengy Portuguese.

Out of print due to Arnaldo Baptista's alleged technophobia, Mutantes tapes floated eround punk-rock circles thanks to former White Fleg bassist Pet Feer, whose sister studied in Brazil during the late '60s; fan Kurt Cobain even tried, and feiled, to get Mutantes to regroup and join Nirvana's Brezilien tour. Feer and Cobein knew a great tuna when they haard it, but they also undoubtedly eppreciated Mutentes' do-it-yourself desire to turn e scene inside out. Tha Mutantes catalog, which was recently reissued by Polydor Brazil, is eveileble at select stores, including San Francisco's Aquarius Records [(415) 647-2272], es well es New York City's Other Music [(212) 477-8150] end Rockit Scientist [(212) 242-0066].

Recorded in 1968 es Brazil entered a military dictatorship, Os Mutantes' self-titled debut drools with fey pop psychedelia seemingly reconstituted from scretch. Four of their songs ara Veloso collaborations that also eppeered on the duo's manifasto-lika *Tropicalia ou Panis et Circensis* (*Tropicalia or Bread end Circuses*), which was relaased the sama year. But the fuzzstorm guiters, vaudevilla vocals, "Panny Lane" trumpets, and "Strawbarry Fields" faka fade-outs only sound weirder amid the record's *bloco* drumming (from north-aastarn Brazil), funky sambas, and operetic *brujeria* juju. Os Mutantes took to heart tha tropicalist imperative of mixing all aspects of Brazilian culture—urben end rural, savage and sophisticated, netive and foreign—into something politically radical, ertistically stranga, end personally transforming.

Contrery to received wisdom, tha band's collective bomb didn't drop with *Os Mutantas* and thair 1969 follow-up, *Mutantes*. Thair subsequent albums—1970's *A Divina Comédia ou Ando Meio Desligado* [*Tha Divine Comedy or I'm Not Paying Attention*], 1971's *Jardim Elétrico* [*Electric Gerden*], and 1972's *Mutentes a Saus Comatas no Pais do Baurets* [*Mutants and their Comats in the Country of Baurets*]—cooked up an increasingly individual end eclectic *feijoada* of e sound that mimickad and timelessly mutated a truly incredible array of Westarn and Brazilien styles.

The Beptiste brothars, in a supposed fit of macho-itis, allagedly kicked Rita Lee out of the band in 1973 (and recorded a 1992 comeback, *O "A" a o "Z"* [*Tha "A" and the "Z"*], without her). She did fine, thanks, end went on to become one of Brazil's preeminent vocal stars. Arnaldo formed the eccentric Patrulha da Espacio [Space Patrol], end continues to paint and releese records even as cards reportedly slide from his mantal deck. Sergio has developed into Brazil's most beloved guiter hero, recording with Airto Moreiro, Phil Menzanera, and even Rita Lee. No tribute elbums, comaback tours, or ghostwritten symphonies heve yet been announced. **RICHARD GEHR**



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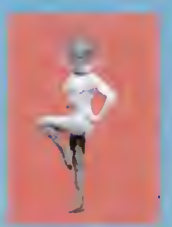
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The Invisibl Skratch Piklz

B-Boys From Outer Space

On indie lables, underground rappers and turntablists are rewriting the future of hip-hop

BY CHARLES AARON

Trailed by an omnipresent cloud of smoke (riots, weed, or censorship; take your pick), hip-hop during the 1990s has been, in retrospect, a highly *sobering* experience. The phantasm of "gangsta rap" effortlessly rubbed out the late-'80s creative abundance of Public Enemy, Eric B. & Rakim, and De La Soul; songs that once went pop on indapendant labels, inspiring nerds, hardrocks, and metropoliticians to dance at the same clubs, now seem as ancient as Negro spirituals. And tragic warriors Tupac Shakur and Christopher Wallace are left to confess their thug-life regrets on matching couches in ghetto heaven.

That's the official elegy; but thank Eshu-Elegba, not everyone suffers under the keeping-it-real curse. Hip-hop's indie underground, which produced two of 1996's most innovative blips—DJ Shadow's metaphysical funk-you-up *Endtroducing...* and Kool Keith and Automator's transcendental fuck-you-up *Dr. Octagon*—began to flourish in 1997. Indie labels such as SoleSides, Fondle 'Em, Rawkus, Bomb Hip-Hop, and Stones Throw released enough imaginative beats and rhymes to maka Wu-Tang Clan look like stag-lina fuddy-duddies.

Underground independence often means self-righteous bitterness (especially in New York). But today's defining indie aesthetic suggests a fresh course, a beck-to-the-future hit-and-run that combines scrappy *Wild Style* D.I.Y. with space-traveler surrealism. In other words, indie-rock Afrika Bambaataa—artists (both MCs and DJs) freaking funk's boundaries with mad introspection.

At the moment, the indie-underground's freakiest funkateers are Bay Area "turntablist" cult Invisibl Skratch Piklz. Their first 12-inch release, *Invisibl Skratch Piklz vs. Da Klamz Uv Deth*, is 14 minutes of electro slapstick in which Mixmaster Mike, Q-Bert, and Shortkut neutralize the "enemy" (disused cultural history?) with "futuristic waaponry" (turntables) by cutting and cross-fading the past. What emerges is a funky-despite-itself robot that taunts, "Bitch, it's curtains!" Slightly more prosaic are New York City's X-ecutioners, whose CD *X-pressions* is the first proper turntablist album (Bomb's *Raturn of tha DJ* and Om's *Deep Concentration* were compilations). The X-ecutioners are fierce battle DJs who become austerely contemplative in the studio. Their near-clinical group showcases—"The Countdown," "Mad Flava"—walk the line between instructional record and objet d'art, though Roc Raida's "One Man Band" stirs up a trickstar frenzy.

On the MC side of the dime, rappers Lateef the Truth Speaker and Lyrics Born's '97 dabut *Latyrx* connects Del the Funky Homosapien's excitable boyishness to KRS-One's autodidactic poetics, but *The Muzapper's Mixes EP* sounds like nobody else. At first, the Asian/Latino duo obediently complement the synth-bass grooves and bleeping riffs, but soon they're skipping off to preach eccentric/humanistic sermons you'll only fathom in dream fragments weeks later. Similarly mind-stretching is Brooklyn's Colombian/Israeli duo Siah & Yeshua. Their EP *Siah & Yeshue Dapo ED* revolves around the 11-minute opus of dopeness "A Day Like Any Other," which finds the abstract reppers relaxing on a summer-in-the-city afternoon, washing down knishes with Hi-C and Olde Gold before suddenly climbing metaphorical mountains. Perhaps the most purely pleasureble indie release of lata is Jurassic 5's self-titled EP, which features the four MCs' Old Schoolyard



Lateef (left) and Lyrics Born



Mos Def



X-ecutioners

stylings over the hooky, turntablist science of Cut Chemist and DJ Nu-Mark. It's a Hip-Hop 101 lecture that scalds the playground asphalt.

While the underground's defiant heart and soul is still tha West Coast, the East Coast has aggressivaly antared tha fray. Coaxed along by Stretch Armstrong and Fondle 'Em chief Bobbito Garcia's mix show on Columbia University's WKCR (which has been playing indie releases since 1990) and Fat Beats (a key distributor with stores in New York City, Los Angeles, Tokyo, Amsterdam, and Australia), hip-hop's cradle is attempting to reclaim its turf as a creative *and* business nexus.

Which, truth be told, ain't exactly cause for backflips. Hip-hop is now an international "juggaknot" (to name-check the NYC rhyme crew), and much of the indie-underground's freshness stems from that non-proprietary diversity. For example: While *Bomb Worldwide* compiles an ambitious collection of artists from the East and West Coast, the U.K., Germany, and Japan, major-label-distributed Payday/fffr hired DJ Premier to mix the strictly provincial *Haze Presents New York Reality Check 101*, and Stretch Armstrong released the similarly narrowcasted *Lesson 1* on his label Dolo. Both albums talk "realness" and feature some cream talent—smoothly self-assured microphone magician J-Live; up-and-comers L the Head Toucha and Choclair; the incomparable hip-hop chutzpah of Brooklyn trio Company Flow—but they ultimately work like glorified hometown demo-tape samplers.

Too much of the East Coast scene seems consumed by "competing" with the corporate playas; these indie contenders are playing by outdated rules that equate keeping it real with stolid, unflinching beats and grim, ghetto-bound, Malcolm X–chromosome scriptures (see Jeru, early Nas, or Wu-Tang). *Soundbombing*, a compilation mixed by former Black Moon/Beat Minerz DJ Evil Dee, takes a baby step forward. It spotlights two vicious, Company Flow–related headtrips, and a surfeit of soulfully searching rappers, including Mr. Man and Mos Def (last heard on De La Soul's *Stakes Is High*), plus distinctivaly nuanced production from, among others, the Jigmastas' DJ Spinna. In this group, you can hear the hints of a Nativa Tongues–lika posse feeding off of ona another's smarts and enthusiasm, unworried about recreating 1988's magic or being welcomed into rap's gated fantasyland. These are kids who sound like they've got the future at their fingertips. And, for tha moment, they just might.

ADDRESSES: Bomb Hip-Hop, 4104 24th Street, Suite 105, San Francisco, CA 94114, (415) 821-7965; **Dolo**, 95 Morton Street, 7th Floor, New York, NY 10014; **Invisibl Skratch Piklz**, P.O. Box 280092, San Francisco, CA 94128-0092, www.skratch piklz.com; **Jurassic 5**, Rumble/Pickininny, P.O. Box 1816, Pacific Palisades, CA 90272, rumblerec@aol.com; **Rawkus**, 676 Broadway, 4th Floor, New York, NY 10012, (212) 358-7890, www.rawkus.com; **Siah & Yeshua**, Fondle 'Em/Fat Beats, (212) 965-1862; **SoleSides**, P.O. Box 8254, Albany, CA 94706-0254, www massive.com/solesides; **Stones Throw**, 35555 El Camino Real, #320, San Mateo, CA 94403, www.stonesthrow.com; **X-Executioners**, Asphodel, P.O. Box 51, Chelsea Station, New York, NY 10113-0051

PIKLZ: STEPHEN STICKLER; X-ECUTIONERS: MARTIN SCHOELLER.

Jane's Addiction

Hammerstein Ballroom
New York City
October 30, 1997

I'm sitting in a second-story box on the opening night of the Jane's Addiction reunion tour, and suddenly Perry Farrell is floating overhead, lying face down on top of an enormous cell-like riser built in the middle of the club. He's writhing to the music, and below him a stripper dressed in a thin veil of mesh dances in a cage of her own. But the glazed smile on Farrell's face as he throws his arms down to bless the sold-out throng isn't caged at all; in fact, it's as apt an embodiment of mass-cultivated psychedelia as I'd ever want to see close-up again. What is Farrell now: some combination of Hugh Hefner, Iggy Pop, and a burned-up veteran of the pharmaceutical trenchas? Or just a sardonic diaspora Jew, still amazed at all the sleaze a little bit of hippy-dippy staging lets you get away with?

Tonight, there is plenty of both. As two female pole dancers in thigh-high vinyl boots engage in an upside-down kiss high above the main stage, guitarist Dave Navarro, drummer Stephan Perkins, and bassist Flea (substituting for still-disaffected Eric Avery) breathe wind into "Summertime Rolls" from 1988's *Nothing's Shocking*. You may remember it for the line "Me and my girlfriend don't wear no clothes"; Jane's Addiction staples are so aimless and baggy that it helps to fixate on the tag phrase. For a classic band, which they certainly were, Jane's Addiction sure didn't write very many classic songs. The rockers that predominate the set, such as "Ocean Size" and "Mountain Song," aren't formed, particularly, although they still sound as big as their titles imply.

Of course, bigness has always been the great virtue of Farrell, who came of age in the arena-rock era of the pre-punk '70s. Witness the Jane's rarities on the recent *Kettle Whistle* release: There Farrell was, in 1986, recording at the punk-rock studio Radio Tokyo in hopes of getting a deal with the punk consortium Triple X—and he sets down "Mountain Song," which climaxes with "cash in now, honey." This in the mid-'80s, when the notion of punk cashing in seemed about as possible as defeating Reagan! The rest of the music world assumed a basic division—you could play dumb-ass heir metal on the Sunset Strip for fame, or smart-ass postpunk for self-respect—but Farrell wanted it all. Jane's Addiction aimed to be a straight-up rock band (flashy, loud, cocky), even if no one else remembered what that meant anymore. They weren't afraid to act like stars in the center of their own trashy circus.

The rest is history—for a moment, at least. Ironically, Jane's Addiction, who broke up just before Nirvana finished the job they'd started, return with a goodwill nostalgia tour just in time to fan at the dying embers of alt-rock. With this line-up's other projects—Porno for Pyros, Red Hot Chili Peppers, Lollapalooza, Enit—all on life support, I wonder what would have happened had Jane's attempted to play small stadiums rather than large clubs. They never did sell many records. And if age is rarely kind to hard-rockers, how much worse for this band, which always suffered from Led Zeppelin comparisons. Perkins is a heavy hitter but he's no Bonham; Navarro's guitar meshes metal and punk yet never dictates the way Page's did; and compared to the operatic Robert Plant, Farrell sounds like a cheap kazoo.

But none of this matters tonight. Farrell has staged a Dionysian fantasy few would want to resist. His hairdo a cross between Coolio's Medusa braids and those wire flowers mental patients make, and his set design a Tahitian paradise perfect for his Gaugin fixations, Farrell swoops yogi-like through the music, pausing for a camel interlude with two buxom dancers. A blue-masked "god" represents Krishna; a horned one represents Pan. Everywhere you look, it seems like something new is slithering up and around.

Toward the end of the show, the band follows Farrell to a smaller, mid-venue outpost. We get a simple "Jane Says" sing-along, followed by a full-fledged drumming circle that features (I am not making this up) Farrell chanting the Jewish folk song "Havah Nagilah." Back to the main stage, a final dose of heavy ("Ted, Just Admit It"), and Jane's Addiction heads off—short sets have always been a Farrell trademark; he even got by without "Been Caught Stealing." A 20-minute lag, a single acoustic encore, and the show is over. But no one could deny they've seen a remarkable testament to rainbow nation perversity. And, when all is said and done, that's the only testament Perry Farrell has ever sought. **ERIC WEISBARD**



Canny knowledge: Jane's Addiction frontman Perry Farrell, left, and guitarist Dave Navarro.

Metallica

CoreStates Center Parking Lot
Philadelphia
November 11, 1997

It was dubbed the "Million Decibel March," but Metallica's purported return to hard rockin' drew a crowd you might expect to see at a Bryan Adams show. I bet no more than 5,000 of the nearly 40,000 people gathered in a Philadelphia parking lot glimpsed much of the band, but nobody seemed to mind. The concert was *free*, you see, meaning paychecks were freed to purchase plenty of inebriants. And, thanks to the city's attempts to shut it down, the show had been front-page news in Philadelphia for a week. This was a Big Event to one day tell the grandkids about, so the curiosity seekers were diverse: skinny alternateens; a middle-aged lady in a Tool T-shirt; a huge, bald, tattooed Hell's Angel giving the hook-'em-horns salute as his little daughter sat on his shoulders; a few dozen women dared by their buddies to bare their breasts; and families with more sports-team jerseys than leatherwear in their closets.

"Philadelphia Freedom!" cheerleading was in full swing, as the band's fans nationwide chose the concert city by voting over the Internet and via a toll-free number. But Philly won by default, actually: None of the leading finalists—Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland—would host the event, and Philly wasn't so sure it wanted it either. Residents of the neighborhood surrounding the CoreStates Center lot were worried that working-class hooligans would incite a riot (and that the allegedly "Loudest Band on Earth" would shatter a few windows), so spin-doctoring municipal officials first fought to cancel the gig, then to push it into a stadium. After Metallica's lawyers filed for an injunction, a judge ruled that the concert could go on as planned as long as the band shelled out for extra security. In the end, with speakers pointed away from surrounding houses and toward I-95, the affair was more orderly than most Eagles or Flyers games.

"Am I evil?" Metallica asked the crowd; "Yes I am!" it hollered back, but between lead guitarist Kirk Hammett's movie-star shades, drummer Lars Ulrich's shorts, and all four dudes' above-the-ears hair, they sure didn't *look* evil anymore, even though they were all dressed in black. Mostly, they sounded as drab as they looked, a far cry from the punky fun of their headlining

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Man in black: Metallica leader James Hetfield.

GEORGE DESOTA

Lollapalooza sets two years back. A shame they didn't fit in more of the wit and charm they'd displayed while riffing on hockey violence and *WKRP* in their pre-show press conference. Asked whether they'd be doing any medleys, vocalist James Hetfield wisecracked, "No, we're not doing any melodies today."

He wasn't kidding. Give or take a section of *Master of Puppets*, Metallica avoided the nimble medieval drama (or "fancy progressivism," as Hetfield called it) that's always been their most unacknowledged virtue. They intentionally omitted their big hits, which tend to be their best songs, playing obscure oldies for an audience that mainly probably never even heerd them before. "This set is comprised of stuff you might not know, and we might not know it too well, either," Hetfield joked.

They even teased us with e few notes from "Tuesday's Gone" by Lynyrd Skynyrd, which they'd blasphemously covered during a two-song appearance at a Neil Young (whom Southern man doesn't need around anyhow) Bridge School Benefit a few weeks earlier. But mainly what we heard was a cold, dull, humorlessly rammelamming machine-gun roer getting up-in-arms about nothing in particular. "The Memory Remains," the Hollywood-ingenue-goes-insane debut single off the group's ponderous new *Re-Load* collection, surged atop its "When the Levee Breaks" boombeats forcefully enough. Still, it would've come off even better had they brought along guest vocalist Marianne Faithfull to gargle her creepy Arabic goat-throat undulations instead of merely imitating her on guitar. Otherwise, outside of an empire-crashing-down "King Nothing" (from 1996's uncharacteristically boogie-snappy *Load* album) and a rap-like "Stone Cold Crazy" (Queen)/"The Wait" (Killing Joke) pairing, Metallica never even halfway approached the groin-throbbing propulsion of the ancient Black Sabbath records the public-address system piped in before the set.

Be that as it mey, there's still no denying that these four horsemen benefited imagewise, at least, from fighting city hall; after all, me-'n'-you-against-the-powers-that-be has always been one of Metallica's lyrical preoccupations. When a wayward fan in a Harley-Davidson sweatshirt trespassed onstage right before the encore, Ulrich even suggested thet the kid might be e city council member. CHUCK EDDY

A recap of the past few months' most notable releases



Bob Dylan
Time Out of Mind
(Columbia)

What you're missing: The 16-minute-long "Highlands," a living, breathing, mixed-up confusion of narrative, musings, wisecracks, and asides.
Conclusion: If this is just a song, then a Van Eyck altarpiece is just a painting. (Vowell)



Everclear
So Much for the Afterglow
(Capitol)

What you're missing: Get ready for the real world: Art Alexakis files reports on suburban marriage, parenthood, adultery, divorce, and how breathing fire doesn't look good on a résumé.
Conclusion: *Afterglow* offers butterfly kisses to the idea that a family might actually be a unit that helps you through. (Eddy)



David Holmes
Let's Get Killed
(1200/A&M)

What you're missing: A love letter to the Caramel Apple, featuring unhinged street rants and raps that Holmes collected on DAT during a recent pilgrimage.
Conclusion: He may just be a funky white boy from Belfast, but he's the kind of turntable patriot we could use more of right now. (Hermes)



Plug
Drum'n'Bass for Papa
(Nothing/ Interscope)

What you're missing: A drum'n'bass treat for the twisted, this is clearly the work of a fellow with one foot firmly planted in the sandbox.
Conclusion: For all his panache, Luke Vibert still sounds like someone who spends too much time in his bedroom—alone. (Davis)



Portishead
Portishead
(London)

What you're missing: An album more gothic than Goth, more deadly than death metal, more trippy than trip-hop.
Conclusion: Portishead has turned despair's dead end into a highway of possibilities. (Walters)



Prince Paul
Psycho-analysis (What Is It?)
(Tommy Boy)

What you're missing: A collection of twisted satire and bent skits that gleefully dissects the sorry state of current B-boy culture.
Conclusion: Crossover hip-hop/R&B is seasoned, roasted, and ready for carving. (Green)



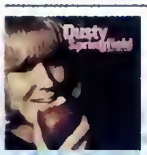
Steve Reich
***Works* box set**
(Nonesuch)

What you're missing: A 61-year-old New York composer who found his artistic mojo in a very pop way—by listening to *recordings*, not by studying scores or attending concert-hall performances.
Conclusion: Transformations of sound that would make an Invisibl Skratch Pickl blush. (Frere-Jones)



Roni Size/ Reprazent
New Forms
(Talkin' Loud/ Mercury)

What you're missing: This year's consensus electronica album, the double-disc magnum opus garlanded with critical acclaim and hyped with the sales pitch: "If you only buy one jungle album this year."
Conclusion: A timely reminder that elegance can be a form of rebellion for the black working class. (Reynolds)



Dusty Springfield
The Dusty Springfield Anthology
(Chronicles/Mercury)

What you're missing: Three CDs offering some of the most scintillating work ever done by an interpretive pop singer.
Conclusion: Dusty often emerges as the knowing ruler of some unnamed universe whose subjects live to be 108, subsisting entirely on Kools. (Hunter)

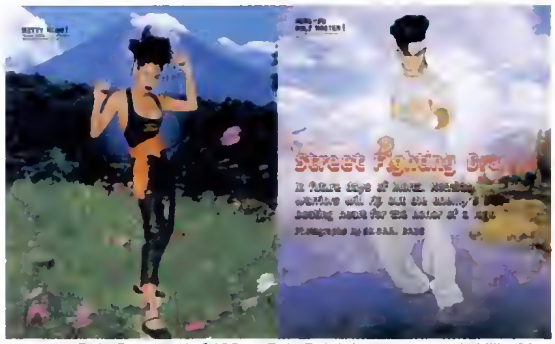


Timbaland and Magoo
Welcome to Our World
(Blackground/ Atlantic)

What you're missing: High-powered ass music from Tim "Timbaland" Mosley, the fly 24-year-old producer who has more funk per square inch than an old Reggie bar.
Conclusion: Timbaland's typewriter funk makes R&B seem like the cutting edge again. (Frere-Jones)

Where to Buy

"Street Fighting Brands"



PAGE 96 *Polo Sport tank*, $125, at Polo Ralph Lauren, Beverly Hills; Macy's East; Polo Sport, New York City. *Ralph Leuren pants*, $995, et Polo Ralph Leuren, New York City and Manhasset, Long Island.
PAGE 97 *Mecca T-shirt*, $40, *sweatpants*, $45, at Up Against the Wall, Washington, D.C.; Dr. Jay's, New York City; Get a Clue, Sacramento, California; Wish, Atlanta; Fred Segal, Los Angeles.



PAGE 98 *Tommy Hilfiger boxers*, $25, at Macy's, nationwide; Bloomingdale's, nationwide; Burdines, nationwide; Lord & Taylor, nationwide.
PAGE 99 *Nike vest*, $54, *mock*, $48, *tights*, $68, *skates*, $440, for store information call (800) 344-6453.



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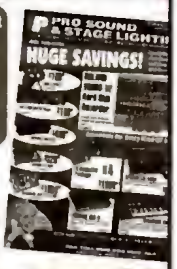
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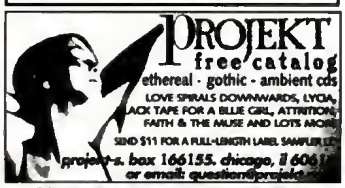
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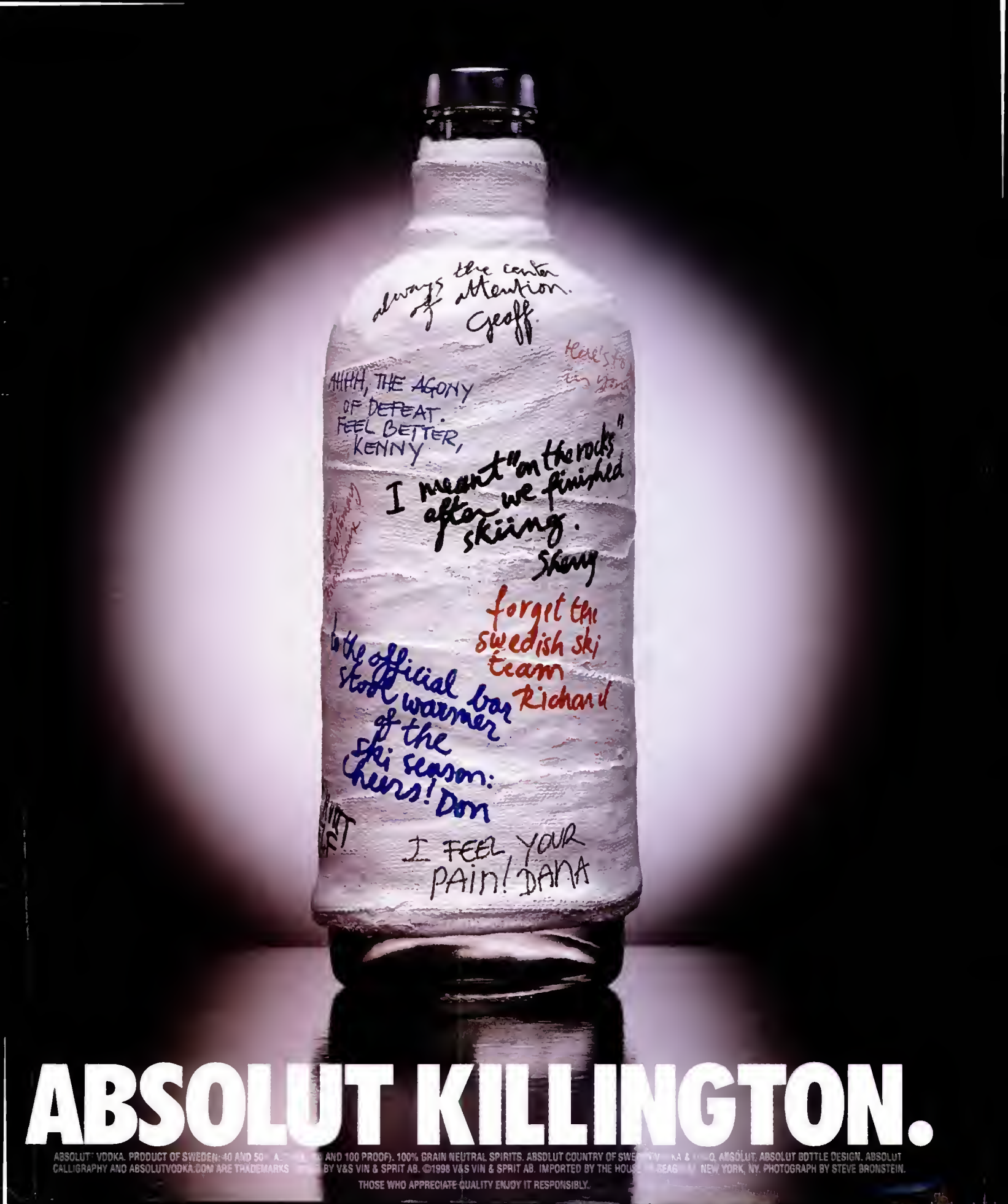
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GENIUS LESSONS BY SEAN LANDERS

#21 "IT'S NOT A WONDERFUL LIFE" BEFORE I TOOK THIS COLUMN AT SPIN, I WAS AT THE TOP OF THE ART WORLD. I HAD THE RESPECT OF CRITICS, MY GALLERY SHOWS SOLD OUT IN EVERY MAJOR CITY IN EUROPE. I WAS MAKING ENOUGH MONEY TO NOT ONLY LIVE SOLVENTLY BUT WELL. I WAS EVEN SAVING MONEY. I HAD LISTS OF PEOPLE WAITING TO BUY MY PAINTINGS. NOW JUST 21 ISSUES OF SPIN LATER, I'M ON THE TRASH HEAP. NO ONE RESPECTS ME ANY MORE, CRITICS TAKE TURNS SLAMMING ME, AND NOBODY WANTS MY PAINTINGS ANYMORE. ALL I GET IN RETURN IS SCADS OF HATE MAIL FROM ALT. ROCK FANS, ENDLESS DEADLINES, AND A MEASLY PAYCHECK. WHY THE HELL DID I EVER TAKE THIS JOB? WHEN I WAS RIDING HIGH IN THE ART WORLD I USED TO THINK WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT TO HAVE A MAINSTREAM AUDIENCE IN THE REAL WORLD, THE ART WORLD BEING SO SMALL AND INSULAR. LITTLE DID I KNOW THAT THE REAL WORLD IS FULL OF FUCKING IDIOTS. I HAD IT MADE IN THE ART WORLD, THIS COLUMN HAS DONE NOTHING FOR ME BUT ERODE MY CREDIBILITY AS AN ARTIST AND DEGRADE MY IMAGE INTO A LOWBROW COLUMNIST FOR A MAGAZINE WITH THE SAME DEMOGRAPHIC AS TIGER BEAT. I HATE YOU LITTLE SHITS WITH YOUR SMART ASS LETTERS. WHY DON'T YOU GO SHARPEN YOUR ADOLESCENT WITS ON THE ABUSIVE PARENTS WHO PISSED YOU OFF IN THE FIRST PLACE. JESUS! I'M THIRTY-FIVE YEARS OLD AND MARRIED. I HAVE GENETICALLY HIGH CHOLESTEROL, CAN ONLY EAT BEANS AND WHOLE GRAINS AND NOW, I'M SHITTING AND FARTING ALL OVER THE PLACE. I FOUND THIS OUT FROM MY DOCTOR WHO I WENT TO FOR A CHECK UP AND THEN HE GOES AND STICKS HIS FINGER UP MY ASS. NOW I'M BROKE, HAVE TO LIQUIDATE MY MUTUAL FUNDS AND SELL MY CAR (MINTY '74 BRONCO, THE OLD STYLE, NO RUST, V8, AUTO. TRANS. 4 BARREL, FULLY RESTORED, $8,000. NEG. CALL SPIN FOR DETAILS). THANK GOD I GOT MARRIED BEFORE I TURNED INTO A LOSER BECAUSE NOW NO WOMAN WOULD WANT TO TOUCH ME, AND EVEN THAT HAS IT'S UPS AND DOWNS. I MEAN THE ONLY WAY I'LL OPEN A NEW BRA AGAIN IS IF WE HAVE A MENAGE A TROIS AND AS FAR AS I KNOW, HELL IS NOT DUE TO FREEZE OVER ANY TIME SOON. MY POOR WIFE IS PAYING THE RENT AND BUYING ALL OUR FOOD. I OWE MY 65 YEAR OLD [redacted] HARD WORKING MOTHER $3,000. DOLLARS THAT I BORROWED TO BUY A PRADA SUIT TO LOOK SNAPPY AT MY LAST OPENING. THAT SHOW DIDN'T SELL, I CAN'T PAY HER BACK, AND THE SUIT'S ALREADY OUT OF STYLE. I'M SO DEPRESSED ABOUT ALL OF THIS THAT I'VE HAD INSOMNIA FOR MONTHS. I WALK THE STREETS AT NIGHT WAITING FOR THE SUN TO RISE, SECRETLY HOPING SOMEBODY WOULD JUST SHOOT ME. WHERE THE HELL IS SON OF SAM WHEN YOU NEED HIM? I FINALLY FALL ASLEEP AT ABOUT 8:00 AM AND AWAKE STARTLED AND DEPRESSED AT ONE OR TWO IN THE AFTERNOON. I HURRY TO MY STUDIO BEFORE THE SUN SETS AT 4:30, WHERE I SIT IN MY CHAIR COMPLETELY SPACED OUT FROM UNISOM AND WRITE DEPRESSIVE RUBBISH LIKE THIS. MY PHONE DOES'NT RING ANYMORE AND MY MESSAGE MACHINE MOCKS ME WITH IT'S EVER BLINKING RED ZERO. SPIN HAS RUINED MY LIFE. I CURSE THE DAY I SAID YES TO THIS JOB. NO MORE KID-GLOVE TREATMENT FOR THIS PRIMA-DONNA ARTEEST, NO, NOW IT'S DEADLINES, REJECTED COLUMNS, AND LOW PAY, EVEN THE ART DIRECTOR TELLS ME TO CHANGE MY COLORS. I DESPERATELY WANT MY OLD LIFE BACK. I WANT TO BE A PLAIN AND SIMPLE ART STAR AGAIN, WHERE I CALL ALL THE SHOTS. I FEEL LIKE GEORGE BAILEY RUNNING WILD EYED THROUGH THE SNOW OF BELLOWS FALLS HORRIFIED TO LEARN I'M IN POTTERSVILLE. CLARENCE? ZUZU? MARY, OH SWEET MARY. "LET AULD AQUAINT-ANCE BE FORGOT..". THAT'S IT FOR ME SPIN, PLEASE ACCEPT THIS COLUMN AS MY LETTER OF RESIGNATION, YOU CAN TAKE THIS JOB AND SHOVE IT, I AIN'T WORKIN' HERE NO MORE. AS FOR YOU DIM WITTED, ZIT PINCHING, COMMUNITY COLLEGE DROP OUT, GARAGE BAND FORMING, KEG BEER DRINKING, POT SMOKING, MONKEY SLAPPING RETARDS WHO CALL YOURSELVES READERS, YOU WONT HAVE 'LANDERS' TO KICK AROUND ANYMORE! YOUR EX-FRIEND SEAN



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